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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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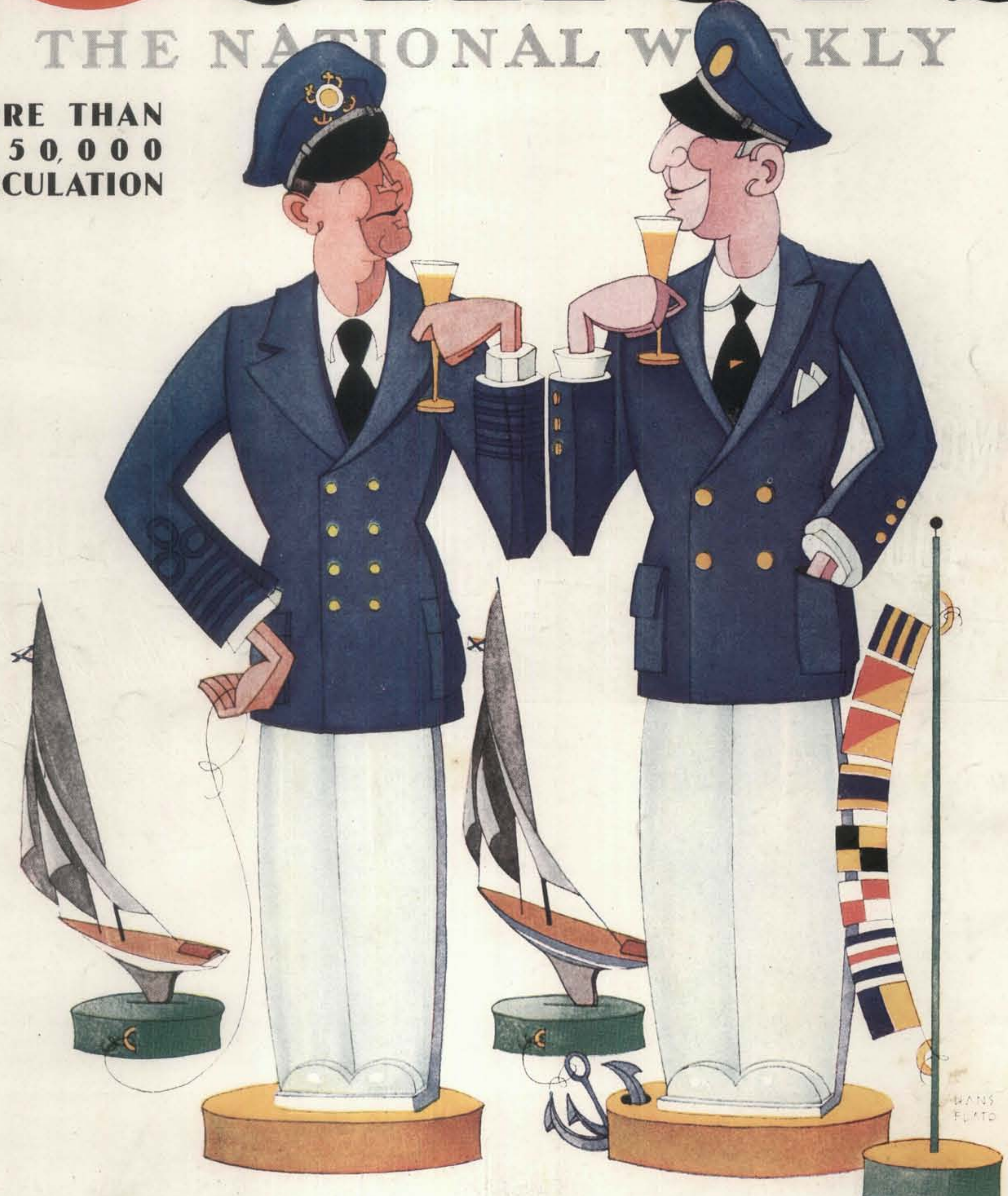

Who Rules Germany? By

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MRS G R PETERSON
920 N WASHINGTON
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PT. 15, 1934

"SMOOTH AS THE DAY YOU BOUGHT IT"—
"THANKS TO *YOUR* TIP TO USE NOTHING BUT MOBILOIL"
Mobiloil makes cars last longer

From Break-in Time to Trade-in Time, you'll find that it pays to use this Finer Motor Oil in your Car!

REMEMBER what the dealer told you about oil when you bought your car? Change after seven hundred or a thousand miles. Keep the crankcase filled. Use a *good* oil!

Every good car dealer wants satisfied customers. And these days, nothing is as important to smooth service from an engine as oil!

Modern engines are fast and lively, partly because they have been "stepped up" to run at higher normal operating speeds and partly because they're precision-built. Parts fit tightly—sometimes with less than one-thousandth of an inch clearance. You can see why that calls for an oil such as Mobiloil. High speeds mean higher temperatures—Mobiloil can stand them without thinning out dangerously. And closer clearances mean a thinner oil film between parts. Mobiloil stays tough in a film as thin as tissue.

Friction doesn't get a chance with a tough, heat-resisting oil like this. Parts hold their "fit" because wear is slow and even. You keep your power, because the power-seal is more perfect. There's less gumming and carbonizing—fewer repair bills as well as a "sweet" motor.

If you're getting a new car this season—star it off right. Fill the crankcase with Mobiloi Arctic for the "break-in" period. Then change t the regular grade for your make of car—you Mobiloil dealer will know which it is.

Look for the Mobiloil sign. If you stop wher you see the Flying Red Horse, you can also ge Mobilgas, Mobiloil's quality-mate in gasolines

Mobiloil

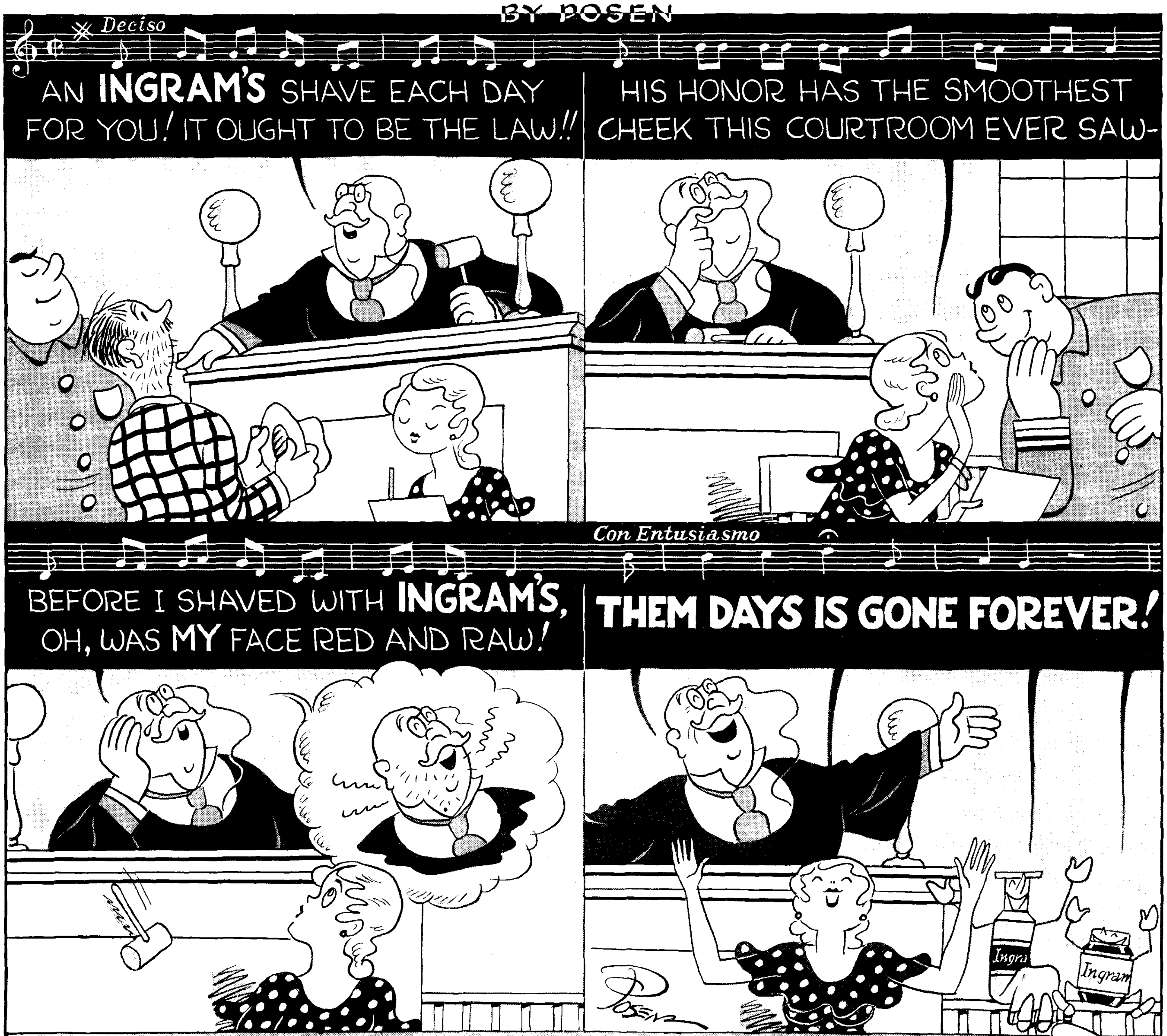
SOCONY-VACUUM

AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH PERFORMANCE..Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN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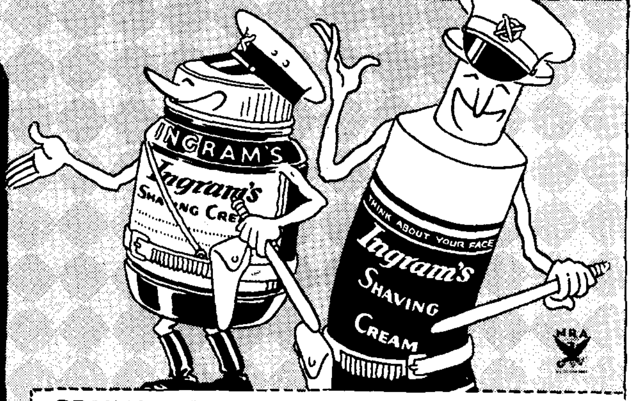
AN INGRAM'S SHAVE EACH DAY FOR YOU! IT OUGHT TO BE THE LAW!!
HIS HONOR HAS THE SMOOTHEST CHEEK THIS COURTROOM EVER SAW—
BEFORE I SHAVED WITH INGRAM'S, OH, WAS MY FACE RED AND RAW!
Con Entusiasmo
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
Ingra
Ingram
POSEN

WHEN THOSE OLD OFFENDERS, YOUR WHISKERS, COME UP FOR SENTENCE TOMORROW MORNING—PUT 'EM IN THE **COOLER** LATHER OF **INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM!** THAT'S THE WAY TO HANDLE TOUGH BRISTLES WITHOUT PUNISHING YOUR FACE. **INGRAM'S** SOOTHES AND TONES THE SKIN, DOES AWAY WITH RAZOR-STING. DRUGGISTS HAVE IT IN HANDY TUBES AND ECONOMICAL JARS.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THINK ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
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CREAM

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., DEPT. B-7.
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Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

ON ONE of those crowded days just before we entered the World War, Uncle Sam went out shopping for islands. He came back with a batch picked up at a bargain ($25,000,000) in Denmark, the islands themselves being part of the West Indies.

By 1931, when Mr. Hoover dropped in to give them the once-over, it was clear to everyone that they were an expensive bargain. They cost us half a million a year. Mr. Hoover, politely remarking that the islands were "a veritable poorhouse," hastily moved on, leaving an incensed populace.

Early this summer, when the cruiser Houston, with President Roosevelt aboard, dropped anchor there, all that had changed. The Virgin Islands were preparing for a boom. Collier's sent W. B. Courtney down to find out the reason. In a fine burst of local color he gives you "Rum, Romance and Riches."

TALL, blond, slim—but that gives you no idea. A million girls are tall and blond and slim; this one made you gasp. She made Bill Hayes gasp. It took a world of stamina for him to wrench his mind around and clear back to the garment business. But he did it. He had to. There was an important customer to sell; the girl was only a model. Dwight Mitchell Wiley shows you what came of this heroism in a brisk love story appropriately called "Screaming Time."

ONE day a young American stepped off a boat from France and started to get into a taxi. There was something unfamiliar-looking about the taxi. In a moment he had it—the bumpers. French cabs had no bumpers. The young man promptly stepped back on the boat and proceeded to sell bumpers to the French. This is a minor incident in the career of Jefferson Davis Dickson, who is, as Quentin Reynolds amply proves, an "Astonishing Young Man."

YOU have to go far to find a good feud these days. They're dying out. Even the Starr-Durran feud in Pendleton, Wyoming, is over now. But the end came in a blaze of glory centering in a black-headed girl named Valerie—as Ernest Haycox relates in a stirring love story of the modern West.

ROARK BRADFORD tells you of the trials encountered by "The Boll Weevil Gentleman." Albert Richard Wetjen writes a romance of the sea, "Between Enemies." T. R. Ybarra Ray Tucker, Freling Foster and others supply stories and articles. Mrs. Norris and Mr. Oppenheim provide new thrills. And you don't even have to leave home.

This Week

September 15, 1934

Cover by Hans Flato

PETER B. KYNE
Rhapsody in Gray. The dramatic triumph of a convict philanthropist. Page 7

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT
You'd Like George. The life of the party slips up. Page 10

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Stillman's at Three, by Quentin Reynolds. Page 11

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FRELING FOSTER
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EDITORIAL
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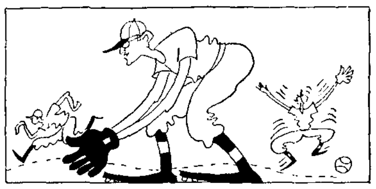
Any Week

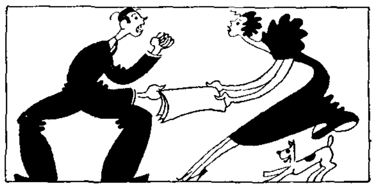
FOR a long time Mr. Theodore B. Padden of Green Bay, Wisconsin, restrained his desire to speak in public. But the Honorable James M. Beck of Pennsylvania wore him down and in desperation he emerges from his "forty years of silence." Mr. Padden wants to know "how Mr. Beck and the rest of those Constitution grenadiers get that way. Don't they know," he goes on stormily, "that it was a whippersnapper brain trust that gave us the Constitution they revere so much as the product of the snowy-bearded sages? There were fifty-five delegates in the convention that wrote our Constitution, the youngest a squirt of twenty-six. Their average age was forty-two. James Madison, the so-called father of the hallowed document, was only thirty-six.

"Thirty of those delegates were college men. Twenty-six were either college professors or had ponderous scholastic degrees. George Washington, delegate from Virginia, was fifty-five years old but he merely presided. And the average age would have been much below forty-two if it hadn't been for Benjamin Franklin, who was eighty-one. Now I'll shut up and I wish my fine example might be emulated by some other people. Let's have a little quiet, please."



ONE of our glaring weaknesses is our failure, to know when we're well off. We were getting along nicely when, a few weeks ago, we published here a brief but spirited biography of our Quentin Reynolds. Now a Miss Theresa Pilaff of South Bend, Indiana, wants to know "all about Kyle Crichton, who writes about the same movie stars I like." Mr. Crichton, too, is a heavyweight writer. He was born not so long ago in Peale, Pennsylvania, a coal-mine town which, for reasons of its own, soon thereafter entirely vanished. Launched his literary career by playing basketball at Lehigh University. Yearned to be a professional baseball player but discovered after several years that he couldn't play baseball. Lived eleven years in Albuquerque but never rode a horse nor bought a Navajo rug. Was associate editor of Scribner's Magazine before coming to Collier's. Has a beautiful complexion, and feet so large that we don't believe they're his, and has won five hog-calling contests. Next week—W. B. Courtney or East Lynne.

"LAST week," writes Mr. Walter Ruick of Glen Ridge, New Jersey, "four copies of your magazine went into this little home, this week no copies, and next week Lord knows how many. You see, we're real nice people, very polite and considerate of each other. Two weeks ago I offered the Missus first chance to gulp Collier's down. But being nice folks too, she wouldn't hear of it. After a lengthy interchange of courtesies (to the boiling point) we compromised by tearing the book apart. So last Friday I said to myself, 'I'll bring home two copies and all will be serene. But the Missus said the same thing to herself, so we had four copies. This week I thought I'd let her buy the two copies. But she had the same idea. So there you are."



MR. DUDLEY V. HADDOCK of Little Rock, Arkansas, reports that Mr. Benjah Liggitt's boy Gabe was missing in the Ozarks for three days last week. "Seems," writes Mr. Haddock, "Benjah got a handout from the government—never had so much cash money in his born days. Figgered to do something nice for the family and bought a set of springs for every bed in the house. Gabe came in late that night and when he saw the springs on his bed jumped right through the window and lit out through the hills. When they cotched him he explained he thought somebody had set one of them newfangled traps for him. But 'sall right now—all us chillun got springs."

WILLIAM SLAVENS McNUTT'S recent short story in Collier's gave Mr. Max Fleischer of Gordonsville, Virginia, a stiff poke in the memory. It brought him a recollection of the distant day when Mr. McNutt, then a war correspondent, joined Mr. Fleischer's infantry patrol in France and got caught in a German barrage out of which the patrol, still followed by Mr. McNutt, scrambled with such alacrity that old "Mr. McNutt left the rear of his O. D. pants on some six-point barbed wire. If you ever get in touch with Mr. McNutt," says Mr. Fleischer, "please tell him he owes me one pair of O. D. breeches. And no telling what minute I'm going to need them."

NEED an extra pair ourselves.

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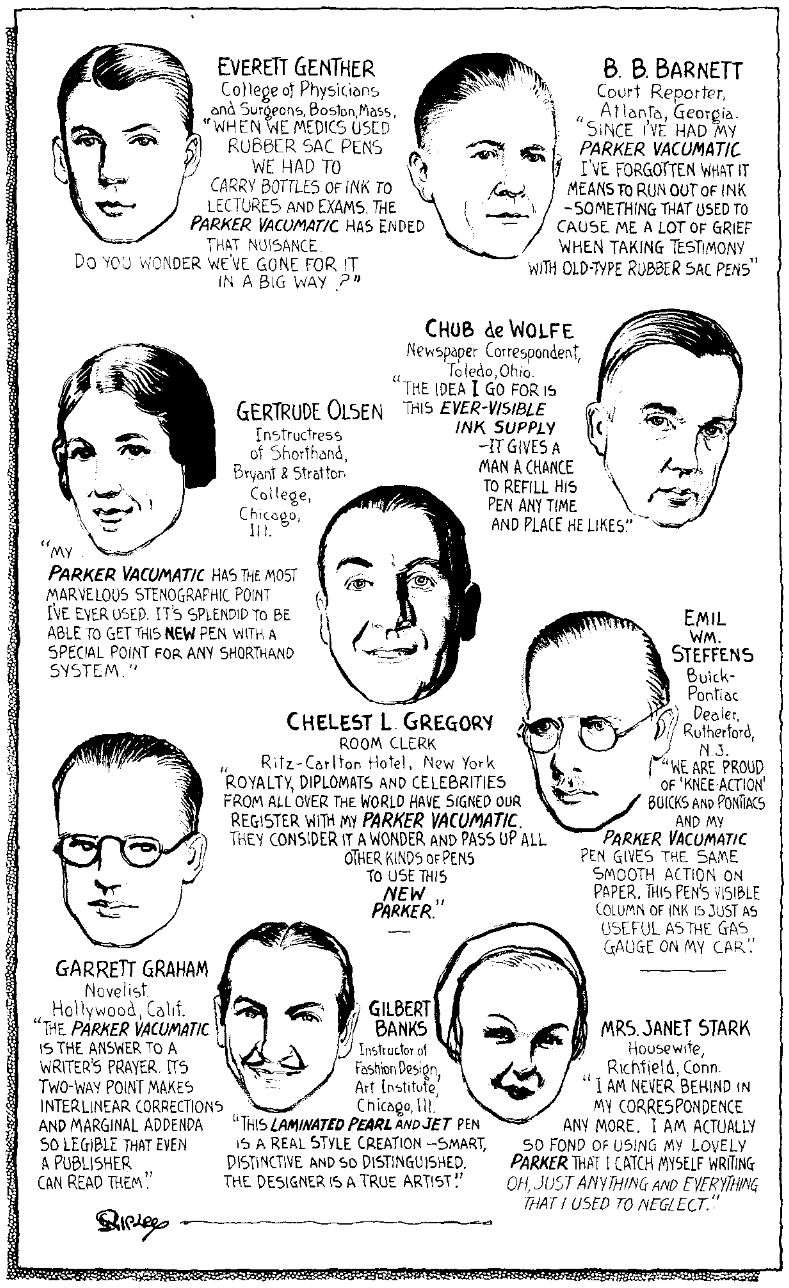
Believe It or Not! by Ripley

WHAT THE FIRST TEN PEOPLE TOLD ME



EVERETT GENTHER
College of Physicians and Surgeons, Boston, Mass.
"WHEN WE MEDICS USED RUBBER SAC PENS WE HAD TO CARRY BOTTLES OF INK TO LECTURES AND EXAMS. THE *PARKER VACUMATIC* HAS ENDED THAT NUISANCE. DO YOU WONDER WE'VE GONE FOR IT IN A BIG WAY?"

B. B. BARNETT
Court Reporter, Atlanta, Georgia.
"SINCE I'VE HAD MY *PARKER VACUMATIC* I'VE FORGOTTEN WHAT IT MEANS TO RUN OUT OF INK—SOMETHING THAT USED TO CAUSE ME A LOT OF GRIEF WHEN TAKING TESTIMONY WITH OLD-TYPE RUBBER SAC PENS"

CHUB de WOLFE
Newspaper Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.
"THE IDEA I GO FOR IS THIS *EVER-VISIBLE INK SUPPLY*—IT GIVES A MAN A CHANCE TO REFILL HIS PEN ANY TIME AND PLACE HE LIKES."

GERTRUDE OLSEN
Instructress of Shorthand, Bryant & Stratton College, Chicago, Ill.
"MY *PARKER VACUMATIC* HAS THE MOST MARVELOUS STENOGRAPHIC POINT I'VE EVER USED. IT'S SPLENDID TO BE ABLE TO GET THIS **NEW** PEN WITH A SPECIAL POINT FOR ANY SHORTHAND SYSTEM."

CHELEST L. GREGORY
ROOM CLERK
Ritz-Carlton Hotel, New York
"ROYALTY, DIPLOMATS AND CELEBRITIES FROM ALL OVER THE WORLD HAVE SIGNED OUR REGISTER WITH MY *PARKER VACUMATIC*. THEY CONSIDER IT A WONDER AND PASS UP ALL OTHER KINDS OF PENS TO USE THIS *NEW PARKER*."

EMIL WM. STEFFENS
Buick-Pontiac Dealer, Rutherford, N.J.
"WE ARE PROUD OF 'KNEE-ACTION' BUICKS AND PONTIACS AND MY *PARKER VACUMATIC* PEN GIVES THE SAME SMOOTH ACTION ON PAPER. THIS PEN'S VISIBLE COLUMN OF INK IS JUST AS USEFUL AS THE GAS GAUGE ON MY CAR."

GARRETT GRAHAM
Novelist, Hollywood, Calif.
"THE *PARKER VACUMATIC* IS THE ANSWER TO A WRITER'S PRAYER. ITS TWO-WAY POINT MAKES INTERLINEAR CORRECTIONS AND MARGINAL ADDENDA SO LEGIBLE THAT EVEN A PUBLISHER CAN READ THEM."

GILBERT BANKS
Instructor of Fashion Design, Art Institute, Chicago, Ill.
"THIS *LAMINATED PEARL AND JET* PEN IS A REAL STYLE CREATION—SMART, DISTINCTIVE AND SO DISTINGUISHED. THE DESIGNER IS A TRUE ARTIST!"

MRS. JANET STARK
Housewife, Richfield, Conn.
"I AM NEVER BEHIND IN MY CORRESPONDENCE ANY MORE. I AM ACTUALLY SO FOND OF USING MY LOVELY **PARKER** THAT I CATCH MYSELF WRITING *OH, JUST ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING THAT I USED TO NEGLECT.*"

Ripley

When I interviewed owners OF THIS *REVOLUTIONARY PEN*
I took them as they came

VISIBLE INK SUPPLY
This side writes fine or medium broad etc
This side writes hair-line or fine
102% More Ink
Holds 102% More Ink
LESS THAN ACTUAL SIZE
Ripley

HOWARD CLANEY
N.B.C. Radio Announcer, Radio City, N.Y.
"THIS PEN IS RIGHT DOWN MY ALLEY, BECAUSE IT NOT ONLY HOLDS TWICE AS MUCH INK, BUT THE *2-WAY POINT* ENABLES ME TO MAKE HAIRLINE CORRECTIONS BETWEEN LINES *MERELY BY TURNING THE POINT OVER.*"

LIKE A PEN FROM ANOTHER WORLD

Come to Open the New School Year—and to Aid Fall Business in Its Pick-up

102% Greater Ink Capacity—A Visible Ink Supply—A Twice as Useful Point—A Twice Greater Beauty and Distinction

In order to hold as much ink as this sacless marvel, an ordinary rubber sac pen the same length would have to be as big around as a cane.

For the Parker Vacumatic eliminates 14 old-time parts, including not only the rubber ink sac, but the piston pump and valves found in other sacless pens. The Parker Vacumatic contains none of these—that's why it's guaranteed mechanically perfect!

So don't confuse this miracle writer with so-called vacuum fillers built on outworn principles. And remember this is the only pen that has all the shimmering Beauty of laminated Pearl and Jet—the only transparent style that doesn't *look* transparent.

Believe it or not—thousands more people every day are replacing their old-type pens with this utterly new creation because it does what no other pen can do for them.

Students who ran the danger of either losing out at lectures and exams, or carrying bottles of ink about to refill their "blind" sac pens, now joyously carry only the Parker Vacumatic with its *double* ink capacity and *visible* ink supply.

One salesman lost a $25,000 contract by handing an empty pen to a man about to sign up. The Parker Vacumatic, which this salesman carries now, would have saved the day, by showing him whether it needed refilling before he presented the contract for the other man's signature.

Don't penalize your earning or learning by clinging to an obsolete pen. Stop today at the nearest department, stationery, drug, or jewelry store, and see this wonder of science. See how this pen takes in ink Vacumatically—a *double* supply and a *visible* supply!

Try its Two-way Point of Platinum, Gold, and Iridium. Try writing your regular hand with the lower side; then turn it over and write hairline figures or fine notes with the upper side. Polished like a jewel, and slightly turned up at the tip, it can't scratch or drag, even under pressure. Go and try it today. The Parker Pen Co., Janesville, Wis.

Parker
VACUMATIC
REG. T. M.

Over-Size, $10; Pencil, $2.50

$7.50

Other Vacumatic Styles, $5

To Make a Pen a Self-Cleaner — Use Parker Qu*ink*—a new discovery in writing ink. Contains a harmless, secret solvent that dissolves sediment left by ordinary inks that clog and gum. Any store can supply you—or write us for 20,000-word Bottle Free. Address, Dept. 164.

Gem's one-piece razor has no take-down parts — opens and shuts with a finger-twirl — duplicates the master barber's gliding stroke — can't nip, won't skip.

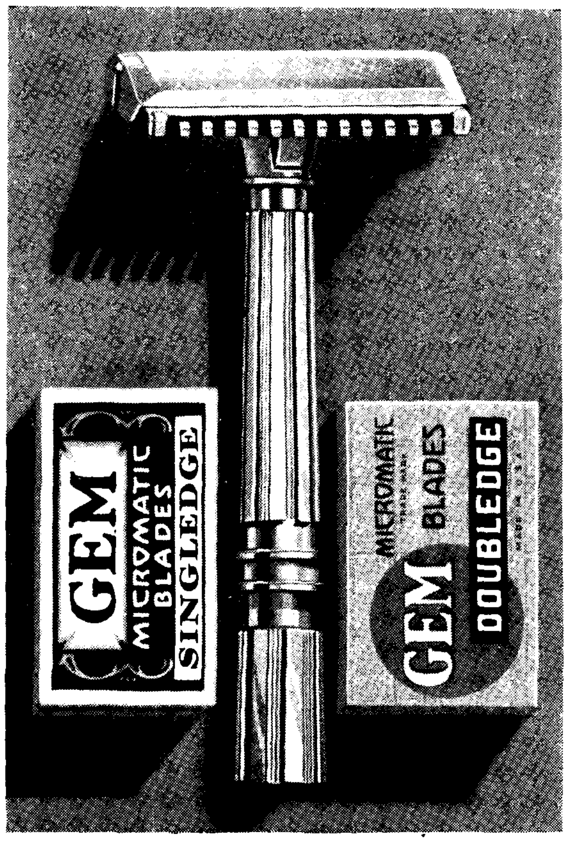
Dual Alignment (Gem's exclusive patented feature) sets the edge so that it can't creep or scrape, then locks the blade *unbudgingly* at five points. A *single* twist of the handle does the trick.

That's why Gem can *safely* use blades so sharp that a daily once-over controls *any* beard.

Gem's unique design *compels* close shaving. The correct barber stroke is shaped in the "slantop" frame, whose bevelled edges enable you to reach into every dimple, wrinkle and neck fold.

Gem lies *flat* to the face and stretches the skin as it glides, bringing every bristle upstanding at root level and right angles just like the barber's stretching fingers.

No chance for ingrown hairs because not a *whisker* can dodge its sweep. No scuffs, no irritations in the wake of Gem's swift, tugless stroke.


GEM MICROMATIC BLADES SINGLEDGE
MICROMATIC GEM BLADES DOUBLEDGE

You can buy a *full* gold-plated Gem outfit for $1—including this latest one-piece, lifetime guaranteed holder and a supply of Gem's 50% thicker, *rigid,* surgical steel blades.

It takes so *many* shaves to wear down their incredible keenness, that soft, flimsy, shallow-edged substitutes at *any* price are extravagant.

10,000,000 switches to Gems since depression tell *which* razor *shaves* best and which blades *save* most.

Before you buy or try any other razor, send a quarter and a coupon for Gem's testing set consisting of a regular dollar razor and a single- and double-edged blade.

© G. S. R. C. 1934

Gem Safety Razor Corp., Dept. C18, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Enclosed find 25¢ for complete trial Gem set with a single- and a double-edge blade and the same gold-plated Gem Micromatic Razor now featured in regular $1 outfits.

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GEM MICROMATIC RAZOR *and* BLADES

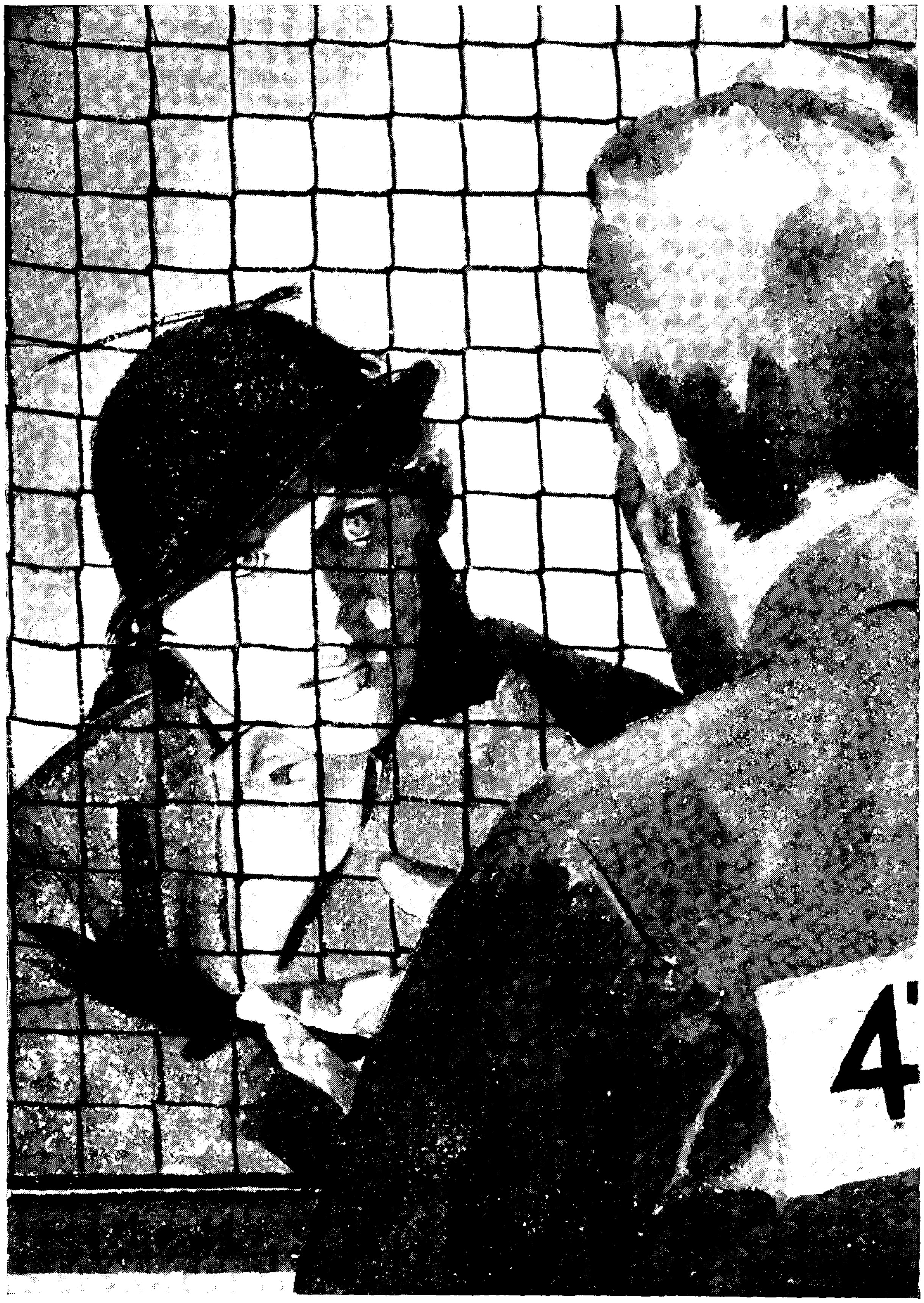
Collier's The National Weekly for September 15, 1934

Rhapsody in Gray

None of this ever reached the newspapers. The prison records mention it not at all. It would have made the story of the century—if old Jud Cousins hadn't sworn the governor and the warden to eternal silence

By Peter B. Kyne

ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL



Peck hurried away, and Jud spoke to Mrs. Peck, softly, swiftly, for about five minutes

CONVICT NO. 52,345, in the penitentiary at San Quentin, California, was such a very remarkable man that there was a modicum of regret when he departed, upon completion of a sentence or on parole, and none at all when he returned. He was now back for the third time, and under the law of the state of California he would not again depart until he did so in a box. He was now definitely labeled a habitual criminal.

The warden and the captain of the yard were in the prison receiving office when the deputy sheriff of Los Angeles County brought him in. Both greeted him cordially; indeed, they shook hands with him.

"Well, what alias now, Jud?" the warden queried.

"The original alias, Warden. Judson T. Cousins, sir. I dislike changes."

"Well, what was it this time, Jud? Gold bricks, the Spanish Prisoner swindle or the huge estate of Sir Francis Drake?"

"Betting on horse races via the mythical tapped-wire route. Our prospect, whom we thought a retired farmer from Iowa, turned out to be Detective Sergeant Fogarty of the Los Angeles bunco detail."

"Jud, you're always good for a laugh," the warden chuckled. "Whereas you're as crooked as a bed spring, there is about you a certain rugged frankness and honesty that I admire."

"No genius without a little madness," the captain of the yard murmured. "Warden, what shall I do with this old and valued customer?"

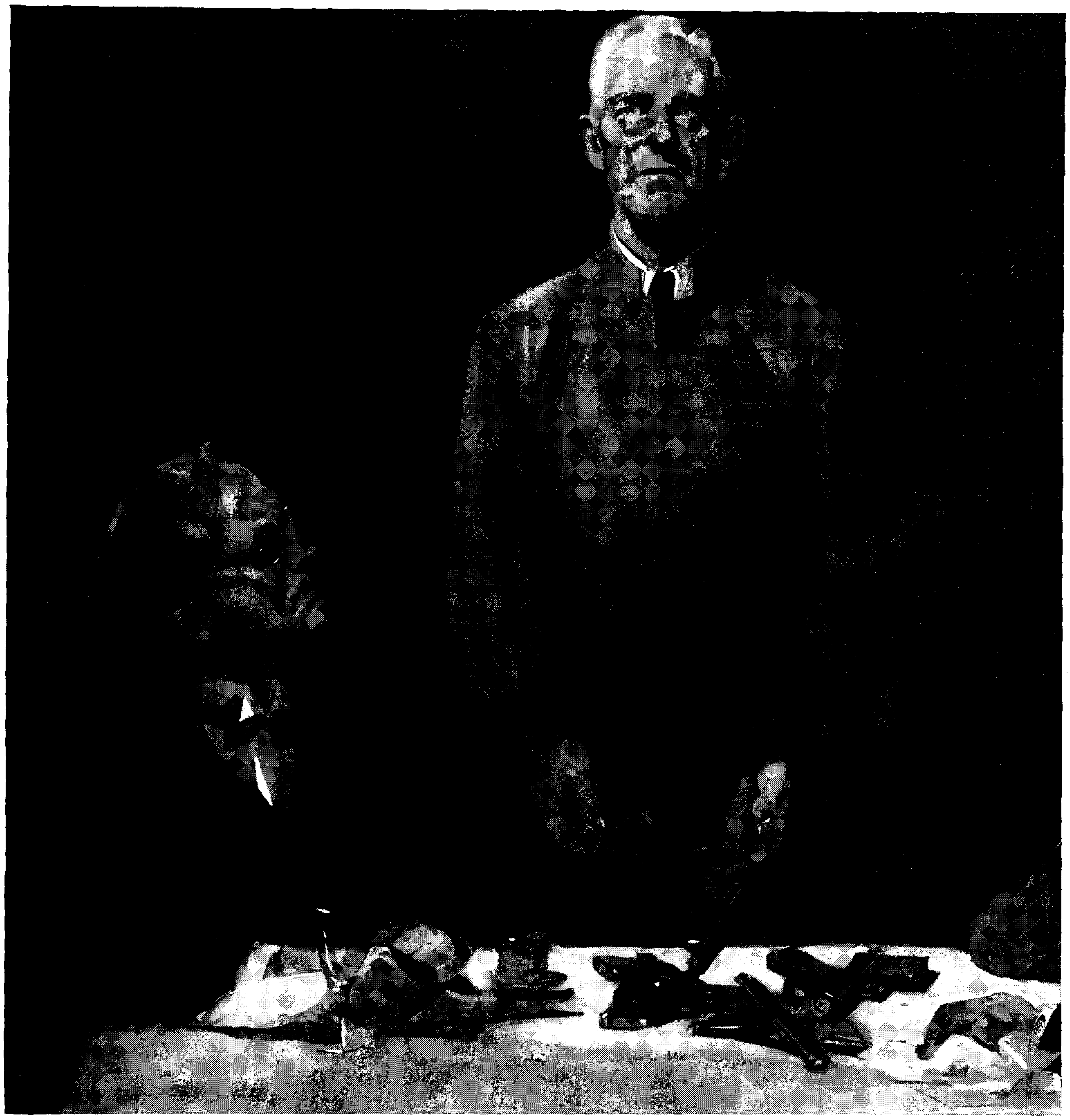
"Oh, make him a trusty. Jud, none of your old jobs are vacant; all good men on them and it wouldn't be fair to displace them. I'm losing my butler and houseman tomorrow, however. How would you like that job? I've been blessed with two children while you were away. Two boys, six and four. You could keep an eye on them."

The old swindler's eyes beamed genuine pleasure. "Delightful, sir. Thank you very much."

SO JUD COUSINS became the warden's butler, valet, houseman and nursemaid, and the warden was very glad of it, because Jud was the best man he had ever had and there was not the slightest prospect of losing him. The man's life flowed along like a quiet little stream.

At first he was not pleased with his cell-mate, a young man named Harry Peck, who had just completed his first year in the jute mill. He was now a clerk in the commissary. He was a silent man and Jud knew he was suffering, for frequently of nights the old swindler would hear great gasping sighs that might have been sobs emanating from the bunk below him.

He was a very good-looking, polite young man and always said good evening when Jud came in just before the lights went out; he greeted him again when the prisoners were roused out in the morning. He read a great deal and made no friends among his fellow convicts. Inasmuch as the lights were turned out a minute or two after Jud Cousins was locked in with Harry Peck and talking was forbidden thereafter, the two really did not get acquainted until the night the warden and his wife went over to San Francisco to dinner and the theater and Jud Cousins was moved to enter his cell some two hours earlier than usual.



Jud Cousins quietly laid before the warden eight automatic pistols and a small canvas bag

"Conversation," Jud Cousins announced, "is the salt of life. You interest me strangely, Mr. Peck. You invite my confidence, which saves you asking the customary questions. I am a three-time loser; in the parlance of our environment, I am doing the book for being a very bungling bunco steerer."

"You also have challenged my interest, Mr. Cousins. I'm serving from two to twenty years for violation of the state banking law. Indeterminate sentence—and I expect to serve two more years before the Prison Board of Pardons and Paroles will fix the actual sentence."

"I am spared that uncertainty. How old are you?"

"I'm twenty-nine."

"Married?"

"Unfortunately, yes. I have two children. The children are very young, of course—boy four, girl two."

Mr. Cousins was discreetly silent but Mr. Peck knew what he was thinking of, nevertheless. "My wife comes once a month on the regular visiting day," he said.

"God bless her sweet heart," Jud murmured heartily. "The average wife promptly secures a divorce on the ground that her husband has been convicted of a felony."

"Mine," said Harry Peck proudly, "would never do that. She knows I'm innocent. Rather, my wife knows I am morally innocent although technically guilty."

"Circumstances which conduce to such an unusual condition are rare, Mr. Peck. The recital of them would prove very interesting to me—because of my sympathy, my dear sir, not vulgar curiosity."

HARRY PECK found it impossible to resist the charm of his cell-mate.

"I think, perhaps," he began, "that I had two strikes called on me at birth. My parents were very poor, but healthy and respectable, and when I was a month old I developed a colic that necessitated rushing me to the baby ward of the hospital where I was born. That night an earthquake cracked the gas pipe in my parents' home and both were asphyxiated while they slept. So naturally I received some publicity.

"No relatives turned up to claim me but the banker in our town, with his wife, did. They had been married ten years and were childless, so they adopted me. They were wonderful parents and they raised me right. I do not recall that I was ever a bad boy. They loved me dearly and I returned their affection. They educated me well, gave me every comfort, all reasonable pleasures and a few luxuries.

"When I finished college I went into my foster father's bank and in time became cashier and receiving teller. It was a small-town bank but very prosperous and I handled both jobs very readily. A man named Herrick was assistant cashier and paying teller. He had been with the bank fifteen years and bitterly resented my promotion to cashier because he thought he deserved that position, regardless of my family ties.

"One day, as my father was passing along the corridor in back of our cages, I called to him and showed him a note. It was overdue and I asked him if I should press for collection; the signer had not asked me for a renewal.

"'Oh,' said my foster father, 'I forgot to tell you about that. He telephoned me for an extension yesterday and I granted it. He'll call in a day or two to sign a new note.'

"Herrick heard this conversation but said nothing. So did our stenographer, who was Herrick's daughter. The following day when I returned from luncheon I found a clipping from a San Francisco newspaper, in which city the signer of the note resided, and the story was to the effect that our debtor's body had been found in San Francisco Bay and with difficulty identified. Evidently it had been in the water at least two weeks."

JUD COUSINS breathed softly. "Ah! That was a knockout!" His alert mind raced ahead, his ready tongue conveyed the remainder of the story. "Thereupon you looked in the note file and found a renewed note for a large sum, ostensibly signed by the man who had been dead, let us say, two weeks. You examined it with a microscope and discovered the signature was traced—a forgery! You discovered other notes for large sums, although ostensibly signed by worthy customers of the bank, were also forgeries and that the capital of the bank was badly impaired. Of course there was only one man to suspect—your foster father!"

"Naturally. I knew Herrick was suspicious. I was certain he had placed the press clipping on my spindle. Of course I didn't discuss the matter with him."

"But you did discuss it with your foster father?"

Harry Peck nodded.

"The 1929 crash, Mr. Cousins. He would have been sold out unless he put up more margin. He was tempted—and he fell—for the first and last time. He pleaded with me not to close the bank and disgrace him; to give him three days' time in which to throw his trades overboard and reimburse the bank. Of course I loved him and my dear foster mother—and when the bank opened next morning, still being undecided, I accepted two small deposits.

"Then I got panicky. I knew I was committing a crime because I was an officer of the bank and I had knowledge of its condition. Embezzlement by bailee, they call it. But even while I hesitated a representative of the state banking superintendent stepped up, showed me his credentials and told me he would examine the books. So I closed my window and told Herrick to close his, and the fat was in the fire. My foster father escaped. He blew his brains out. I'm here."

"And that loyal wife of yours—what does she do now?"

"The depression cost her her position in an office and in sheer desperation she went to work as a chambermaid in the Palace Hotel in San Francisco. My babies are in an orphan asylum."

"Poor darlings!"

Harry Peck commenced to weep, for his old cell-mate's sympathy had stabbed him deeply. "She's the sweetest and loveliest woman living," he sobbed. "When she was about three years old her father went to prison. He belonged to your guild, Mr. Cousins. He turned over a hundred thousand dollars of ill-gotten earnings to his wife, but she would have none of it. Gave it all back to his victims, and divorced him and she and her daughter struggled along in decent poverty. Edith was eighteen when her mother died and left her five thousand dollars in life insurance. She put herself through college on that and when she married me it seemed that at last she had a chance for happiness. And now—"

THE following Sunday afternoon, while Jud Cousins was reading in the library, Harry Peck came to him. "Jud," he said, "my wife is to visit me today. She should be here in a few minutes. The last time she called I told her about you and she expressed a desire to meet you. Please come over to the visitor's room and be introduced."

Jud was delighted, complimented. Through the heavy screen he was introduced and blushed like a schoolboy when Harry Peck's lovely wife thanked him for the friendship and sympathy he had extended to her husband. He was so embarrassed that, following a few brief commonplaces, he excused himself on the ground that he must not intrude further on her visit, and left the visitors' room.

In about ten minutes he returned and touched Harry Peck on the arm. "The warden," he said, "desires to see you for

a few minutes immediately, Harry. And I'll take advantage of your absence to get acquainted with your charming wife."

Peck hurried away and Jud Cousins spoke to Mrs. Peck, softly, swiftly, for about five minutes. Then he left. He found Harry Peck waiting outside the warden's office for the secretary to call him in. "Sorry I had to fib to you, Harry, but I had to get you away because I had things to say to your wife. Had an idea I could cheer her up—and I wanted to do it privately."

"MAY I have a few words with you, sir?" Judson C. Cousins pleaded, as the warden finished his breakfast and his butler handed him a cigar.

"Certainly, Jud. What's on your mind?"

"I heard an advertisement over the radio last night, sir. The announcer, on a national broadcast, offered a reward of one thousand dollars for information as to the present address of Richard Amos Carman, aged sixty-one, formerly of 86 East 65th Street, New York City, and last heard of in Denver, Colorado, in 1922. It seems that this man's mother, aged eighty-six, passed away recently and her executors are seeking her son to hand him an estate of more than two million dollars."

"Well?"

"I am that missing man, sir. You see, sir, after my first conviction, which was under the alias of Judson C. Cousins—the name of a fellow I went to the university with—I preferred to be lost. Not to have been would have meant the infliction of a needless cruelty on my family."

"You're quite a fellow for giving everybody but yourself a break, aren't you?—that is, excepting suckers. And now, when you're heir to more than two million dollars and would never have to turn another trick to wallow in luxury, you're in here for life—and can't use the money!"

"The irony of fate, sir. Well, my mother is dead and there are no other relatives to be ashamed of me, so I'm going to be discovered. I'll engage attorneys, of course, and through them I can use the money for a good purpose. It will be necessary for me to have to go into court. Will you send me out under guard?"

"Certainly. That's done frequently."

"Thank you, sir. And you'll respect my confidence in this matter, will you not, sir? I should deprecate any publicity—and it would make a good story for the reporters who are always dropping in here on the off chance of securing copy."

"I'll respect your confidence, Jud."

"Thank you, sir."

THE warden summoned the captain of the yard into his office. "Read that, Jim," he commanded. And the captain of the yard read:

> Warden: Look out for a break. There are two forty-five automatics, each with two extra clips of ammunition, in San Quentin. The numbers of these gats is—1-321-623 and 185-461. I know who has them but I will not tell the name. But I tip you off to the gats because you was good to me when I was in stir. The big idea is to get hold of you in a sudden rush, capture the arsenal, put you in a car, kidnap you and hold off the guards. When they can't use you no more they'll give you the works.

The two men exchanged glances. "It came in the morning mail, Jim, typewritten and anonymous, as you observe. It may be merely a letter from some stir-crazy ex-convict and it may be a well-meant tip. We'll search every cell today while the men are out. Tonight we'll search every square inch of the remainder of this institution."

The search yielded one of the weapons in the bottom of a tool chest in the jute mill, but not until the next day was the other found in a thick clump of geraniums in the prison garden in the quadrangle.

Now, nothing is so disturbing to a warden as the knowledge that firearms are hidden in his prison, and even after they have been discovered the haunting fear that there may be others still hidden remains to devil him. Added to that is the worry over the mystery of how they were smuggled in, and the identity of those who planned to use them. In the succeeding week the warden grew haggard, nervous and jumpy; he could not sleep, and even the arrival of another anonymous letter failed to cheer him greatly. It ran as follows:

> Well, you got the gats all right. Congratulations. I'd like to tell you who was in the plot and how the gats come in but if I did that I'd be rubbed out twenty-four hours after you acted. I don't want to hurt nobody that never hurt me but I don't want nobody to hurt the man that done more for me than any man living. I hope you understand.

"Loyal, grateful devil, whoever he is," the warden soliloquized, and resolved to take a sleeping potion.

Two months later he received another anonymous communication informing him that eight automatic pistols with three loaded clips for each were in the possession of a convict in his prison. Again the factory numbers on the weapons were given. And there was the earnest admonition to act quickly, for when two more automatics had been delivered the break might be expected any moment.

The search for those eight pistols quite exhausted the warden and his officers and guards. But it was a futile search. The warden, wan and sleepless, waited for the storm to break. . . .

THE warden was breakfasting alone. His convict butler bent over to pour the second cup of coffee and murmured sympathetically:

"You are not looking your customary robust self lately, sir. You're nervous and your appetite is exceedingly poor. I suppose it's the worry over those eight automatics with the three extra clips of ammunition for each."

The warden shoved back his chair and looked up at the man wildly. The handsome, benign old face smiled down on him.

"Jud, for God's sake, man! What do you know about this?"

"I am everybody's friend here, sir."

"That's right, Jud. Do you know for whom those eight guns are intended?"

"Yes, sir."

"Tell me."

Jud met the warden's eager gaze sorrowfully and did not answer.

"Yes, yes, I know, Jud. Sorry. I shouldn't have asked you that question. I know the code. You'd be murdered."

"Quite, so, sir; quite so."

"Can you tip me off to where those guns are hidden?"

"I can get them for you, sir, provided—"

"Provided I wangle a pardon for you from the governor. Well, that's trading talk. I'll do it."

"Yes, sir, I can secure the guns for you, and safely, too, because nobody in this prison knows that I know where they are. I could not, however, tell you who plans to use them; and while my services must be rewarded, it is not necessary that the reward should take the form of a pardon for me. I want a pardon for my cell-mate, Harry Peck."

"I know Peck and I'd stake my life he isn't in on this deal. The man's a gentleman. As a matter of fact, he should never have been sent here. He's a poor sacrifice to public hatred and judicial spite. I know all about his case. Criminal intent was lacking."

"He has a wife and two children, sir. He will yet be a useful man in the world, while I—well, I'm an old, ruined man and I'm not very unhappy here. I have nothing to offer the world and it has less to offer me."

"Will you tell me how the guns were smuggled in?" the warden demanded.

"Yes, sir."

"Harry Peck shall have his pardon. I'll run up to the state capitol this very day and talk it over with the governor. The guns or Harry Peck—and Peck is not important."

"Thank you, sir."

In three hours the warden was in the governor's office, and when his story had been told, the governor said:

"Warden, that old crook, Cousins, is a most remarkable man. There's a latent streak of nobility in him. I am willing, as soon as my secretary prepares the pardon, to accept the invitation to motor down to your prison with you and spend the night. I must meet your butler and Harry Peck."

THAT night, when the warden's wife had left her husband and the governor to their coffee and cigars, the warden turned to his butler.

"Well, Jud, you may deliver the goods whenever you're ready."

"Yes, sir."

He went to the sideboard, opened the door in the cabinet where the linens were kept, reached both hands in under the linens and quietly laid before the warden eight automatic pistols and a small canvas bag containing twenty-four clips with cartridges in each clip! While the governor stared pop-eyed with amazement the warden checked off the numbers and found them all there.

"Very well, Jud. Now tell us how they were smuggled in."

"Not now, if you please, sir. I must crave your indulgence until Harry Peck has received his pardon and passed through the gate."

The next morning at ten o'clock the governor and the warden shook hands with Harry Peck and his wife, told them goodby, then returned to the warden's private office.

IN ABOUT five minutes Judson C. Cousins walked in and stood respectfully at attention. His cheeks were tear-stained.

"With reference to the manner in which the guns were smuggled into the prison, sir," he commenced with an effort, "I evolved the plan, sir, and *you* carried them in.

"The first time you and your lady went to San Francisco in your car to dine together there and attend the theater, you directed me to pack your overnight bag. Upon your return I met you in the prison garage, carried the bag up to your residence and unpacked it. When you had changed from the suit you had worn the night previous, I pressed it. Before pressing it, I emptied the pockets and discovered a receipted hotel bill. So I knew you and your wife had put up for the night at the Palace Hotel.

"The next time you went to the city to attend the theater you stayed at the same hotel. Now, Harry Peck's wife happened, until very recently, to be a chambermaid at that hotel. She is not chambermaid material, as you can see, but the depression made it necessary for her to accept any sort of employment or be an object of community charity. I interviewed Mrs. Peck in the visitors' room and promised her that if she would follow my instructions I would have her husband home with her for Christmas.

"Mrs. Peck, with money furnished by my attorneys, purchased all of those pistols and the extra clips of ammunition. She had seen you frequently while visiting her husband, but you had never seen her. Each morning when she reported for work she carried a little brown bag, which she cached in the floor linen closet. It contained the pistols. You came and went several times

(Continued on page 51)

You'd Like George

By William Slavens McNutt

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Mr. George Wagstaff, promoter of good, clean fun that would never hurt a fly, gives Hollywood a treat and gets nothing but ingratitude

YOU never knew George Wagstaff, did you? Say, I wish he was along this trip. Would we have fun! That guy could think of more things. You know—anything for a laugh. What a card! Yes, sir. You'd like George.

You know, last year we had our national convention out in Los Angeles. Yeh. You wasn't out to that one, was you? I thought not. Well, George was along with our delegation from Centralia. And you'd've died! The things that guy can think up!

Jimmy Deaver was along with us. You didn't know Jimmy, did you? I thought not. Well, you see, Jimmy'd just been married for about six months, and this was his first trip anywhere without his bride. Jimmy, you see, he'd been quite a ladies' man in his time. His wife knew this, and was she jealous! Um-um! She'd throw a conniption fit if she even so much as caught him looking at a girl on the street or anything like that. You see, she couldn't forget how handy he'd been with the women before he married her, and she wasn't so sure that he'd got rid of all his old habits just by going to the altar. She certainly did keep an eye on him!

Well, going out of Chicago there was a couple of girls in the club car and, say, we wasn't outside the city limits before George was laughing and talking and carrying on with 'em. He was a fast worker all right. Meet most anybody on a train or any place, and fifteen minutes later he'd be slapping 'em on the back and calling 'em by their first *names*. He was a card. And was he handy with women! Oh, boy! Don't get me wrong, now. George was a good husband and father in his way. Kind and generous and all like that. His wife, you know, she was kind of sickly. Sort of an invalid, kind of. George give her the best of care. But you know how it is. He was full of life and all. You know.

Well, anyhow, he had these two girls staked out in the club car, see, and so he called Jimmy Deaver over and introduced him. Jimmy sat and talked with 'em for a little while, and then he beat it up to his compartment. Pretty soon George followed him.

"Say," George says to him, "what's the idea, running out on the party? It's a long way from here to where we're going," he says, "and these two mammas are out for a good time."

WELL, Jimmy, he kind of stalled around for a little bit about having a headache or something like that, and finally he owned up. Said he didn't want to get mixed up anyway 'cause he was married now and his wife was jealous of him anyhow. And anyhow, he said, now he was married he didn't figure on playing around any more.

Well, you'd've died! Did George lay him out! Kidding, you know. I can't remember just the things he said, but it was more the way he said 'em anyhow. If ever you saw anybody make a fool out of a fellow, George certainly made a fool out of Jimmy Deaver. M-m-m! He had us all just howling. And was Jimmy sore! Whee! I'd hate to been in his shoes. George didn't mean anything by it, you know. He was just kidding. Having fun. Anything for a laugh. That's the way George was. And when he got a laugh started, did he know how to keep it going! Oh, boy!

You know what he did? He got off the train at Kansas City the next morning when we stopped there, and sent Jimmy's wife a telegram. He sent her a telegram like this: "Think you should know your husband drinking and carrying on in compartment with strange women." Something like that. And then he signed it "Well Wisher."

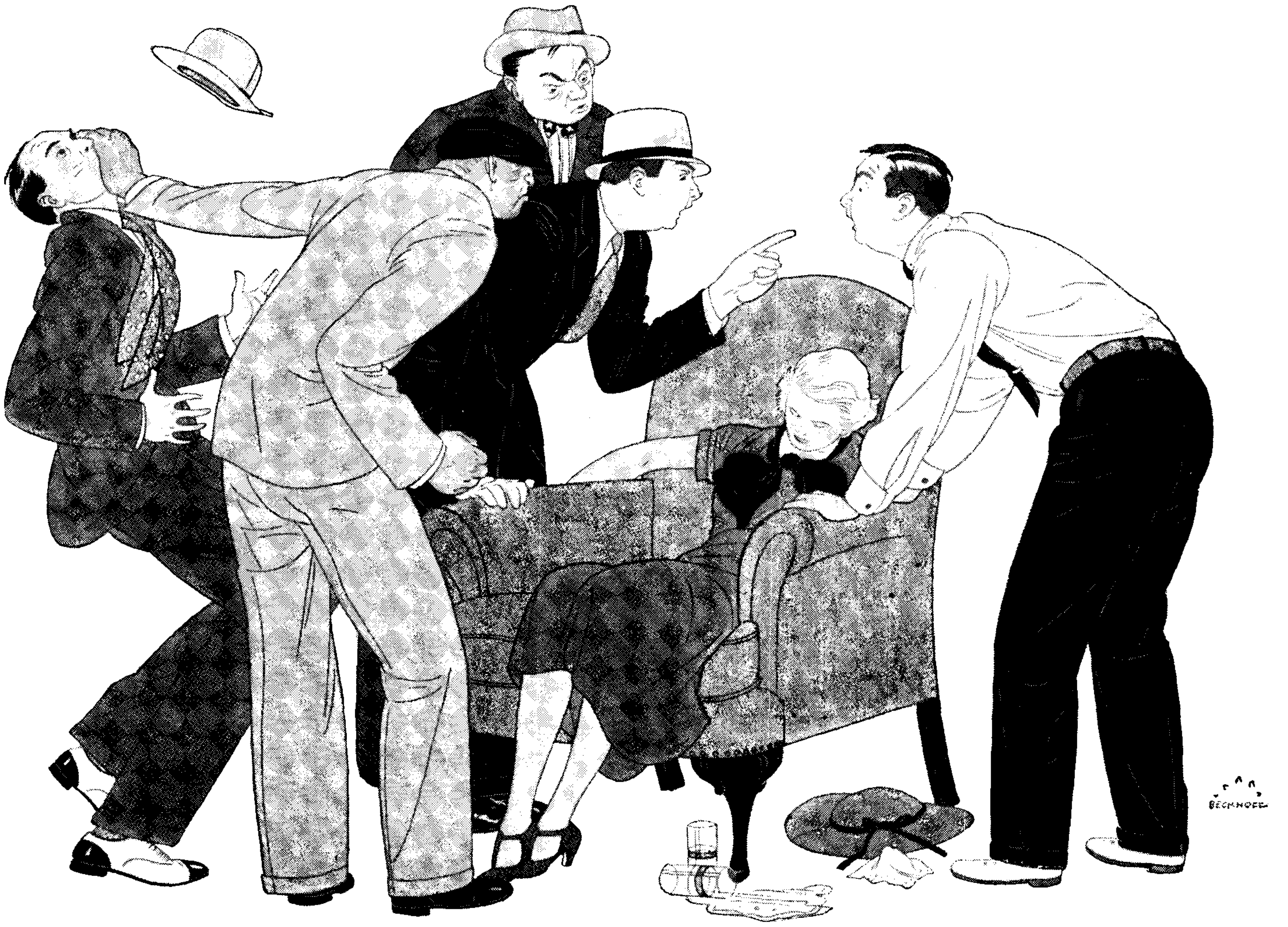
And then, show you how smart he was, he sent another telegram to Jimmy on the train to catch him at Dodge City, I think it was, and signed Jimmy's wife's name to it. This one said something like, "May interest you to know that I have full details of your misconduct on train with strange women. I warned you I would leave if anything like this happened." Of course the telegram was dated from Kansas City, but George was smart enough to have figured it all out Jimmy'd be so flabbergasted when he got it, he'd never think to notice about the place it was sent from. And that's the way it turned *out*. You should've seen Jimmy's face when he got through reading that telegram. Boy, oh, boy!

As soon as he got it he run right into the telegraph office and wired his wife. Something about how he wasn't doing any such thing. Something like that. I don't know just how he worded it. Anyhow, you can imagine. Here she gets this wire from George signed "Well Wisher." And then she gets one right on top of it from Jimmy that was an answer to what he supposed was her telegram to him. And, of course, right away she figures he must be cockeyed, *and that* makes her think maybe the first telegram was all true. So she wires him a sure enough rip-scorcher to the next stop, and poor Jimmy was fit to be tied!

SOME place along the line that night he got off and took the first train back. Left a note saying he had to get on back home and straighten some things out. You should've heard George laugh when he read it. And could he laugh! Say, you could hear him a city block.

From what I heard after I got back it was no *laughing* matter for Jimmy for a while. You know how women are. No sense of humor anyhow. And then when they've just been married a little while they're jealous anyhow. Well, I guess Jimmy had his hands full all right. Course I wasn't around for the worst of it, but from what I heard I guess he had quite a time. Seems she went back to her people before Jimmy got home, and then she had one of those

(*Continued on page* 39)



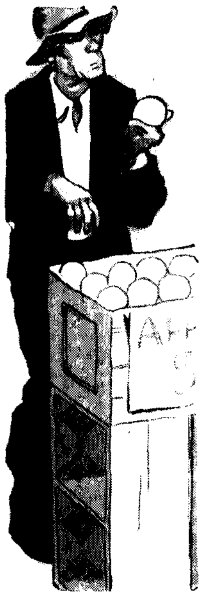
"So you're the rat that's going around town using my name, eh? Okay, boys, let him have it!"

Stillman's at Three

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Quentin Reynolds

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID



WHEN you write a daily sports column you naturally get to know a great many people whom you would be just as happy not knowing. Of course I knew Squawk Nelson. He was a very successful fight manager and, like most very successful fight managers, he was strictly a louse. Still I couldn't help but be interested in this letter he had sent me. It read:

"Dear Bill:

"I have discovered a great heavyweight. His name is Jerry Bennett and he recently won the intercollegiate heavyweight title. He just finished college last week and, if handled right, I swear he can't miss being our next heavyweight champion. That Max Baer can't go on forever.

"The youngster (he's only twenty) had intended going to law school. It seems that his mother wants him to be a lawyer. I have tried to convince him that he is foolish for not entering the pro ranks but he lacks confidence in his ability to beat professionals.

"He reads your column daily and he says to me, 'If Bill Butler would watch me work out and if he thinks I have the ability to get to the top, I'll give up thoughts of law school and let you manage me.'

"I've arranged for the boy to work out at Stillman's Monday afternoon at three. Would you take a look at him?

"SQUAWK NELSON."

On Monday afternoon I went to Stillman's gym.

I stood there at the top of the stairs blinking for a moment, for the flood lights were on over the ring in the middle of the big room. I guess the smell of resin will always excite me a little bit. The scene at Stillman's was a familiar one to me. Youngsters were pulling weights; shadow-boxing; going through reducing exercises on the mats. Managers were watching their boys and barking instructions to them. Here and there some old-timer leaned against the wall, watching everything with worn-out eyes.

"Buy an apple, mister?" a voice whined. The apple seller was a familiar figure at Stillman's. He was always there with a box of apples. I tossed him a dollar. Then I saw Nelson and his protégé. Right away I forgot everything else. The boy stood out in that company. Say, he would have looked good in any company.

"Meet the coming heavyweight champ, Jerry Bennett," Nelson said.

The kid laughed. He had broad shoulders, a thin waist and he was traveling light. Not a suggestion of fat on him. His wrists looked nice and thick and his hands sturdy. His legs weren't too thin, yet they weren't too heavy—they were Dempsey legs.

"Mr. Nelson is having a pipe dream," the kid laughed. "I'm just another pretty good amateur. I don't want to turn pro unless I'm convinced that I stand a good chance of eventually grabbing that title. I'll leave it to you, Mr. Butler."

"How about the law?" I asked.

"Oh," he shrugged his shoulders. "That was my mother's idea. I don't know."

"Let's see you work." The kid looked very nice to me—very nice. He hopped over the ropes and then another figure climbed through them and I saw it was Monte Mullins. Mullins was a good second-rate heavyweight, able, experienced. I looked questioningly at Nelson.

"Mullins won't hurt him," he chortled; "just wait. Mullins ain't too good for this boy."

Two minutes later I was believing Nelson. The boy had a nice jab and as Mullins, a crowder, came in rushing, that jab began to paint his nose. Then he got in close and the boy crossed a right that made Mullins grunt. The boy was fast as a streak and I could see that he did things instinctively that other boxers have to learn.

They went three rounds and I was doing a lot of thinking. This boy was so fine-looking, so obviously decent, so clean-looking, too. Would the ring knock that fineness, cleanness and handsomeness into a dull, battered hulk? The boy was awfully good, though. Within a year he might well be one of the world's best heavyweights. Give him two and he might lick Max Baer. Then again . . .

As they started the third round Nelson called to Mullins. "The kid is making you look silly. Knock him down and I'll give you twenty dollars."

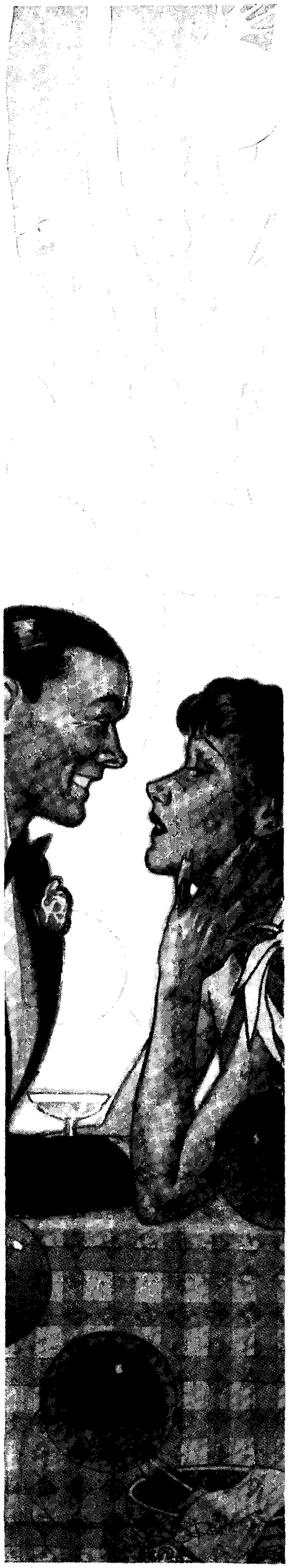
I looked at Nelson sharply but he laughed. "Let's see if the kid can take it."

Mullins set his teeth and tore after the boy. The boy danced out of reach, cool, disdainful of these mad rushes. The boy side-stepped and sank mean hooks into the stomach of Mullins.

"I'VE been dreaming of this for years," Nelson mused, half to himself. "He only needs the finishing touches. A few set-up bouts to give him confidence. One or two hard beatings to keep conceit away. Then the trail to the championship."

The boy was a picture as he stood looking at me inquiringly, after Nelson had called time.

"Tell him, Butler," Nelson chuckled. "Tell him he's the greatest heavyweight prospect you ever saw. Tell him he'll be a champion some day."



He made plenty of money and blew it. He got a taste for the night clubs. Squawk introduced him to those spots

"You never had a champion, did you, Squawk?" I asked him. "Battling Barney was about the closest you came. How that lad could fight! I remember once he fought ten bouts for you in one month."

"Yeah," Nelson interrupted, "but why talk of a worn-out plug that folded up ten years ago?"

"I liked that Battling Barney"—I was talking to the kid now. "Squawk did a great job managing him. By the time the kid was twenty-three he had fought every good heavyweight in the country."

"I remember his name," the boy said. "He must have made plenty of money."

"Well, he made it and blew it," I said. "He got a taste for the night clubs. Squawk introduced him to those spots. Didn't you, Squawk?"

"Sure," Nelson said. "It was good publicity for him to be seen in them places. The columnists all started kidding him, and that was all swell publicity for us."

"YES, he blew all he made and then all of a sudden he stopped winning fights." I knew all about Battling Barney. "He had been a fair boxer but Nelson made a slugger out of him. He was strong and he could take it and he'd take four punches to land one."

"The crowd don't like those fancy boys. The crowd likes a man who tears in," Nelson growled.

"Those punches he took started piling up. He got so he had to sit on the floor to put his socks on. He got a bit paunchy all right and then he started diving. Every 'logical contender' had a knockout of Barney on his record."

"Why didn't he quit the ring?" the boy wanted to know.

"Nelson could still get him matches. He still had a name and younger heavyweights wanted it on their records that they'd knocked out Battling Barney. But finally he couldn't get the matches. He used to hang around fight clubs acting as a second now and then, but he was so goofy by now—"

"But what has this to do with the young Jerry here?" Nelson broke in. "Tell him. Tell him."

"Sure I'll tell him." I looked the kid in the eye. "You're a nice boy. You're intelligent. You'll understand what I'm telling you. You aren't rugged enough and if you'll take my advice you'll take those gloves off and never put them on again. The law ain't a bad profession, son—stick to it."

Nelson's mouth dropped open. The boy's face was white but he could take it all right. He nodded. I turned and walked away fast.

Going out the door I almost bumped into the lifeless-eyed wreck who was standing there with his box of apples.

"Buy an apple, mister?" he whined.

"I bought one half an hour ago, Barney," I said. He looked at me and didn't recognize me at all. I threw him another dollar and then hurried down those stairs.

Who Rules Germany?

A few months ago Hitler's storm troops swaggered along Berlin streets, shoving civilians into the gutter. Today the government has had to protect its Brownshirts against public "contempt and abuse." Their prestige is gone. And with it the invulnerability of their leader. In the background, eyes of ice under helmets of steel, stands the Reichswehr, Germany's regular army, grimly awaiting its hour. Collier's sent T. R. Ybarra to interpret the confusion of German life. He found one thing incorruptible and unmoved in the face of chaos—the regulars of the regular army

By T. R. Ybarra

PHOTOGRAPHS BY MARGARET BOURKE-WHITE

THERE is a crash of martial music, a scurrying together of little boys and girls, a banging open of window shutters thrown wide by maidservants, forgetful, for the moment, of dusting and sweeping.

"*Die Reichswehr!*"

Through Berlin's proud Brandenburg Gate, into Unter den Linden, her proudest street, swings a company of gray-clad soldiers.

"Here comes the Reichswehr!"

In front rides an officer, sitting his horse with the immobility of bronze—statuesque, sinister, disdainful. Then, line after line of sinewy youths—square-set jaws—heads held high—eyes of ice under helmets of steel.

The band bursts into a march which makes toes twitch and blood tingle. The young soldiers march with the rigidity born of relentless discipline. Heavy boots thud against the pavement. Belt buckles and rifle barrels flash in the sunlight. Boys and girls, hopping with excitement, fall in behind the tramping ranks.

With a last peal of brass, a last roll of drums, the gray-clad troop wheels around the corner.

The crowd melts. Maidservants, sighing, turn back to dusters and brooms. A spectator, eyes still shining, exclaims:

"*Echte Soldaten!*"

Yes, they are certainly that—"*echte Soldaten*"—genuine soldiers—these men of the Reichswehr, Germany's regular army. While Germany seems to be staggering through confusion to chaos, the Reichswehr, in the background, stands at attention. Silent, efficient and formidable, it grimly awaits its hour. In days to come—this very winter, possibly—the German people, stunned by the collapse of old beliefs and new reputations, may feel in their hearts an electric thrill of hope, at the cry:

"Here comes the Reichswehr!"

When von Hindenburg was elected President, the Reichswehr swore obedience to him. Immediately after von Hindenburg's death this summer, Hitler, combining in himself the authority of Chancellor and President, demanded the same pledge. This proves how highly Hitler values the support of the regular army and how ardently he hopes to insure for himself an allegiance from its officers and soldiers comparable with that which they swore and gave to the grand old man whom they revered almost as a demigod.

Within the last year I have visited Germany twice. Between the two visits I found an enormous contrast.

Early in 1933, soon after Hitler's spectacular accession to power, it was the Brownshirts, Hitler's private army, who were cocks-of-the-walk.

They used to go swaggering along the sidewalks of Berlin four and six abreast, and none cared to dispute with them the right of way. Traffic was constantly being barred to allow a Brownshirt parade to pass—hundreds, sometimes thousands, of arrogant youngsters, flaunting on their sleeves the insignia of victorious Hitlerism; marching under streaming banners emblazoned with Hitlerism's swastika; singing in deafening chorus Hitlerism's stirring songs.

The Brown Menace

In Berlin's cafés at night, when a group of the "S. A."—the official appellation of the Brownshirts—suddenly pushed open the door and strode defiantly down the aisles between tables, conversation stopped suddenly. Customers cast uneasy glances around them. Waiters, about to serve mugs of beer and plates of sausages, stopped in their tracks. For there was no knowing what the Nazi Brownshirts might do—curtly call for the display of passports and identity cards, summon somebody into a side room to be searched, march somebody off under arrest.

That was the Germany of the summer of 1933.

But this summer all was changed.

Adolf Hitler and "Hard-boiled Hermann" Goering had just crushed the "revolt" which, they had informed the

"An army of sergeants officered by colonels." Germany's regular army, the Reichswehr, is perhaps the finest body of fighting men ever mobilized

world, had been simmering in the ranks of the "S. A." The smoke from the rifles of the firing squads which had killed Roehm, leader of the Brownshirt storm troops, and Ernst, and Heines, and others among Hitler's lieutenants, still shrouded the land. Nearly all of the "S. A." were on vacation—a vacation which many of its members were to find permanent, since Hitler had announced that he intended to restore the trustworthiness of his private army by drastic reduction of its numbers. Those who were still wearing their brown uniforms—a skeleton organization left to carry on routine work—were slinking about unobtrusively, almost shame-facedly. Their swagger was gone. Their glory was faded. Every one of them looked as if he felt on his cheeks the sting of the blow which Adolf Hitler had struck at the whole Brownshirt army.

And the attitude of other Germans, those who had never worn the uniform of Nazidom, had undergone a change equally striking.

Protect the Storm Troops

Nobody seemed to feel any longer the necessity of getting out of the way of a Brownshirt. On the faces of men and women I noticed ironic glances as a member of the "S. A." went by—glances that seemed to say: "Well, it will never be the same with you, my fine fellow!" And, as if to show that this changed attitude of Hitler's private army toward the rest of the Germans and of the rest of the Germans toward the cohorts of Hitlerism was no matter of imagination on a foreigner's part, a proclamation was issued during my sojourn in Berlin this summer by one of the big chiefs of the Nazis, telling the Brownshirts that they would be protected by the government from "contempt and abuse."

Brownshirts in need of protection! Brownshirts wincing under contempt and shrinking from abuse! Truly, the difference between the Germany of 1933 and the Germany of 1934 was enough to make one rush off to the nearest alienist and exclaim: "Please, Doc, examine my skull! I think I'm seeing things!"

And this changed state of affairs, believe me, is honey and sunshine to the Reichswehr!

The Reichswehr is sitting pretty. Ever since the last day of last June, when Hitler and Goering struck their savage blow at the "S. A." rebels and those other Germans who, they declared, were also implicated in plotting, the Reichswehr has known perfectly well that it is the big thing in Germany. And, what is more, it knows that all the Germans know it.

In the ranks of Germany's regular army there has always been antipathy toward the Brownshirts. Officers and men of the Reichswehr feel for the swaggering Nazi battalions the disdain felt everywhere by the professional for the amateur. Nothing would have pleased the Reichswehr better than to have taken a hand last June in humbling the Brownshirts. But there was no need of this. While the regulars stood in the shadows, Hitler, himself, in Munich, with the ruthless coöperation of Goering in Berlin, shattered opponents with one murderous blow, thus playing the Reichswehr's game without requiring it to raise so much as a finger.

In Berlin, after that fateful and bloody June thirtieth, there was even whispered talk that Hitler, having himself weakened his own army by his action, had become practically a prisoner of the Reichswehr. That was an exaggeration.

But there can be no doubt that, by his exposure of the discord within the Brownshirt ranks, by his denunciation of some of the comrades whom he had hitherto trusted implicitly and paraded before his fellow countrymen as paragons of idealism and patriotism—notably Roehm, whom, on that last day of June, he first branded as a depraved degenerate and then ordered to execution—he struck at the foundations of the whole Nazi structure and at the inmost morale of the whole Brownshirt organization.

Never again can Hitler hope to convict as liars those who question the solid front of the Nazi party—for he himself has pointed to cracks and fissures in it. Never again can he hope to convince people at home and abroad of the loyalty of that "S. A." army which helped him to mastery over Germany—for he himself has torn shoulder straps from the uniforms of some of its commanders, ordered a whole batch of them to death, placed upon all of them the stigma of untrustworthiness.

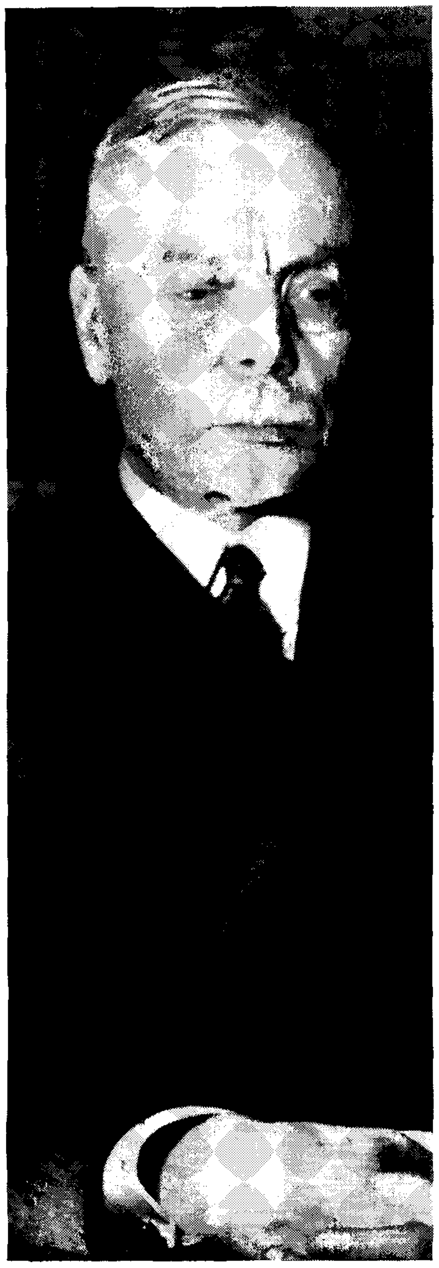
And that brings grim satisfaction to the Reichswehr!

Dummy tanks and anti-tank guns meet the letter of the Versailles treaty, and the Reichswehr goes right on with its training

The Army Preserves its Identity

So swift was the ascendancy of Hitler's private army, after he became overlord of Germany last year, that it looked for a while as if the German regulars would become a mere adjunct of the Nazi irregulars. Indeed, the swastika, Hitlerism's emblem, was actually painted on the helmets of the Reichswehr soldiers—a hint that, in the eyes of the Hitlerites, they were part and parcel of the new forces controlling German destinies. Captain Roehm, head of the "S. A." storm troops, gave himself the airs of a military commander-in-chief.

Nevertheless, the Reichswehr kept a tight hold on its identity and its ideals. It remained aloof. It maintained intact, amid the swagger and show of Nazidom, the grim spirit of the old Prussia. While the Brownshirts strutted in the limelight, it stood in the wings, cold and contemptuous. After all, what was all this parading, this shouting of new slogans and bellowing of new songs, to the inheritors of the martial traditions of imperial Germany?



France took alarm at his military genius: General Hans von Seeckt, who organized the Reichswehr and brought it to its present perfection

And when Hitler, roused to murderous fury against comrades whom he deemed traitors, struck his blow at the "S. A.," the officers of the German regular army licked their lips. Even the fact that one of Hitler's victims was General von Schleicher, a soldier of the true Prussian stripe, at one time the Reichswehr's head, did not impair the elation among his old comrades. Was not Captain Roehm, most pushing of the Brownshirt upstarts, also dead? And Ernst, chief of the Berlin Brownshirt contingent, who thought himself better than any regular soldier? And Heines, Brownshirt czar of Silesia? And others, too, who had dared to sneer at the upholders of the old military traditions? Surely, with all these amateurs in their graves, there was no need for the professionals to waste many tears on von Schleicher!

The Reichswehr was limited by the Treaty of Versailles to a total of 100,000 men. Moreover, the framers of the treaty bore in mind the lesson taught by Prussia after her defeat at Jena in 1805. Following that victory, Napoleon had decreed that the Prussian army must not number more than 12,000. But the Prussian military authorities secretly passed through the ranks many more men than the stipulated total, discharging them after a short period of intensive training. In this way, when Prussia again took the field against Napoleon she had a body of well-drilled troops far in excess of the puny total which her conqueror had allowed her.

Mindful of that Prussian trick, Germany's conquerors in the World War ordained that the 100,000 soldiers of the Reichswehr must enlist for twelve

(Continued on page 28)

The Road to Caliente

By Richard Hoffman

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

The story of Clemence, who was beautiful; and her mother, who was ambitious; and a young man who was wise beyond his years. A powerful exposition of a most unusual triangle. Or so we think

BEFORE the pier glass, Clemence Perry touched her burnished red hair with a gentleness that had wonder in it, ran her hands down the lovely, slim sweep of her waist to feel its subtle actuality, as if it were a present newly given to her. She was not at all abashed to be discovered so when her mother opened the door from the next bedroom.

Mrs. Perry smiled with that charming, indulgent vagueness which Clemence felt never to be so vague as it seemed. Mrs. Perry said, "It still pleases you, pet—does it?"

Clemence's hopeful, candid blue eyes didn't conceal pleasure. "Is it wrong to like it? It was such a long and hopeless time, Mummy, at school: freckled, homely, awkward—always believing I was getting close to somebody and then finding they only wanted to make fun of me, or—or pity me. You'll never know how grateful I am—to you, for patience and planning and cleverness; it's like—"

"If I'll never know," Mrs. Perry said in faintly stiff gentleness, "don't try to tell me, pet. Just help me make—well, make something come of it. D'you know it's a year today we've been abroad?"

Clemence felt the weight of disappointment come again. Always when she was full of gratitude, her mother nimbly evaded the pouring out of some of it. "It doesn't seem a year," she said thoughtfully. Then, "Mummy."

"Yes, dear."

"When will you let me be on my own a little?"

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, let me do what I want, what I can, with what you've given me. It's not that I mind, or even feel you watching over anything I do by myself; it's just that—well, do you remember that time at the Fellowes', in England, when that nice boy Craigie wanted to show me the river by moonlight, and you arranged it so that I went up to bed?"

Mrs. Perry watched her daughter calmly a moment. "He didn't just want to show you the river, pet."

"What if he *had* wanted to kiss me?" Clemence said. "I liked him."

MRS. PERRY'S eyes weren't hard, but they weren't smiling either. "He *was* a nice boy," she said. "And there was no reason why you shouldn't have liked him to kiss you. But, Clemence, dear, I had a great deal of my experience by accident: I want you to have most of yours on purpose. I want you to see what there is in the world. My pet, love in a cottage isn't everything. And there are lots of engaging, accomplished men in the world who—who aren't obscure, who aren't content to be obscure, who can manage more than a cottage, and a little cheese, and seeing rivers by moonlight."

Clemence watched her mother solemnly, in one of her infrequent moments of wonder whether Mrs. Perry's adroit, patient care could be pointed to as more than compensation for a youth colored in the muddy hues of hopelessness, by the sickening fires of rage in humiliation. And steadily her mother met her look, thoughtful on her own account, appraising something in Clemence's eyes. Then, very casually, Mrs. Perry said, "Don't be impatient, pet. It will come. Now we must get ourselves ready for the de Leffrones' tea—you looking your best."

Later—in October, when most of the tourists were gone and Paris rested and Mrs. Perry had to nurse a sinus attack upstairs in the hotel—Clemence came upon Stephen Cross. He sat alone at dinner in the empty dining-room, and he was so engrossed in the book beside his plate that she could watch him whenever she liked. She liked to savor the quiet purpose about him and the way he seemed careless of the fact that his well-cut clothes hung enviably. His dark hair lay close to his good head, and his dark, calm eyes would be incurious as to whether the cleverness and competence behind them made an impression or not.

Gradually the quivering, exciting sense of the chance for her own enterprise came alive in her. With the faculty for automatic appraisal her mother had subtly built up, Clemence judged him to be not much older than herself—perhaps twenty-four—but one of those infrequent people whose aims and ends straighten themselves out early. She dawdled over her food, watched him poise his last sip of coffee till he was ready to shut the book. When he plumped down his napkin and started to rise, she became intent on the steamship list from which her mother had asked her to choose possible sailings.

HE STRODE toward the table, spare and fit, one hand under his jacket in a trousers pocket, dark eyes still absorbed. She looked up idly, as if the sound of his coming were the first sign she'd had he was there. He glanced at her without seeing her, then ahead of him again, then suddenly back at her, his look wakened. She smiled a very little at the delayed reaction; and at once quick, friendly pleasure livened his face. She saw him believe she was there, lovelier than common, in the instant before he stopped short and said, "Why, *hello!*" his voice crisp as it should have been.

Her excitement mounted, but she knew her eyes to be calm, mildly welcoming only. "Hello," she said—to some pleasant little boy who would doubtless run right along.

He gave a single, engaging laugh—rather at himself and his having stopped there—and did nothing to hide his pleasure in her looks. "You startled me," he said. "I thought I was alone. Arrogant, I call it. I'm not going to try to say we've met somewhere before, much as I may wish it."

"Well, we've almost done something like it now," she said. And as if there were hardly anything else to say, "Will you sit down? Have coffee or something?"

"I've had coffee," he said, "but perhaps you would have a brandy with me?"

He sat down, put his book well aside, and offered his cigarette case. . . .

They exchanged names and other unimportant information, and under the ordinariness of it the promise of her excitement kept growing as she watched and heard him—the animation of his look, confident without arrogance, and the half-smile through which a single, slightly deprecating laugh came when his wit amused her. He was in the Foreign Service, just finished a first assignment in Vienna, doing some temporary work at the Paris office before reporting to Washington for orders. He knew Paris better than she, and he told her of things she'd missed—not in the distressing manner of "Why do you think *you* know anything?" but with an air of pleasure that he could put her on to things she was sure to like. It was the waiter snapping out lights that made Clemence remember her mother upstairs, realize it was past ten.

IN THE blithe days that came now, there was no room for more than a fleeting thought of past or future. Paris, by day and night, belonged to Clemence and Stephen, as Paris so well can on the best occasions. All sorts of people knew him; and when they didn't, he ingratiated himself automatically and got more than he asked for; and Clemence forgot entirely about being proud of herself and her own power in just being proud of him.

All this brought them one evening to the loading quays close beside the black-flowing Seine, with the opposite lights painting slicks of gold on its swiftness, a liquid whisper in the current murmuring to the dry whisper of trees against a lucent sky. They talked softly, strolling, and then their strolling stopped, and their talk too. Their hands were together; between them a night that no one knew so intimately as they, silent together, each aware of a rich, living expectance in the other.

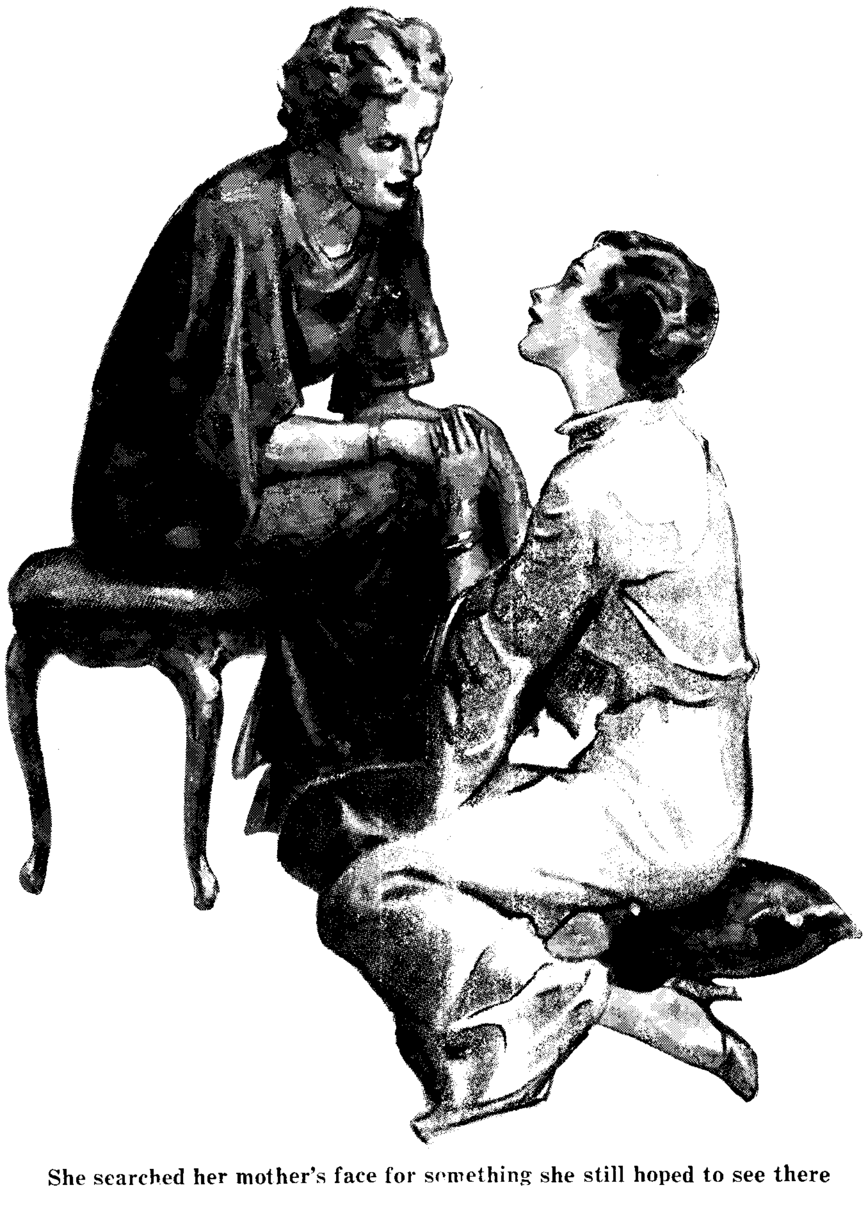
"My darling," he said once against her hair, "it's so much too good to believe."

"Stephen, Stephen—oh, *please* let's believe it, forever," Clemence pleaded, sure that the glorious aspiration of every drop of her blood must, in just another moment, attain whole belief, forever.

And much later, when they had to realize that time had gone by—much of it in the disguise of a few moments—he said, "Tomorrow I'll speak to your mother."

"That's terribly old-fashioned, precious, isn't it?"

"Yes, dear sweet, but I'm an old-fashioned fella."



She searched her mother's face for something she still hoped to see there

"Mother's not. This will amuse her."

"Good," Stephen chuckled, not really caring so far ahead as tomorrow. "She deserves a son-in-law who amuses her."

"What time will you see her?" said Clemence, tomorrow's significance beginning to steal under tonight's immeasurable elation.

"Half past four'll be the earliest I can get there," he said. "But, you, ragamuffin—you stay out of the way till five. Hear?"

"But I don't *want* to stay out of the way."

"Dear angel, please; you must. If I see you in daylight now—you, real, alive—I shan't believe it again. I can't talk about what I don't believe."

IT WAS incredible that a day could drag so, that you could think and think and think in all possible ways about the one thing that mattered and then find that barely five minutes had passed. Sometimes Clemence watched her mother narrowly, as if there were the terrible possibility she would turn into someone else before four-thirty. And several times her mother waked her with a vaguely uneasy laugh and, "Whatever is it, pet? Have I overdone the lipstick? Or what?"

After lunch, the clock went into a lethargy worse still, arrived finally at four-fifteen only by a most painful series of miracles. Then suddenly the telephone startled the room and they said Mr. Cross was downstairs, to see Mrs. Perry. Clemence gave her mother's vague, composed preoccupation one look of fright and bolted for her own room. And there, hearing the muffled, unintelligible exchange of greetings, she couldn't bear it any longer. She snatched up hat and bag and went out, resolved to stay out—walking fast—until a time when the thing was bound to be settled.

She walked for hours; sometimes where she had just walked before and sometimes along a different street. Then it was five by her watch and she ten minutes from the hotel, and no taxi anywhere.

After listening for minutes at the door between her mother's and her own bedroom, she dared tiptoe across to listen again outside the salon. And there were no sounds—none. She stared at the door, praying for the simple explanation. Then quickly she turned the handle and stepped in. Mrs. Perry—alone—looked up with an interested, very faintly self-conscious smile. Clemence swept the room with wide, accusing eyes, and she said, tensely, "Where is he?"

Mrs. Perry let an instant of blankness stand in her expression before she said casually, "Oh, the nice young man? He's gone. We had a charming, sensible chat together, and he's gone."

"Gone? Where?"

"He thought it best not to wait," Mrs. Perry said blandly. "I think he was right. There's a note somewhere. On the table, isn't it?"

Clemence went at the table and snatched the note as if she knew it were some trick. On the single leaf of paper he had written: "My dear, it's been fun. You've made time whiz, even for Paris. I hope some day we may do it again—here or somewhere. I'm ordered home, as I've told your mother. Good luck, and thanks for everything. Stephen."

On a choked, incredulous cry, Clemence turned and went for the hall door.

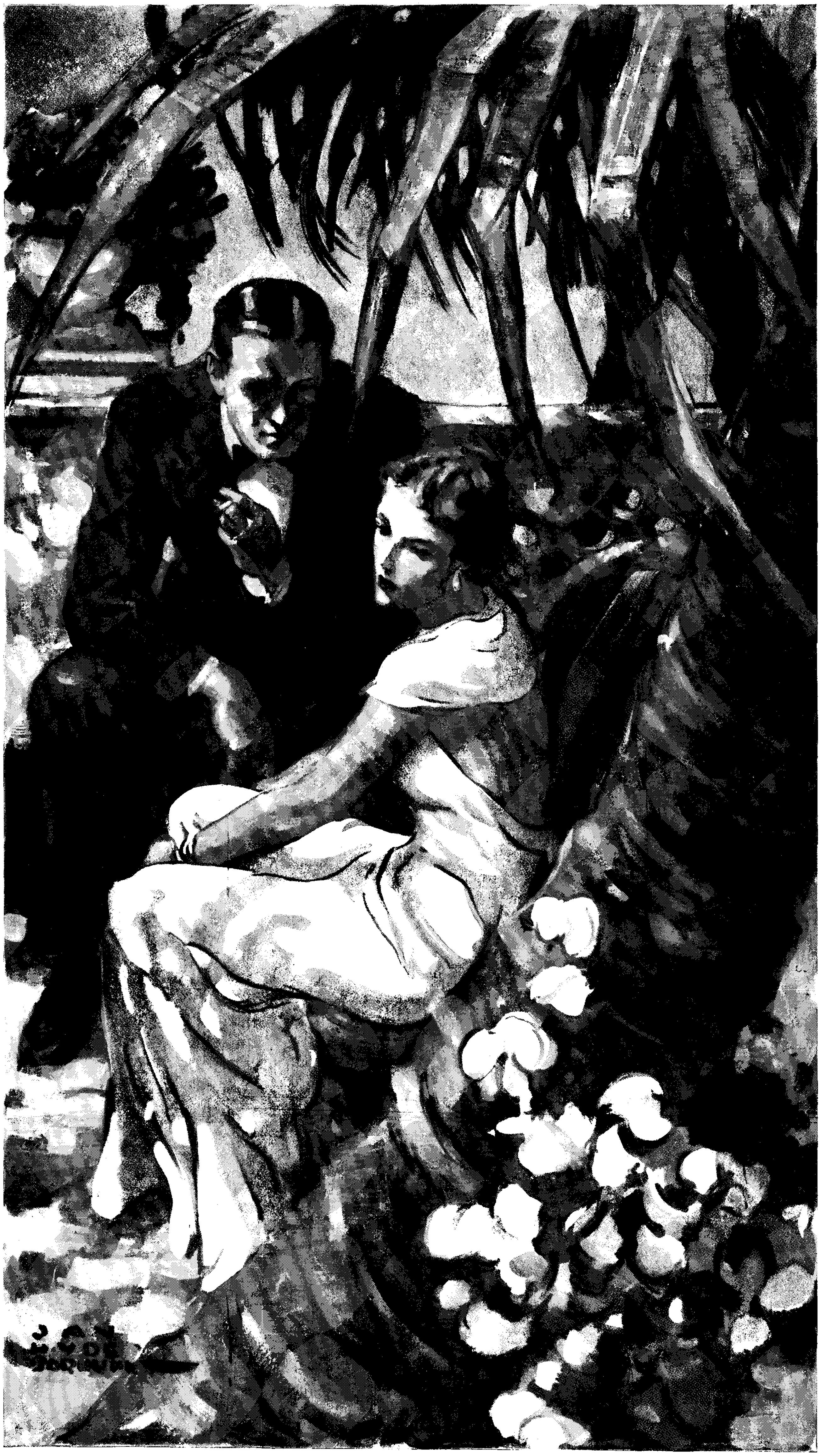
"Clemence!" Mrs. Perry's voice rang sternly. Clemence stopped. Her mother said, "Where are you going?"

"To find him. To ask him—"

"Ask him what?"

Steadily Mrs. Perry forbade Clemence's look to leave hers till there was

(Continued on page 37)



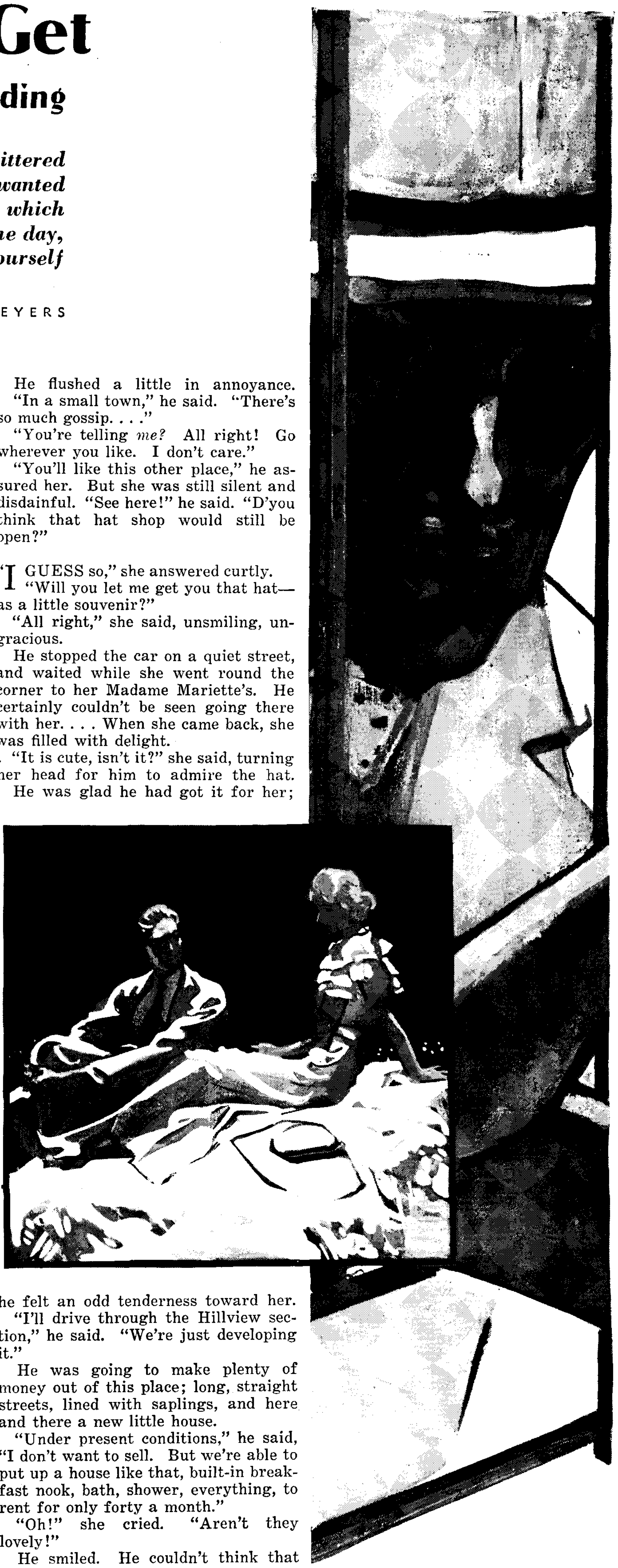
Something was happening in Clemence that she must fight against. The just anger which should surge up under her courage had somehow paused, faltered

All she could Get

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

Sylvie was a blonde—a blonde that glittered and made men stare. She thought she wanted one thing—and got another. All of which makes this a story you should read. Some day, maybe, you'll meet a girl like Sylvie yourself

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



ANSON called himself a fool for thinking of that blonde at the Joyville Amusement Park.

"She's just out for all she can get," he thought.

And yet he went on thinking about her, and he wanted to see her again, in spite of what had happened the last time. He had asked her out to dinner, and of course she had accepted. He had meant to drive out into the country, to a quiet little place where the food was good, and where he was not likely to meet anyone he knew. But instead of that, he had taken her to the Black Spruce Inn. She had made him.

"If anyone had seen me there—" he thought.

His face grew hot at the idea. George Anson, the successful realtor, the respected citizen of forty-seven, father of two grown children, out with that platinum blonde. . . .

It was a sweltering August afternoon; he couldn't put his mind on the letter he wanted to write. From the window of his office he could see the suburban railway station; half-past five now, and the homeward stream of commuters had begun. He saw men whom he knew getting into their cars; men like himself, solid, respectable men with homes and families. . . . He thought of his own home, the house he had built for his wife, years ago. They had both been very proud of it then, but after she died there didn't seem much sense in it. His son and his daughter were out most of the time; tonight he would probably sit down at the table alone.

And he thought of a little table with a shaded lamp, and Sylvie opposite him, Sylvie with her narrow blue eyes and her beautiful young mouth. . . .

"No," he said to himself. "I'd be a fool."

And suddenly he didn't care.

SHE was there, in the little cage at the entrance to the amusement park, selling tickets. And it was almost as if she glittered, so vivid was she with her pale gold hair and her blue eyes and her scarlet lips. She looked insolent and indifferent, not even glancing up as he came to the window.

"Hello!" he said.

"Oh, hel-*lo!*"

There was that smile, wide and gay and somehow touching. Her face had a classic beauty; in repose it seemed a little cold, but when she smiled she was lovely.

"Hot enough for you?" he asked.

He always found it difficult to talk to her. His conversation with other people was about business and politics; he read rather serious books; he wasn't accustomed to the personal tone she took for granted.

"Hot?" she said. "You ought to try it in here for a few hundred years."

A man came up to buy a ticket, and Anson stood aside. There was a crazy, cheerful confusion of noise all about him, the calliope in the merry-go-round playing O Sole Mio; the barkers were yelling, shots cracked from the rifle gallery. A queer, unreal world, and Sylvie belonged in it, not quite real herself in her glittering beauty.

"Well, Georgie," she said, "want a ticket?"

He was silent for a moment; he was mechanically telling himself not to be a fool, but really he didn't care. That loud music stirred him, made him happy; the hoarse voices that yelled seemed full of a reckless good humor.

"Will you have dinner with me?"

"Well—" she said, looking straight at him. "I *would* like to go somewhere nice and lively. . . ."

"Lively?" he repeated. It was extraordinary, he thought, that after a long, hot day of this incessant noise, she should want something "lively."

"I'm just crazy about the Black Spruce Inn," she said.

He wasn't going there again; it was too risky.

"There's another place I know—"

"Has it got a good orchestra?"

"Yes," he said, and sighed to himself.

"I hope it isn't too swell," she said, "because my hat's got all out of shape. I saw just what I want in Madame Mariette's window, but I'll have to save up about six months to get *that.*"

"YOU always look nice," said Anson.

"It's one of those big stitched taffetas," she said. "I tried it on. She said she'd let me have it for six dollars—but six dollars is an awful lot for a poor working-girl like me."

Nothing very subtle in her tactics. She wanted him to buy her that hat, and he wouldn't. He would not be that much of a fool.

"You look better without any hat," he said. "Your hair's so beautiful."

She gave him an angry, sidelong look; her mouth was sullen. Then suddenly she smiled.

"O. K.!" she said. "I'll meet you in about ten minutes."

At six o'clock the proprietor came to take her place, and she put on her big, black straw hat, powdered her nose, touched up her lips and went out.

"Let's go to the Black Spruce Inn!" she said.

She moved closer to him, her shoulder touched his; she wore some faint and delicate perfume. . . . While he waited for a traffic light he looked at her, and her blue eyes were wonderful. He wanted to do whatever she wished, so that she would be happy, and smile.

But he couldn't take that risk.

"You'll like this other place," he said.

"Why won't you go to the Black Spruce Inn, if that's what I *like?*"

"It's nice to—have a change. . . ."

She smiled then, but not in a way he liked; this was a slow, scornful smile.

"I get you!" she said. "You don't want to be seen there with me."

He flushed a little in annoyance.

"In a small town," he said. "There's so much gossip. . . ."

"You're telling *me?* All right! Go wherever you like. I don't care."

"You'll like this other place," he assured her. But she was still silent and disdainful. "See here!" he said. "D'you think that hat shop would still be open?"

"I GUESS so," she answered curtly.

"Will you let me get you that hat—as a little souvenir?"

"All right," she said, unsmiling, ungracious.

He stopped the car on a quiet street, and waited while she went round the corner to her Madame Mariette's. He certainly couldn't be seen going there with her. . . . When she came back, she was filled with delight.

"It is cute, isn't it?" she said, turning her head for him to admire the hat.

He was glad he had got it for her; he felt an odd tenderness toward her.

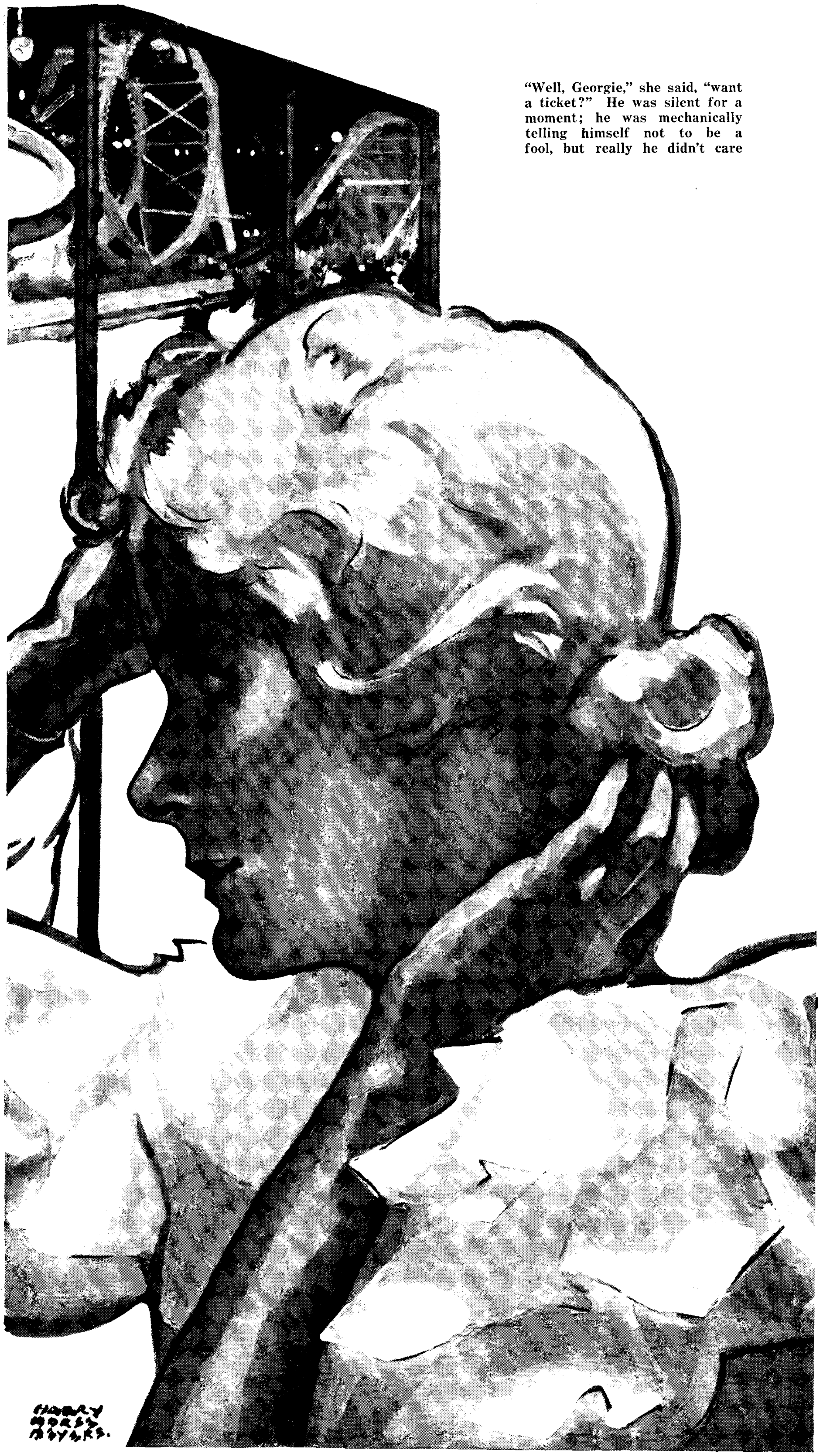
"I'll drive through the Hillview section," he said. "We're just developing it."

He was going to make plenty of money out of this place; long, straight streets, lined with saplings, and here and there a new little house.

"Under present conditions," he said, "I don't want to sell. But we're able to put up a house like that, built-in breakfast nook, bath, shower, everything, to rent for only forty a month."

"Oh!" she cried. "Aren't they lovely!"

He smiled. He couldn't think that those brand-new little houses standing in empty fields were "lovely." They were, to him, an intelligent business venture. He drove on, over the top of the hill.



"Well, Georgie," she said, "want a ticket?" He was silent for a moment; he was mechanically telling himself not to be a fool, but really he didn't care

"Oh, let's go to the Black Spruce Inn!" she said, moving closer to him, looking into his face. Her blue eyes were soft now; she was so lovely, so young. . . . He stopped the car by the roadside.

"Let's not," he said. "This other place is nicer."

He lifted off the new hat, and drew her head down on his shoulder.

"You're sweet," he said.

"So are you!"

He was happy. He touched her hair, and it was unbelievably soft and fine. . . . Another car rushed past, and he remembered himself; he started the car.

"*Please* let's go to the Black Spruce—"

"Please not, Sylvie. I—don't want to go there."

SHE let the matter drop then. But when he tried to kiss her, she laughed at him.

"She doesn't give a damn for me, personally," he thought. "Well, I'm not going to blame her. I'm forty-seven. I—might have known better."

So he was polite to her. He paid for a very good dinner, and afterward he danced with her three or four times. And if it hurt to hold this slim, lovely girl in his arms, and see her blue eyes always looking about the room, to see the smile she had for him so artificial, that too was his own fault.

He drove her home, to the little house on the outskirts of the town.

"Thanks for a swell time!" she said.

Well, she had got a new hat and a good dinner. He didn't begrudge them to her. . . .

The front door was left unchained, and the hall light on for Sylvie. She put on the chain and turned out the light, and groped her way up the narrow little staircase. It was so hot in here, so close. . . . She wondered if Joan were lying awake.

"Gosh! What a life!" she thought. "She used to be so cute and pretty. She used to have such a good time. . . ."

She locked the door of her room, put away the new hat and hung up her dress; then she lay down on the bed in her flimsy, lace-trimmed, pink slip.

"It's too hot to sleep. And anyhow, as soon as I put out the light, I'll just begin thinking about Les. I'm such a fool—crying about Les. . . ."

WHEN she was with Leslie she had to laugh all the time. That was what he wanted. He was always so good-natured and careless, and she had to be like that, too. Always. If she wasn't gay and amusing, she felt sure that he would walk off and never come back.

"If I wasn't a fool, I wouldn't care. Where does it get me, just to see Les? And be so miserable afterward. . . ."

The first time she had seen him he had been with a girl. He had come up to the window to buy two tickets, and their eyes had met. And in all the crowd of people who streamed past her she had noticed him, remembered him. It wasn't that he was so very handsome; he was just a tall, sandy-haired boy, very sunburned, with gray eyes. But there was something about him, his slow smile, the way he wore his clothes; something cool and careless and—different. He had come back the next evening, alone, and she had been glad to see him.

"Want to take a walk when you're finished here?" he had asked.

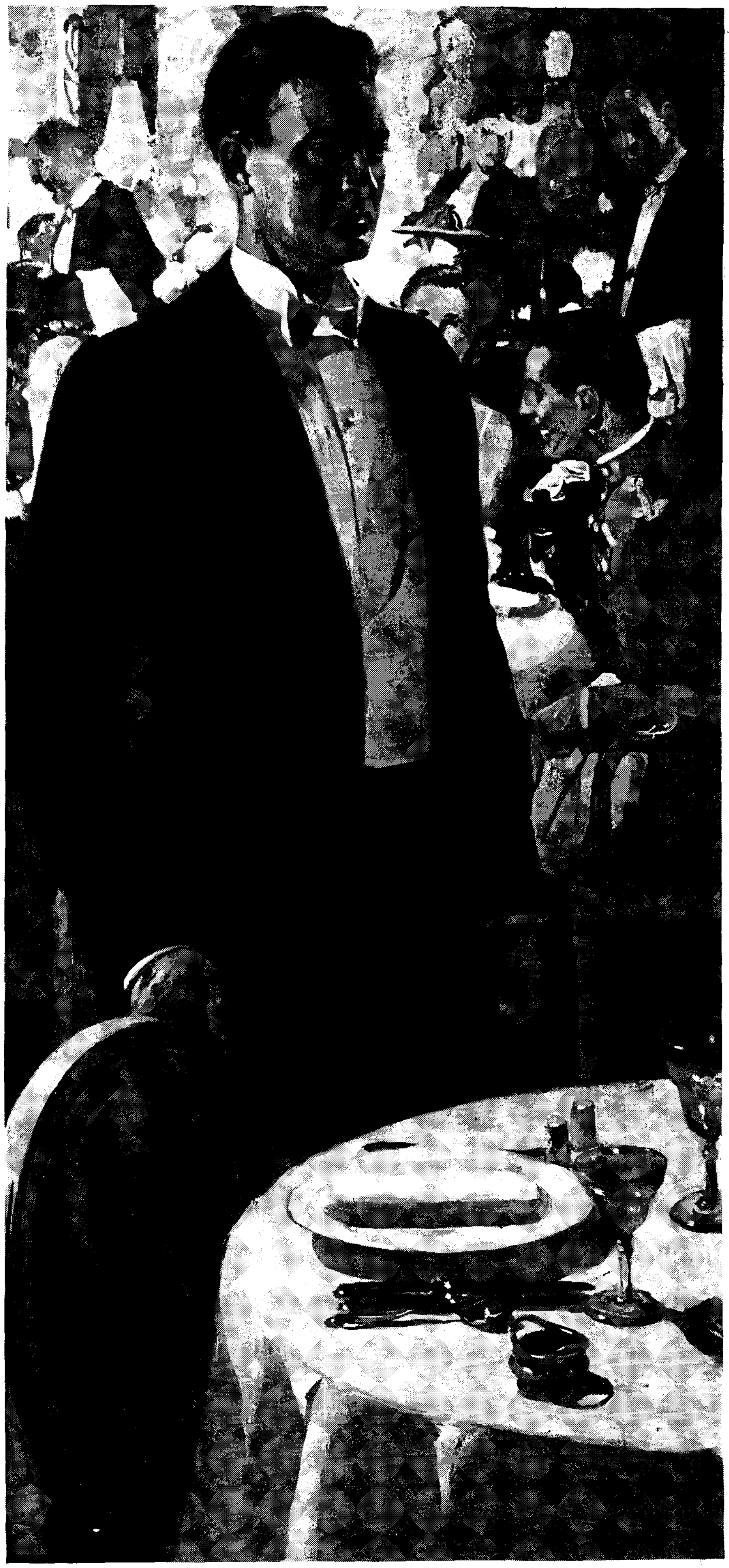
She was tired and hungry by six o'clock, but she had taken a walk along the beach with him. He had said nothing about dinner, and neither did she; they sat on the sands and talked, and it had been wonderful. They laughed about everything, she and Les. Two or three times a week they went down on

(Continued on page 52)

The Man who Saved the World

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



The Story Thus Far:

MAJOR MARTIN FAWLEY, an American adventurer who has accepted a secret commission from General Berati, Italy's strong man, witnesses an attack on his chief by a beautiful woman. Fawley follows her, learns that she is the Principessa Elida di Rezco di Vasena—related to Berati by marriage! She tells Fawley that General Berati is about to commit a "hideous blunder," implores his silence—which he reluctantly keeps. Shortly after, the girl is exiled from Italy for one year, while Fawley is ordered to the Maritime Alps to report on the French fortifications.

At Monte Carlo he meets Adolph Krust, whom he knows to be a wealthy German working against General von Salzenburg and the Fascist Heinrich Behrling for control of the Fatherland. With Krust are two beautiful girls, posing as his nieces. Fawley, visited in his rooms by one of them, Greta, learns that the girls in reality are student spies. Greta, trading on her beauty, endeavors to enlist Fawley in Krust's ranks. While they talk Krust bursts in. He tells Fawley that he has just spoken by phone with Berati; that he, Fawley, is to receive orders to proceed to Berlin on the morrow. "You shall work with me—Berati must know the truth!" Fawley replies that he will discharge the mission—alone. . . .

The next morning he receives a note from the Princess Elida. Pleasurably surprised, he goes aboard her yacht—to find himself a prisoner. At sea, he is released from his cabin by a man who introduces himself as the Prince Maurice von Thal. "We wish to know," says the prince, "if you are going to Germany with Krust and his two decoys. The report that goes back to Berati must be favorable to General von Salzenburg!" Fawley, angered, warns von Thal that he will not tolerate any interference.

A little later a storm strikes the ship and the German leaves Fawley and Elida, to take the bridge. Suddenly the girl cries out in terror. Fawley whirls. The yacht is headed directly for the seawall! At the moment they strike Elida throws herself into his arms and kisses him passionately. . . .

Several weeks later Fawley, having miraculously got away with his life, is visited by Adolph Krust at his Berlin hotel. Krust is strangely excited. "Work with me," he implores. "There are doors which only I can open. Berati must have the truth about Germany or the world will be plunged into war!"

At that moment there comes a loud knocking on the door. . . .

V

WHAT followed on Fawley's invitation to enter seemed to his astonished eyes more like the advance guard of a circus than anything. The door was thrown open with a flourish. The manager of the hotel, in a tightly fitting frock coat and gray trousers of formal design, entered hurriedly. He took not the slightest notice of Fawley but swung round and ranged himself by the side of the threshold.

He was joined a few seconds later by the assistant manager, dressed in precisely the same fashion, who also made precipitate entrance and stood on the other side facing his chief. There followed an officer dressed in some sort of uniform and after him a younger man, who appeared to hold the post of A. D. C., *in more somber but still semi*-military accouterments. Last of all came a man in civilian clothes—stern, with a shock of brown hair streaked with gray, hard features, granite-like mouth, keen, steely eyes. He held up his hand as he entered in a gesture which might have been intended for the Fascist salute or might have been an invocation to silence. He spoke German correctly, but with a strong Prussian accent.

"My name is Behrling—Heinrich Behrling," he announced. "It is my wish to speak a few words with the agent of my friend, General Berati of Rome. I have the pleasure—yes?"

Fawley bowed, but shook his head.

"I cannot claim the distinction of being the recognized agent of that great man," he declared. "I am an American visiting Germany as a tourist."

The newcomer advanced farther into the room and shook hands with some solemnity. Fawley turned towards where his previous visitor had been seated, then gave a little start. The hideous and unsavory cigar propped up against an ash tray was still alight. The armchair, however, had been pushed back and the black Homburg hat which had rested upon the floor was gone. There was in the place where Adolf Krust had sat the most atrocious odor of foul tobacco but nowhere in the room was there any sign of him nor any indication of his sudden departure except the wide-opened door leading into the bathroom!

"You search for something?" the visitor asked.

"Before you came, sir," Fawley confided, "I had a caller. He must have taken his leave in a hurry."

Heinrich Behrling laughed coldly.

"There are many," he declared, "who leave in a hurry when I arrive!"

HEINRICH BEHRLING, the man whom the most widely read paper in Berlin had called only that morning "the underground ruler of Germany," showed no hesitation in taking the vacated easy-chair and he watched the disappearance of the still burning cigar out of the window with an air of satisfaction. In response to a wave of the hand his escort retired. He breathed a sigh of relief.

"It gives me no pleasure to be so attended," he declared, "but what would you have? The Communists have sworn that before the end of the week I shall be a dead man. I prefer to live."

"It is the natural choice," Fawley murmured with a smile.

"You are Major Fawley, the American who has entered the service of Italy?" Behrling demanded. "You speak German—yes?"

"Yes to both questions," was the prompt reply. "My name is Fawley, I have accepted a temporary post under the Italian government and I speak German."

"What brought you to Berlin?"

"Everyone comes to Berlin nowadays."

"You came on Berati's orders, of course."

Fawley's fingers tapped lightly upon his desk and he remained for a moment silent.

"I look upon your visit as a great honor, sir," he said. "I only regret that when I left Italy I became dumb."

"I wish there were more like you on my staff," Behrling muttered with a throaty exclamation. "Can I deal with you? That is the question."

"On behalf of whom?"

"On behalf of my country. You have seen my army in the making. You have visited Cologne and Frankfurt, among other towns. You know what is coming to Germany as well as I can tell you. I ask whether I can deal with you on behalf of my country."

"Is this not a little premature, Herr Behrling?" Fawley asked quietly. "The elections are yet to come."

"So you have been listening to the fat man," was the scornful reply. "The man who smokes that filthy stuff and left the room like a streak of lightning at my coming! He would have you think that the dummy who has taken my place in the Reichstag can be dealt with. He is a fool. If I raised my hand in opposition the whole of your brilliant scheme would crash tomorrow, and where would you be then? Where would Italy be? I ask you that."

FAWLEY was silent. This man was not as he had expected. He was at the same time more verbose, yet more impressive.

"If I chose to listen to my councilors," Behrling went on, "I will tell you

"I will explain," she promised. "You are angry with me but indeed nothing that happened was my fault. Please sit down"

what would happen. Italy would be stripped, disgraced, convicted of a great crime and—worse still—guilty of being found out. That is what will happen to any nation that dares to ignore the only party that is strong enough to rule Germany, the only party that can put into the field an army of patriots."

Fawley shook his head regretfully.

"Alas," he explained, "I am only a messenger. I have no weight in the councils of Italy."

"You can repeat my words."

"I will do so."

"When?"

"When I return to Italy."

Behrling's expression was fervent. "Why do you wait till then?" he demanded. "You are here to see how the land lies. You have to make your report. Von Salzenburg's men are veterans of the war. They would carry arms in no man's cause. Soon they will be carrying them to the grave. The young spirit of Germany is with me. Italy will miss her great chance. She will pass down into the rank of second-class nations if she does not recognize this."

"Every word of what you have said I promise shall be repeated."

"But why not in your dispatches?" Behrling argued, striking the table with his fist. "Why not tonight? Why not let a special messenger fly to Rome? An airplane is at your disposal."

"I never send dispatches," Fawley confided, tapping a cigarette upon the table and lighting it.

His visitor stared at him in blank surprise.

"What do you mean? Of course you must send dispatches."

"I have never sent one in my life," Fawley assured him. "I have very seldom committed a line of anything relating to my profession to paper. When a thing is important enough for me to pass it on to my chiefs I take the knowledge in my brain and go to them."

BEHRLING rose to his feet and walked restlessly up and down the room. His strong features were working nervously. He threw away his cigarette. It was obvious that he had been living for months under a great strain. He beat the air with his fists—a gesture which seemed to Fawley curiously familiar. Suddenly he swung round.

"The fat man—Adolf Krust—he has been here this afternoon?"

Fawley nodded.

"Yes, he has been here. He was in Monte Carlo when I was there. He went on to see Berati. It is scarcely my business to tell you so," Fawley observed; "still, I see no reason why I should keep another man's secret. He only got as far as San Remo. Berati refused to see him."

"When do you return to Rome?"

"In ten days."

"The world itself may be changed in that time," Behrling declared impatiently. "If you were to study the welfare of your adopted country I tell you this—you would return to Rome tomorrow. You would use every argument to convince Berati that Italy stands upon the threshold of a colossal mistake."

"Mistake?" Fawley repeated.

"Give me a few hours of your time," Behrling demanded with flashing eyes, "and I will show you how great a mistake. If ever a thing was dead at heart, snapped at the roots, it is the monarchal spirit of Germany. Youth alone can rebuild and inspire Germany. These men who do the goose-step through the streets of Berlin, who have adopted the moldy, ignoble relic of the most self-intoxicated monarchical régime which ever plunged its country into ruin, they lack everything. They lack inspiration; they lack courage; more than anything they lack youth. You have seen my men march, Major Fawley. You know that their average age is under twenty-four. There is the youth and fire of the country. There is the living force. They have no soul fatigue."

"There are rumors," Fawley ventured to remind him, "of negotiations between the monarchists and your young men. I have heard it said that if this great cataclysm should take place there would be a coming together of every military party in Germany."

"You may have heard this," Behrling admitted with a queer smile, "but you would not be sitting where you are now if you had not the wit to know that it is a falsehood. My men will fight for their country and their principles and me, but not a shot would they fire to drag back from their happy obscurity one half an hour of the accursed Hohenzollern rule."

"Then what do you predict will be the government in this country?" Fawley asked.

"No sane man doubts what it will be," Behrling answered. "The people have spoken. I am on my way. I shall be dictator within two months. In twelve months Germany will be once more a great power, the greatest power amongst the European nations."

Fawley lit another cigarette and pushed the box towards his visitor, who, however, shook his head.

"In these days," the latter confided, "I may not smoke and I may not drink. It is the Pentecostal fast of my life. Every nerve of my body is strained. The time for relaxation will come afterwards. Major Fawley, I invite you to attend a meeting of my council tonight."

Fawley declined respectfully.

"If I accepted your offer," he acknowledged, "I should be doing so under false pretenses. I was fortunate enough to intercept a private dispatch addressed to Berati's chief last time I was in Rome. From it I am convinced that however long she may hesitate Italy has made up her mind to support the monarchist party. The treaty is already drawn up."

Behrling's arms went out with a gesture towards the sky. One forgot the banality of the gilt and white ceiling above his head.

"What are treaties," he cried, "when the stars are falling and new worlds are being born? I will risk everything. You and I both know why Berati's master leans towards the monarchist party. It is because he has sworn that there shall be only one dictator in Europe. That is sheer vanity. In time his patriotism will conquer and he will see the truth. . . . I meet you at midnight at an address which will be given you this afternoon with no explanation. You will be there?"

"If you invite me with the full knowledge of the situation," Fawley replied.

"That is understood."

THE maître d'hôtel at the newest Berlin restaurant, which had the reputation of almost fantastic exclusiveness, was typically Teutonic. His fair hair had been shaved close to his skull; his fierce little yellow mustache was upturned in military fashion; his protuberant stomach interfered in no manner with his consequential, almost dignified, bearing. He scarcely troubled to reply to Fawley's inquiry for a table.

"Every table is taken," he announced, "for tonight and every night this week."

"For the other evenings during the week," Fawley replied, "I have no interest. Please to give the matter your attention. You had better glance at this card."

The maître d'hôtel turned ponderously around. Fawley's rather lazy voice, easily recognizable as American notwithstanding his excellent accent, was in a way impressive. A great deal more so, however, was the card which he had presented. The man's manner underwent a complete change. He indulged in a swift, ceremonious bow.

"Your table is reserved, Herr Oberst," he said. "Please to follow me."

He led the way into a small but evidently very high-class restaurant. The walls were paneled in black oak, which, so far from giving the place a somber appearance, increased the brilliancy of the effect produced by the masses of scarlet flowers with which every table was decorated, the spotless linen, the profusion of gleaming glass and silver. He led the way to a small table in a recess—a table laid for three, one place of which was already occupied. Fawley stopped short. Elida was seated there—looking like a Greuze picture with her chestnut-brown hair and soft hazel eyes. She was obviously very nervous.

"I am afraid that there must be some

(Continued on page 33)

Turn on the Moon

By Marie Beynon Ray

Lighting is as important in decoration as chairs and draperies—and much more versatile. It can come from the floor, from a table, from a mirror; it can pinch-hit for the moon or the sun. Here are new ways of throwing light on the subject

VAN ANDA

Above: A metal shaft for a bedside lamp in a room designed by Wolfgang Hoffman

Right: Reading light and soft illumination for the ***room from lights in an alcove***

Below: Indirect lighting in a hall, the light thrown from a cove to a white ceiling

DECORATION BY PAUL LESTER WIENER PHOTOGRAPHS BY F. S. LINCOLN

MIDNIGHT. A party, returning from a dance, enters the living-room of a country house on Long Island—a room flooded with moonlight.

"But there *is* no moon!" someone exclaims. "Where do you get moonlight on a moonless night?"

"We have our own private moon," our host explains, "as well as our own private sun for rainy days. Look!" He touches a switch. The moon goes out. "Now!" Another switch and the sun comes on, filling the room with radiance—from *outside*.

"Oh, give us the moon!" beg the ladies, thinking of their evening make-up—and the slim, silver fingers of moonlight slip once more through the room.

"I'm probably the only man in the world who's ever been able to give a lady the moon when she asked for it," laughs the host.

"But look—the garden!" a girl cries, running to the window. "The garden is drenched in moonlight! See those pines, those masses of white flowers, all sprayed with light. How heavenly!"

Through an enormous window, occupying a third of the wall space of the large, circular room the light from the garden pours in—but its source remains invisible. Soft, diffused, yet bright enough to light the room adequately, it creeps in from nowhere—just one of those little miracles of modern science which are sprung on us every day, using up our supply of wonder.

"I got the idea from a friend of mine in Paris," says our host. "One whole side of his house, facing a court, is glass—a solid, two-story, prismatic glass wall. In the court are a number of flood lights operated from within the house, which illuminate the various rooms with various degrees of intensity. Very effective!"

That's the sort of thing we're constantly bumping up against today—glass houses, artificial moons, midnight suns. Modern science produces miracles at about the rate rabbits reproduce, and these miracles, scientists declare, are "still in their infancy." The daddies of science haven't started on what they expect to do with light, yet even now they can paint and compose and model with it. It's not only the useful advances, such as catching thieves with a beam of light, but the entrancing new ways light is being handled by the decorators, which work us up to fever pitch.

"Can't we have some of this modern lighting ourselves?" we want to know, and how and what kind and how much—things like that.

We must get rid of our preconceived ideas of light—that it must come from a lamp, be located in the ceiling, or even that it must be confined in bulbs. Expect anything. Light may come from the floor—it *does* in the living-room of the Marshall Field apartment in River House, New York—from the capitals of columns, from the furniture, from behind a mirror, from above a false ceiling, from a statue, from behind curtains, from beams, cornices, pilasters—like a magician's rabbit, which can be produced from anywhere.

We start with only two concepts—first, that light is fluid; second, that it is architectural. The lighting of a room is an architect's problem before he puts rule to paper, not an electrician's after the building is completed.

You Can Do Anything

Talk to men like Lescaze, who built what modern architects call "the only modern skyscraper in existence," the Philadelphia Saving Fund Society Building; men like Donald Deskey, one of the designers of interiors in Radio City Music Hall, Frankl and others—and this is what you'll hear.

"Architectural, you said lighting should be," I reminded Deskey as he was pointing this out to me. "Just what does that include?"

"Well, cove lighting is architectural. It's also indirect, being thrown up before it's reflected down, the most expensive but the best kind of lighting, easiest on the eyes. Strip lighting is

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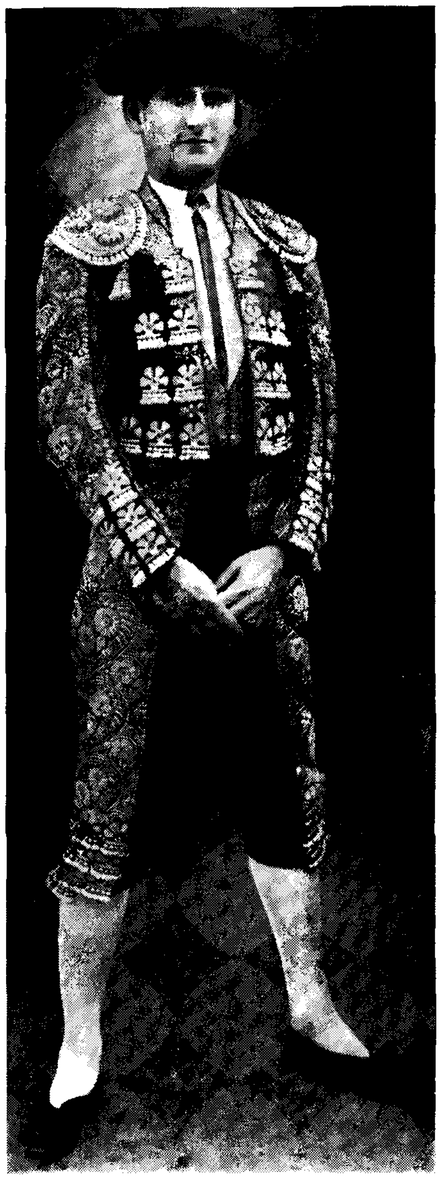
The Perfect Bull

Sidney Franklin was born in Brooklyn. He saw his first bullfight in Mexico City. It interested him. A few months later he appeared in the same ring as a matador. Since that time he has won the highest honors both in Spain and Mexico. Ernest Hemingway rates him high among the great bullfighters. Here he writes about a subject he knows well

By Sidney Franklin

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR



Sidney Franklin, the American matador who has made bullfighting history in his frequent encounters in foreign rings

WHILE making his daily rounds on the broad rolling pastures dividing the estate of the Marqués de Albaserrada in Spain, the vaquero Paco found a newborn calf bawling beside the body of his dead mother. In the years before, she had given some three or four sons to the bull rings. They had made the already great name of their breeder even more famous.

It was a great loss to the breeder when that cow died. Paco picked up the calf very gently, tied him across his saddle and took him to the ranch house. It was natural for everyone to expect that this bull calf would carry on the legend of his breed as his brothers before him had done.

At the stables they took a calf away from one of the domesticated milking cows which had given birth a few days before. They tried to make her adopt this wild calf, but no matter what they did or how they tied her, she always bucked him away whenever she could. They tried other cows, but, somehow, none of them would take to this calf.

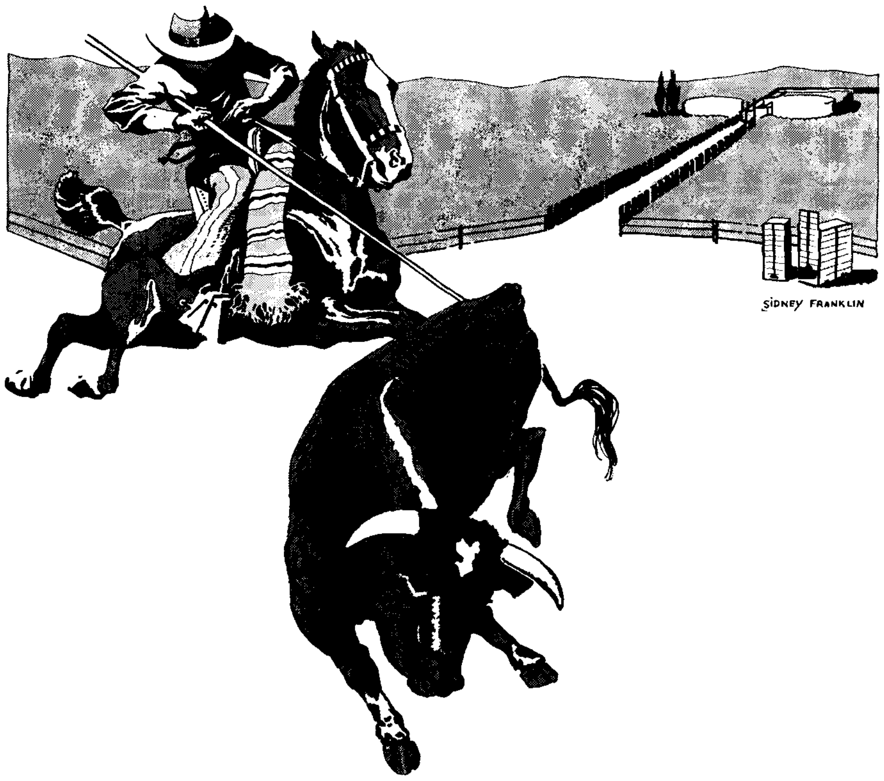
Then Paco asked to be allowed to bring this orphan up on a bottle, at least until he should be able to forage for himself. As the calf was slowly starving to death, they gladly allowed the vaquero to do with it as he pleased. It was almost certain that such an association with man would tame whatever wildness flowed in the bull calf's veins. But Paco insisted that they could do no worse than try. Anything would be better than to let the poor thing starve to death.

Paco had a way with animals. The bull calf took to him and as the days passed he became stronger and stronger. He became attached to Paco, much as a dog. Sometimes Paco would let the bull calf follow him on short jaunts through the fields surrounding the ranch house. As playful as he was with Paco, he would immediately attack anyone else who dared approach him. He would lower his little head and, bawling at the top of his lungs, he would vainly try to upset the intruder. Sometimes his thrusts would make him lose his balance and he would fall to the ground. But he would quickly scramble up on his wobbly legs and keep charging until the stranger had disappeared.

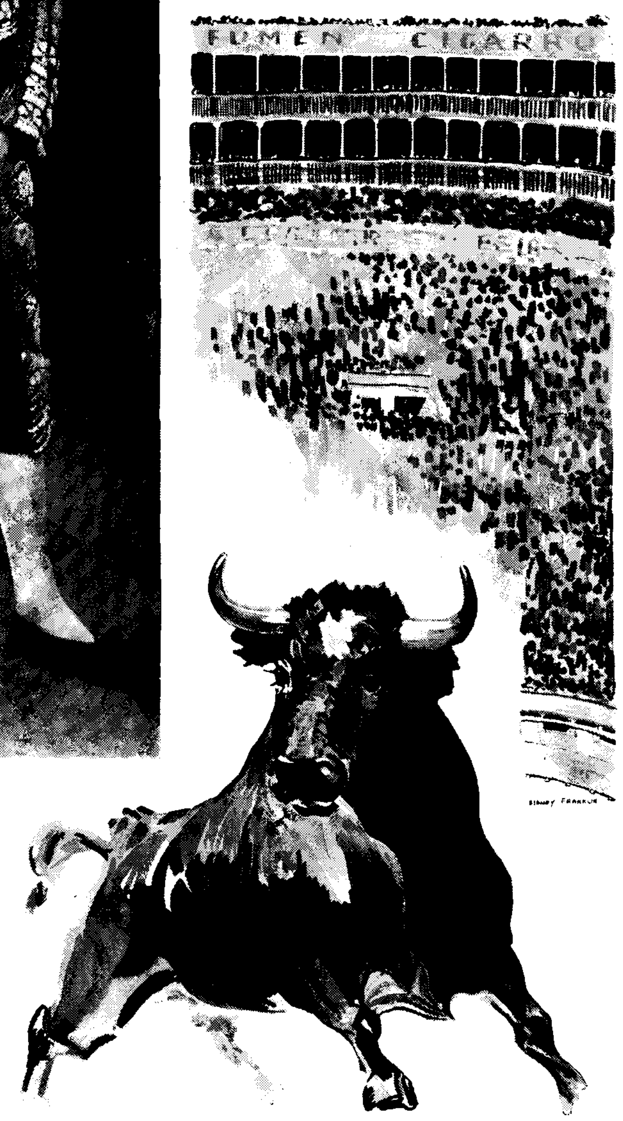
Round-up for the Bull Ring

When the bull calf was able to nibble at the grass and forage for himself he was turned into the large pasture where only the male animals were kept. Here he associated with the stud bulls and also those that would later go to the many bull rings. As with everything else, the calf was forgotten until the time for the yearly round-up for testing, branding, vaccinations and name-giving.

The round-up was made into a fiesta which lasted the better part of two weeks. The marqués invited the top-notch matadors to attend. The marquésa invited women of her social standing.



The two-year-old heifers were tested to select only the fine ones



With a terrific rush Bonito charged, and the spectators were on their feet with a clamoring ovation

During the first week the two-year-old heifers were tested in a miniature ring in order to select only the fine ones for breeding. This operation afforded the matadors their necessary practice of many new tricks and maneuvers with which they would later astound the already marveling public. Then the bull calves of the preceding year were tested. All animals, male and female, which did not come up to expectations were discarded and set aside to be fattened and sent to the slaughter house for beef.

When the testing of the male calves on the open range was almost at an end, everyone's attention was called to a bull yearling that was charging at one of the horsemen. His attack was so intense that the horse stumbled and fell. In the flash of a moment the yearling was on him. The rider scrambled to his feet and tried to distract the yearling's attention from the horse to himself. Those nearest the tussle spurred their mounts to a gallop and, yelling loudly, tried to stave off the furious onslaught.

Paco was one of the first to arrive on the scene. He quickly dismounted about twenty feet from the calf. Demanding that everyone keep quiet, he shouted to the horseless rider to throw himself on the ground and lie as motionless as possible. Then he started to call in low monotones to the madly charging yearling.

Everyone was amazed to see the calf suddenly stop as though paralyzed. Paco kept calling to him. The bull calf just stood there motionless. Then he trembled. A complete change came over him. As Paco slowly advanced nearer him, the bull calf lowered his head. Everyone thought that he was preparing for an attack on Paco. They soon saw their mistake.

Bull Psychology

Paco calmly walked up to the calf and began to stroke his forehead and small horns, all the while talking to him. The animal trembled and then suddenly began licking the man's hand. When Paco started to walk away from him, the animal followed. Paco kept on walking across the field until he arrived at the gate which led to another pasture. Here he nudged the bull calf through and, after closing the gate on him, came back to the crowd. The

(Continued on page 55)

The Story Thus Far:

BETRAYED by Maynard Mallory, a Hollywood actor who, having asked her to marry him, cruelly jilts her, Tamara Todhunter, a young San Francisco actress, becomes a mother. Mary Hutton, a widow with a home in the country, takes the child, "Mary Laurence;" and few know the true story.

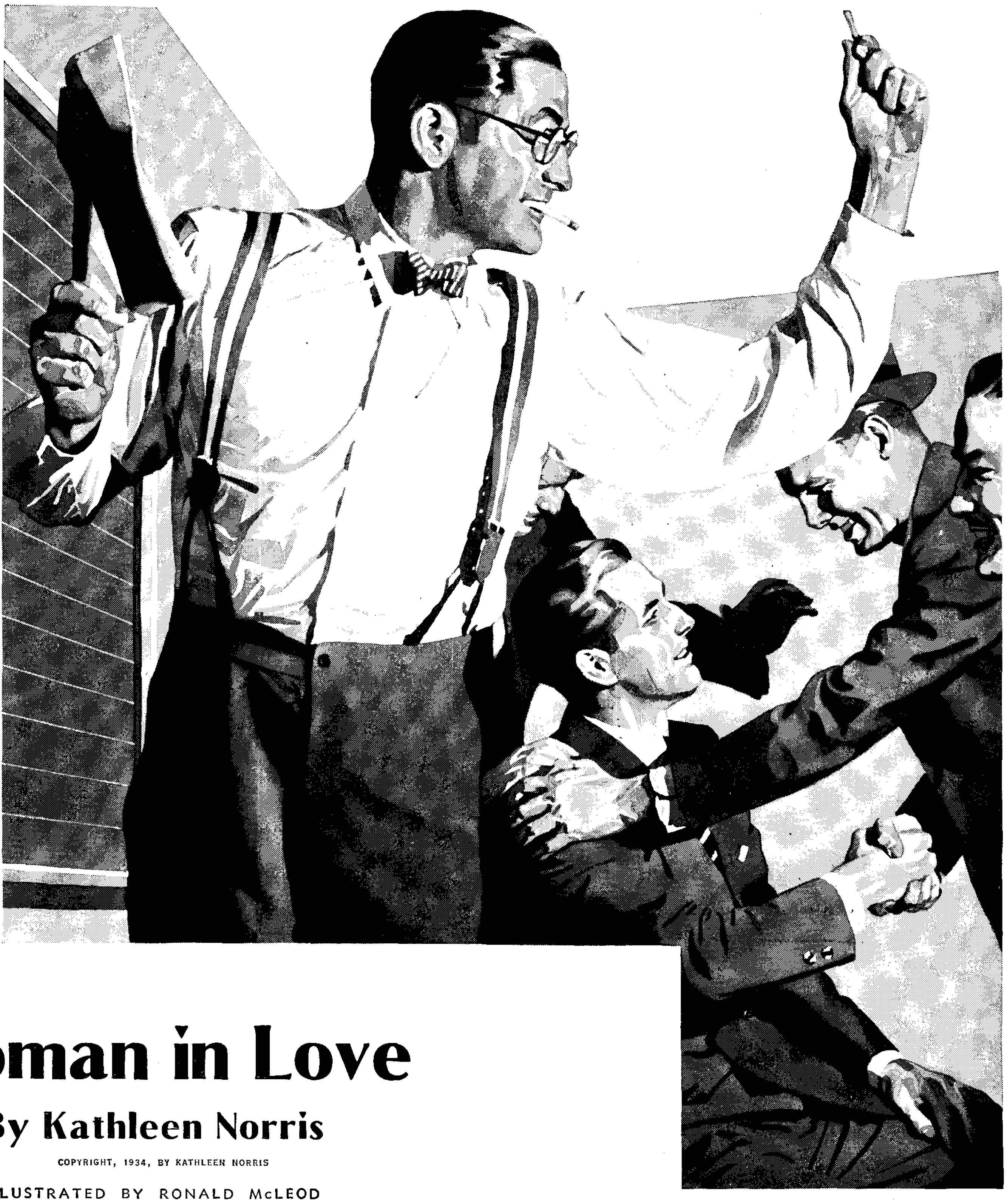
Eight years pass. Tamara, now a noted stage star, makes an amazing discovery. Mary Hutton has a son who, years before, had disappeared. That son, Tamara learns, is a man who is deeply in love with her—an attorney known as George Davis, who is a candidate for the position of district attorney. A happy reunion ensues; and Tamara tells Davis her story, without, however, naming the man involved.

Davis listens calmly, then begs Tamara to marry him. And a few days later, they are on their honeymoon. When they return to San Francisco, the newspapers are screaming the story of a Hollywood murder. An actor, it appears, has been indicted on a charge of having killed his wife. The actor is—Maynard Mallory!

Alone with George, Tamara hands him a letter. It is from Mallory. George reads it. "So," he says, "he wants me to defend him. Why should I? . He's nothing to you, is he?" Tamara gazes steadily at him. "No," she says slowly, "he's nothing to me. But he's—*Mary's father!*" Shocked by the announcement, and realizing that, should he refuse to defend Mallory, the man might tell what he knows about Tamara, George thinks the matter over; and a short time later he makes so masterly a defense of the actor that, although Mullins, the district attorney, has a strong case the jury cannot agree.

Three weeks before election, and two days before the opening of the new trial, Mallory becomes *ill.* The trial must be postponed. Obviously, George—who confidently expects to be the new district attorney—cannot continue as Mallory's attorney. He turns the case over to Willoughby, a thoroughly capable man.

New and *extremely damning evidence* has been unearthed. George tells Tamara of it. "They've got him this time," he says. "The jury won't be out ten minutes." Tamara puts her hand on his. "It makes me nervous," she exclaims. "I wish it were all over!"



A man named Cohalan was keeping a sort of chart, and at eleven o'clock George was district attorney

Woman in Love

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

IX

QUITE suddenly, without the threatened recount and despite the dire prophecies of Mullins, George was elected district attorney. He and Tam spent an excited election day going about between the various party headquarters. They had lunch in a fine, cold rain in the Mission in a chop house, walked downtown in a silver light between rains, glanced at early headlines on national elections and the usual forecasts and estimates, and finally with twenty others gathered at the home of one Judge Timothy Moore, to circulate about in a large dull house restlessly, eat the sandwiches and drink the coffee provided by fat, hospitable Mrs. Moore, and await the early returns.

Rain was still falling; a Moore grandchild was sick somewhere out of sight upstairs; a doctor came in and there were nurses now and then to be glimpsed abovestairs; Tamara never could remember much else of the evening. She promised to send the sick little girl goldfish in a bowl the next day; convalescent children always loved to watch goldfish swimming about; and told little Christine about the Nesbit books. Didn't Chrissie know the Would-be-goods? Oh, her Gran must surely get her those; those were perfectly lovely. A little English girl at the convent had had them when Tam went to school.

All the time she was distracted, excited, trembling. Did she want George to be district attorney, or didn't she? What would Mayne do if in a few days the verdict went against him? Would he feel that the reversed decision was in some way George's fault—that George shouldn't have run for district attorney, *should* have been able to represent Mayne in the second trial?

There were men at the Moore house, and the younger Martells were there. Tam liked gentle Ellen Martell; they talked of Ellen's children, and Tam told the other woman of the interesting child who was George's niece, and who already had shown such artistic ability at seven.

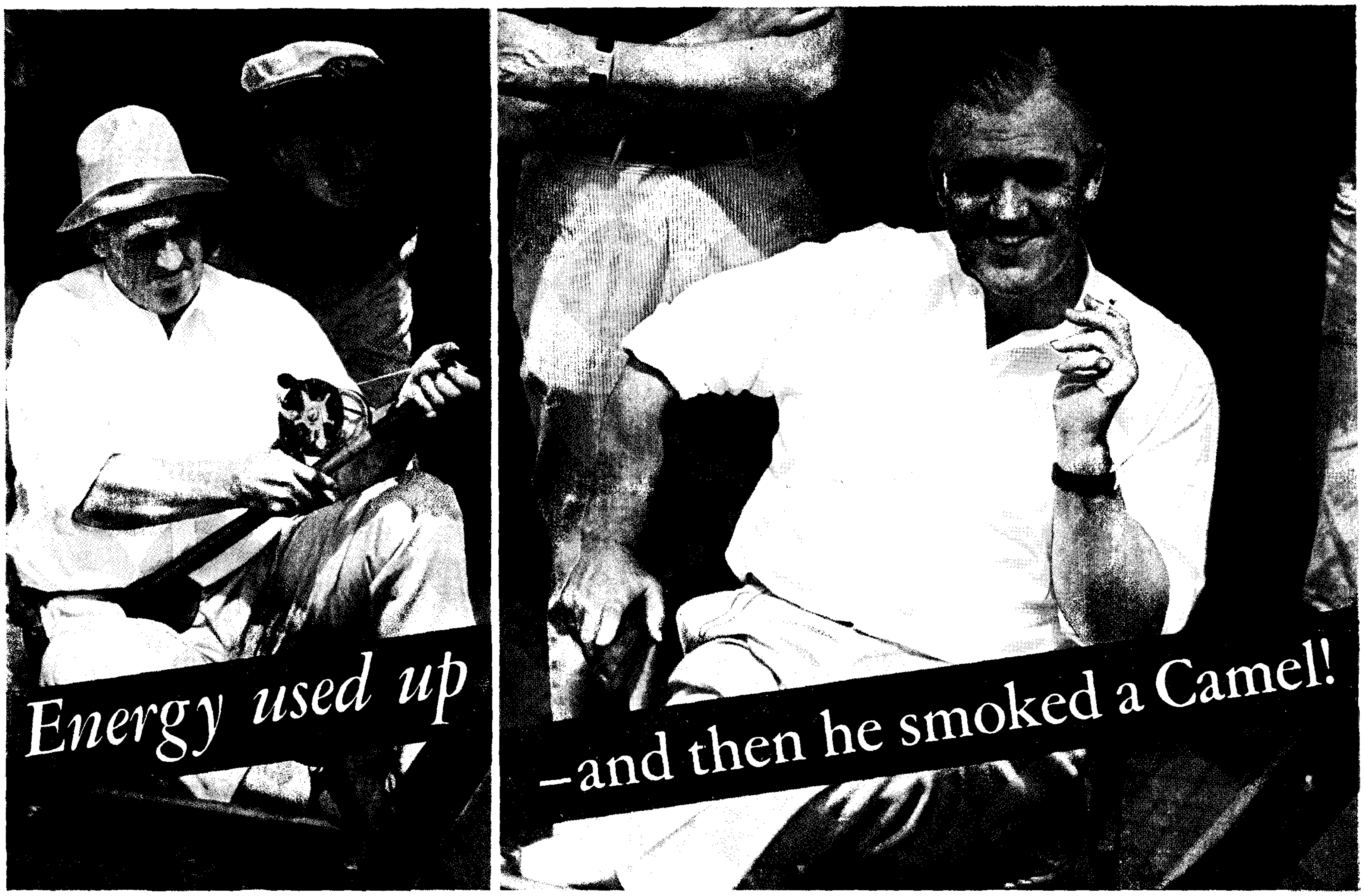
But all the time she scarcely knew what she said. Her heart was beating fast; she felt sick with a vague, unnamed fear. What would happen if George were elected? What would happen if George were not elected? Tamara was tired, and in the brightly lighted Moore house, with the radio and newspaper-men chattering, politicians and party leaders coming and going, she was conscious of wishing only that it was all over, that the election was over, and the year, and next year.

A MAN named Cohalan was keeping a sort of chart. He was a thin-faced man as black as a Spaniard, with brushed black hair. He had the precincts all listed on a blackboard. A loud-speaker on a table beside him droned on interminably: "Eleventh precinct with returns partly counted . . . ninth precinct . . . the chances for Davis against Mullins are apparently improving all over the city. And at ten-thirty-nine the Honorable Philip Marr, representative . . . fourth precinct . . ."

And at eleven o'clock George was district attorney, and of course was pleased. His rise to prominence in the city's legal and political circles had been nothing short of sensational, and old Judge Moore told Tamara in great delight that they would send him to Washington in four years' time. The rain had stopped. George and Tamara walked home beneath winter stars. Both were tired, Tamara ready to collapse, but the cool night air refreshed her, and presently she stopped him at the low long line of a stone parapet. Once it had carried a wrought-iron fence and enclosed a stately garden and an imposing mansion, but since the great fire the hilly corner property had stood empty. For more than a quarter century grass had grown high and rank where the garden had been, and the handsome stone steps led upward, chipped and broken and collapsing to nothing.

"Sit here, George, and look down at the bay. It's so lovely tonight after all that noise and toasting and eating, and all the bells and messages and radios!"

(Continued on page 24)


Energy used up
—and then he smoked a Camel!

FROM LONG KEY TO NOVA SCOTIA, the famous sportsman and writer, REX BEACH, has matched his skill and vitality against the big game fish of the Atlantic! Below he tells how he lights a Camel after fighting it out with a heavy fish—and soon "feels as good as new."

REX BEACH EXPLAINS

how to get back vim and energy when "Played Out"

Rex Beach likes to take a big fish on light tackle. It's thrilling sport—and a severe test of any man's strength and skill.

"Any sportsman who matches his stamina against the fighting strength of a big game fish," he says, "has to put out a tremendous amount of energy before he lands his fish.

"I have taken my share of big sailfish, marlin, and tuna. I know what a rod-and-reel contest with these heavy fighters does to a man's vitality. When I've gotten a big fellow safely landed my next move is to light a Camel, and I feel as good as new. A Camel quickly gives me a sense of well-being and renewed energy. As a steady smoker, I have also learned that Camels do not interfere with healthy nerves."

Thousands of smokers will recognize from their own experience what Mr. Beach means when he says that he lights a Camel when tired and "feels as good as new." And science adds confirmation of this refreshing "energizing effect."

That's why you hear people say so often: "Get a lift with a Camel." Camels aren't flat or "sweetish." Their flavor never disappoints. Smoke Camels steadily—their finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS do not get on the nerves!

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos
never get on
your Nerves

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND
CIGARETTES

● **Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand**

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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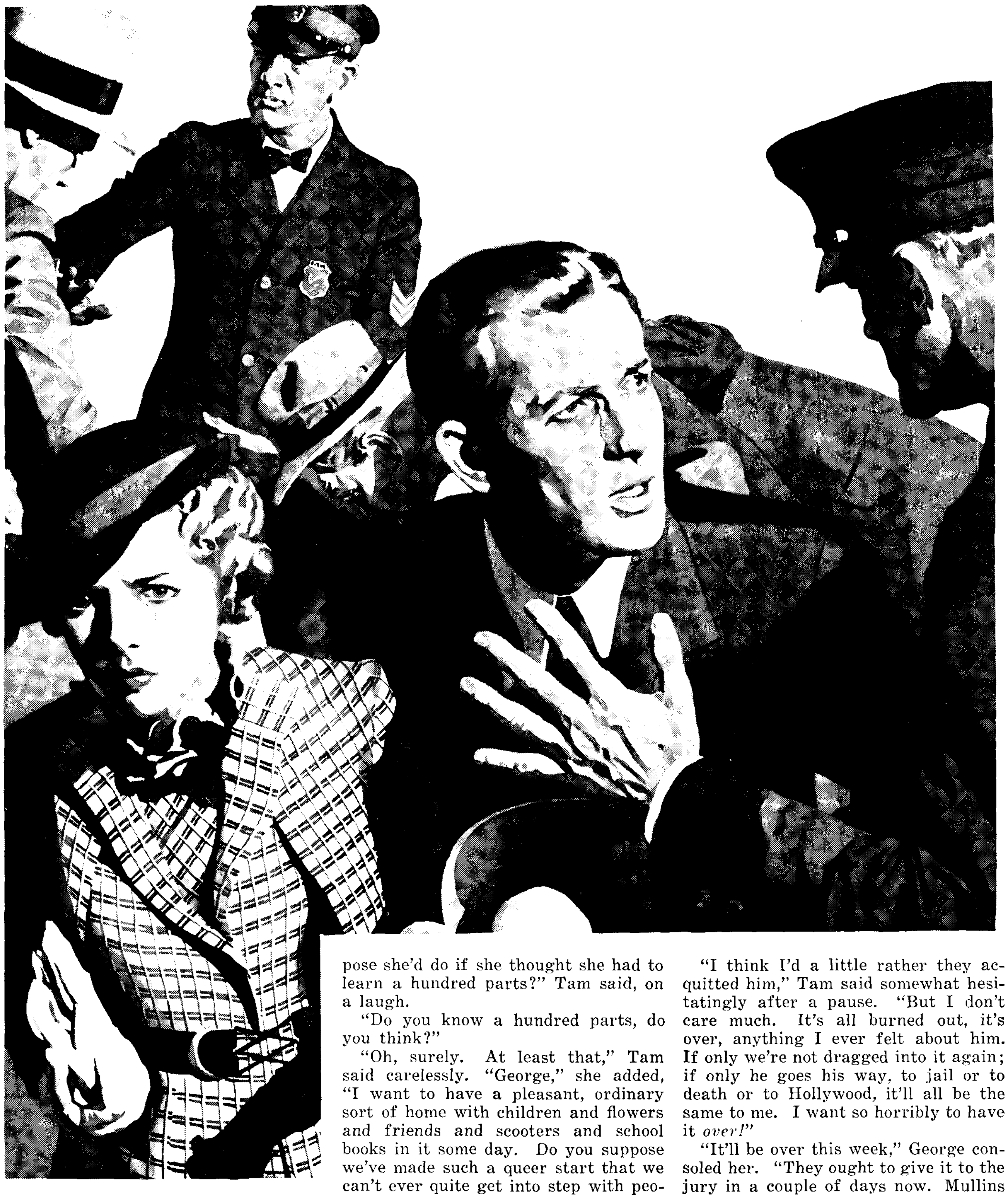

"Just let me get through here, will you?" George demanded in an impatient shout

"Well, it's over," George said, after an interval when he had obediently seated himself upon the old parapet and Tamara had established herself in the curve of his arm. He dropped his brown face to kiss her hair. "Maybe we can get away now for a week or two and get rested, Tam," he said.

"I feel as if life had whirled us along too fast, George. I want to be quiet for a while, and think everything over, and begin all over again. I'd like—" Tam said, her voice sweet and serious in the dark, "I'd like to be like Mrs. Martell—Ellen Martell. She's such a *lady*, George. You know what I mean, an old-fashioned lady. Gentle and good and intelligent—" Tam paused on a wistful note and George said:

"You have more magnetism in your little finger, Tam, than she has in her whole body. What do you suppose she'd ever do if she found herself in a theater dressing-room, waiting for her call for a new part?"

"Oh, I don't know. What d'you suppose she'd do if she thought she had to learn a hundred parts?" Tam said, on a laugh.

"Do you know a hundred parts, do you think?"

"Oh, surely. At least that," Tam said carelessly. "George," she added, "I want to have a pleasant, ordinary sort of home with children and flowers and friends and scooters and school books in it some day. Do you suppose we've made such a queer start that we can't ever quite get into step with people like the Martells?"

"WELL, for one thing," George said, and she could feel that he was smiling in the dark, "I'm smarter than Bill; I'm smarter than Warren Hunter. I don't say I'm as solid; I don't say I know as much about law. But I've got something they haven't got. We have had a queer start, Tam, but I'm not sure that it hasn't given us a shove up. I looked at you tonight among all those hard-boiled party women; you looked so fresh and young and different, somehow. We're not conventional exactly, but as I sit here on this wall tonight, district attorney of San Francisco, and married to you, I wouldn't change places with anyone!"

"The only thing now is the verdict. When that's settled, one way or the other," Tam said, after a long, contented silence, "then I'll feel that I can start!"

"You started a long time ago," George told her. "But about the verdict. If it goes against him he'll not bother us long. But if they find him innocent, or the judge gives him life, then we may have Mayne to deal with again. When you think of it, which way do you think?"

"I think I'd a little rather they acquitted him," Tam said somewhat hesitatingly after a pause. "But I don't care much. It's all burned out, it's over, anything I ever felt about him. If only we're not dragged into it again; if only he goes his way, to jail or to death or to Hollywood, it'll all be the same to me. I want so horribly to have it *over!*"

"It'll be over this week," George consoled her. "They ought to give it to the jury in a couple of days now. Mullins sums up tomorrow, then Willoughby talks for Mallory."

"Is Willoughby smart, George?"

"Yes, but he's old-fashioned. You can't talk to him. They say he was so drunk yesterday he couldn't stand on his feet. He's an old criminal stand-by here, but he's past his usefulness. No, Willoughby hasn't helped Mallory much."

"And what do you think will happen?"

George had lighted a cigarette; now he waved the match back and forth in the black night to put it out, flung it away.

"I think they'll find him guilty and I think they'll hang him," he said.

They started to walk slowly to the hotel.

"My last fear will die with him," Tamara said.

George came in upon her in mid-morning three days later.

"Tam, anyone else here?"

"No." She put her hand to her heart. "Guilty?" she whispered.

George drew her into the sitting-room.

"They were out all night," he said. "They came back at ten-twenty this morning. Guilty, and no recommendation of clemency or anything else. Judge Oppenheim will sentence him Monday. They say he's to die in the week of December tenth."

Tam sat silent, stricken. She had expected it, but it was none the less terrible, none the less a thunderbolt when it came.

"Oh, George, no!"

"They take him to San Quentin tomorrow. Tam, he wants to see you before he goes."

The last color drained from her face. Her lips moved without making a sound.

"I know," George said. "I know. But he has asked for it. Willoughby came to the office and told me—an hour ago. He doesn't know anything. He just said that Mallory had always admired my wife and had an old friendship for her, and he would like very much to see her if only for fifteen minutes."

"George, I could not! I—I would faint, I think. I could not." But before George could speak Tamara's mood had changed and she added in a whisper of infinite distress: "He is a dying man. Perhaps he never meant to be what he is, perhaps it isn't all his fault. If it would make him feel happier—"

THERE was a long silence.

"Tam, it seems the turn of the screw," George said. "I know how you dread it. But it'd be tonight, only for a few minutes."

Her face was ashen, and her blue eyes looked black.

"Of course," she said quickly. "Of course I'll go!"

Presently the Chinese servant announced dinner. Tamara was excited and restless and said that she wanted no dinner, but George had prepared for her something milky and hot, and the brown toast she liked, and saw that she managed to eat some of it before they started to walk to the jail.

"Ever been in a city prison before, Tam?"

"I—what did you say, George?"

"Ever been inside a prison before?"

"Well, I went down to Kearney Street twice about Lance. And I went over to San Quentin once. Poor Lance!" Tam said, in a whisper. George knew she was not thinking of what she was saying. "George," she said, "why does he want to see me? Mayne, I mean. Why does he want to see me?"

"I suppose he wants to ask you to do something for him, try an appeal to the governor, something like that," George said. "I suppose he may want to try out exactly how much of a hold he has over you. At all events it will be only for a few minutes."

"BUT won't you be recognized, George? Everyone knows you from the posters. Won't reporters be there?"

"That won't matter, Tam. I was his counsel at the last trial, and you are an old friend from theatrical days. It seemed to me," George said, "the simplest way out is to see him. We have only to be sympathetic, to promise to do what we can, to quiet him down. He's probably desperate. Willoughby was talking very big about an appeal, but I think they all know there won't be any appeal. He's got four weeks to live; that's what he's got."

"George," Tam said, walking along beside him in the dark streets, "do most lives have things like this in them, do you think?"

"Like what?"

"Everything," she said. "I don't feel myself so different from other women. I remember in the convent actually thinking of myself as—well, as the same as Pauline and Helena and the Frosts—not rich, but with a home and mother and sister and brother to come to. I remember that Pauline was going

(*Continued on page* 43)

They sang the song together...6,000 miles apart...

A baritone in London...Diana Wynyard in California

More than 6,000 miles of land and water separate Beverly Hills, Calif., from London, England.

But to Diana Wynyard, noted English actress and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer screen star, these distant cities are but a second apart—with a new General Electric All-wave set.

At first, she was incredulous.

"You're spoofing me," she said when told she was listening, directly, to London. But when a baritone voice was raised in an old English hunting song, a mist came to Miss Wynyard's eyes as she began to hum the tune.

"Sure enough—that's England!" she exclaimed. "Why, I learned that song as a little girl! And only the English sing it."

When you hear these thrilling new G-E sets, you'll say: "My present radio is obsolete!"

And you'll decide, then and there, to modernize your home with one of the new General Electric All-wave sets.

Your ears will tell you this modern radio is marked by startling changes that make the whole wide world your radio playground... add immeasurably to your radio hours.

With the new General Electric All-wave set, you listen, directly, to London, Paris, Rome, Madrid and scores of other foreign stations.

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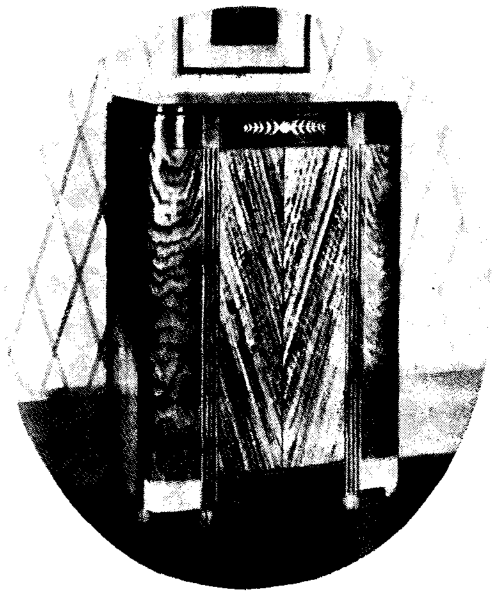
Hold a thrilling "Tone Test" in your own home!

Ask your G-E dealer to demonstrate one of the new G-E All-wave models. "Believe your own ears" as you compare this new G-E with your present radio... Bear in mind that this distance-defying G-E is less expensive than the standard-range set of three years ago... And remember that back of all General Electric products stands General Electric research, centered in the famous "House of Magic."

A full line of table models, consoles, radio-phonograph combinations. Also auto radios and battery sets. From $24.95 to $400. Prices slightly higher in the West, Mid-West and South. Subject to change without notice.

Write the General Electric Co., Section R-489, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.



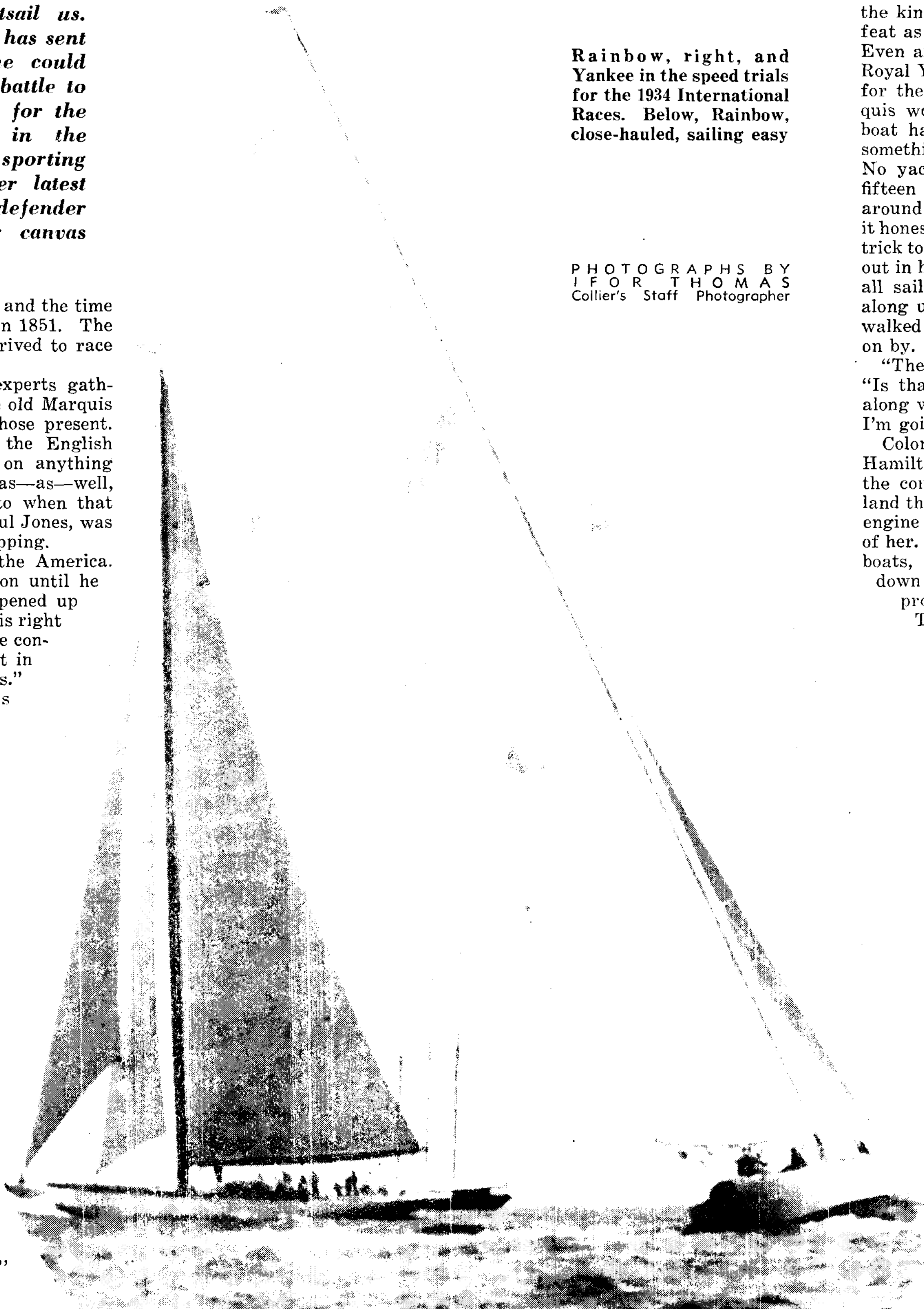
MODEL M-125—One of the new 1935 General Electric All-wave consoles.

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

Come and Get It

By James B. Connolly

For eighty years England has been trying to outsail us. Time and again she has sent the finest craft she could build, carrying the battle to us, making her bid for the International Cup in the grandest of all sporting events. And at her latest challenge a new defender spreads her snowy canvas



Rainbow, right, and Yankee in the speed trials for the 1934 International Races. Below, Rainbow, close-hauled, sailing easy

PHOTOGRAPHS BY IFOR THOMAS
Collier's Staff Photographer

THE place was Cowes and the time was an August day in 1851. The America had just arrived to race the best in England.

The English yachting experts gathered to look her over. The old Marquis of Anglesey was among those present. He was the dean of all the English yachtsmen, the authority on anything maritime for as far back as—as—well, he could remember back to when that damned Yankee pirate, Paul Jones, was the scourge of English shipping.

The Marquis surveyed the America. All hands stood to attention until he rendered judgment. He opened up with: "If this boat's design is right then we are all wrong." He concluded with: "But it is not in her lines to outsail our boats."

The yachting experts agreed that the old Marquis had it right. How else could it be, with her a boat of a design opposed to every English theory? English yachts had straight up-and-down bows, she a clipper bow. They had rounded forward ends, she a sharp forward end. Their beam (greatest width) was well forward, hers was almost amidships. They had practically no overhang, she had plenty. They were narrow and deep, she was wide and shoal. By all the traditions the America hadn't a chance, but when race day came—as Gloucestermen phrased it: "She cert'nly druv their traditions down to loo'ard!"

The old Marquis was a great patriot, the kind who took every individual defeat as a blow at the national prestige. Even after the America cleaned up the Royal Yacht Squadron fleet in that race for the now memorable Cup, the Marquis would not admit that the Yankee boat had the better lines. There was something about her that wasn't honest. No yacht could run away from those fifteen English yachts the way she did around that Isle of Wight course and do it honestly. No, sir! There must be some trick to it. "Look at her now!" He was out in his yacht at the time, and she had all sail on. The America was coming along under jib and mainsail only. She walked up on the Marquis' yacht, passed on by.

"There, there!" cried the Marquis. "Is that natural—the way she's going along with that little sail on? No, sir! I'm going to look into her."

Colonel Hamilton (son of Alexander Hamilton) tells in his Reminiscences of the common belief alongshore in England that the America had a little steam engine hidden away somewhere inside of her. People used to come out in small boats, row around the America, peer down under her hull for a sight of the propeller they were sure she had.

The Marquis came aboard the America one day, leaned over her taffrail for a peek under her stern to see for himself if there wasn't a propeller there. He leaned so far over that only for one of the America's crew grabbing him by the leg he would have taken a header overboard.

That rumor that the America had a propeller would not die down. When she was to be hauled out of water to have her hull scraped and scrubbed in the Royal Navy Yard at Portsmouth, a great crowd hurried down to the Yard to see for themselves about that propeller.

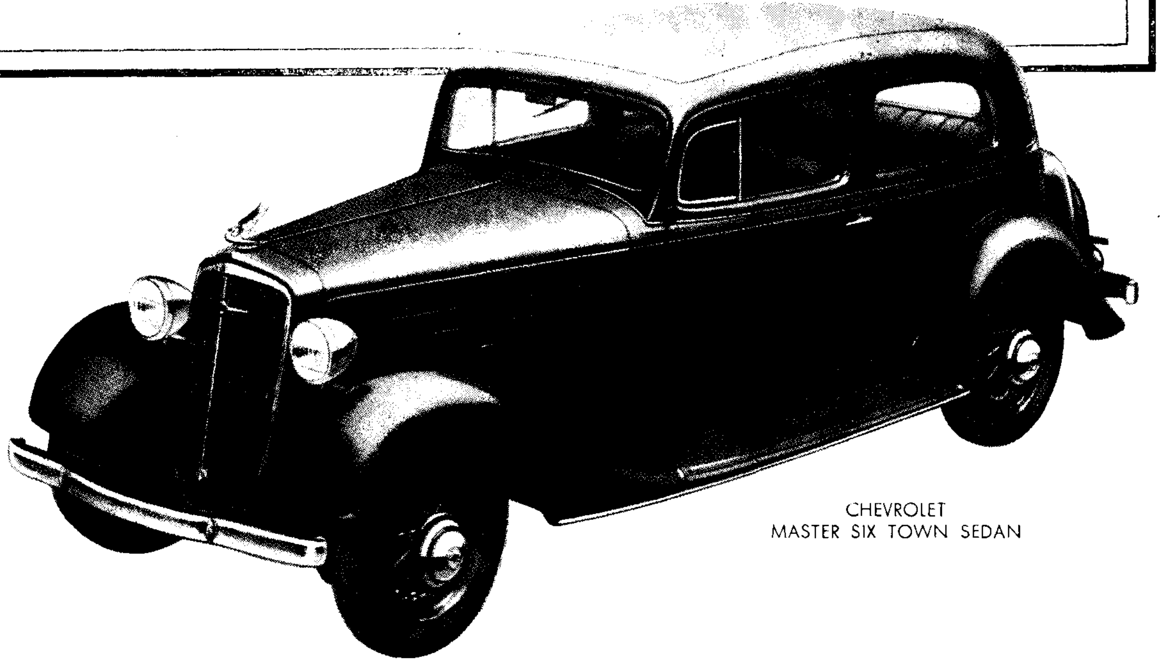
The man most responsible for the America was Commodore John C. Stevens, of the New York Yacht Club. A great sportsman, John C. Stevens; what we

(Continued on page 49)

CHEVROLET

Keeping pace with motoring progress

Keeping faith with public trust



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EVERY year since Chevrolet began to supply America with economical transportation, Chevrolet has made it a point to pioneer improvements. But in this perpetual search for something new, Chevrolet has been careful to distinguish between what is merely novel and what is really an advancement. Before a fresh idea finds its place in the Chevrolet design, it must be sifted, weighed and tested. It must prove itself to be a permanent contribution, to comfort. performance, dependability, or economy. Because of rigid adherence to this policy you who buy a Chevrolet today can be sure that you get a truly modern car. And you can be just as sure that the improvements offered are permanent, vital advancements. It is thus that Chevrolet keeps pace with motoring progress, while guarding faithfully its most valuable possession—unfaltering public trust.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICH.

CHEVROLET

Three good reasons Why MEN ought to use MUM!

"JACK has just made two great discoveries. The first is that many real he-men use Mum. The second is that those who don't ought to."

"What a man! We women have only known that all our lives."

"What led to these startling discoveries? Business contacts and all that sort of thing, I suppose."

"Yes, that's the story. But if you ask me, the most important reasons are—WE—US—WOMEN!"

• • • •

It ought not to take a woman to point out the fact that men perspire. And where there's underarm perspiration, there's underarm odor. You can't get away from that, men.

The first thing you should learn is that your morning shower can't take care of this odor for more than an hour or so.

It's all so simple and easy with Mum, the instant cream deodorant. A quick rub-in under each arm when you dress and you're safe for all day.

Mum is harmless to clothing and soothing to skin. It doesn't prevent perspiration. Just stops disagreeable body odor.

Mum is a growing habit with men. For business reasons. Personal reasons. But largely for some woman's sake! All toilet counters have Mum. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

WHEN YOUR FEET PERSPIRE AND BURN, rub a little Mum on them. You'll be delighted with the way it cools and soothes and removes every trace of perspiration odor. Keeps hose and shoe linings fresh.

Who Rules Germany?

Continued from page 13

years. But the heirs of the Prussia of Napoleon's day contrived, like those whom he had worsted, to get around this limitation to some extent. In the twelve years between 1919 and 1931 they saw to it that a certain percentage of Germany's regulars were discharged before the expiration of their term of service, and that their places were filled by new recruits. Thus Germany developed, in the course of those first post-war years, an army of trained soldiers considerably larger than the 100,000 to which she had been limited.

After Hitler's accession to power he and the German army chiefs scarcely bothered to conceal the rapid expansion of the Reichswehr. Hitler stated not long ago that Germany must have a regular army of 300,000 trained soldiers. There is good reason for assuming that she already has that many—what with those actually serving in the ranks and the highly trained reserve formed from the long-term soldiers who made up the original Reichswehr of 1919-1931.

The Last Bulwark of Civil Peace

And you must not forget that this force, though not so very formidable, as armies go, in sheer numbers, is as admirably trained a body of men as ever stood in military formation.

It inherits the exacting traditions of the old army of imperial Germany. It is saturated with Prussian militarism. Those who command it talk and think military science; they eat, drink and breathe it, dream about it in their sleep. That a force imbued with such a spirit—a force which has been called "an army of sergeants officered by colonels"—may some day become the nucleus of a menace to the peace of Europe is undoubtedly a probability. That it may, in an emergency which some believe imminent, become the last bulwark of peace within Germany, is also a probability.

And the latter of these two probabilities is the one which is uppermost at present in the minds of most Germans. Some day—soon, maybe—they may get to thinking of the Reichswehr as a symbol of vengeance and conquest. Just now, though, they are thinking of it as a shield against civil war and national disintegration.

In order to get into the Reichswehr a candidate must conform to the most severe standards of physical fitness and general aptitude for the military life. It was the aim of those who formed the little German army of the first post-war period to have it make up in efficiency what it lacked in size. For that reason none but the very flower of German youth was admitted into its ranks; to be accepted as a German regular soldier was equivalent to a diploma of general all-round worth.

Perhaps it is too much to say that the Reichswehr as a whole feels hostility toward Hitler. Hostility is too strong a word. Among many of the regular officers, who are typical of the old militaristic Junker Prussia, there may be something like real enmity toward the irregulars of Hitlerism. But the feeling among the rest, especially non-coms and privates, is rather more one of contempt.

To their way of thinking, a soldier is one thing and a civilian another—they see no middle ground.

But, though the general Reichswehr feeling toward the "S. A." was, and is, one of more or less good-natured scorn, some individuals among Hitler's Brownshirts earned for themselves active dislike. The most conspicuous among these was Roehm.

When it was decided, at the outset of the Hitler régime, that the Reichswehr's numbers were to be increased, irrespective of the wishes of the nations which had defeated Germany in the World War, Roehm demanded that members of his "S. A." who wanted to join the regular army should be enrolled in it without any special examination or course of preliminary training. To this the commanders of the regulars objected violently. It would seriously impair the quality of the Reichswehr, they contended; Brownshirts, they insisted, before being incorporated must submit to the same process of selection as any other candidates.

Roehm stuck to his demand. The Reichswehr leaders were equally stubborn. Finally Roehm put the matter up to Adolf Hitler himself.

To the amazement of the "S. A." commander, Hitler gave judgment against him and in favor of the Reichswehr. That decision was undoubtedly one of the reasons for the cooling of Roehm's devotion toward the "Führer." And the campaign of the Brownshirt chief to wish on the Reichswehr a lot of unwanted recruits from his battalions was unquestionably one of the things that counted most heavily against him in regular army circles and contributed most toward the satisfaction felt there when he was so abruptly "bumped off" this summer by his enraged leader.

In Berlin, following the crushing of the Roehm-Schleicher malcontents, a story was going the rounds to the effect that another important Brownshirt—Ernst, head of the Berlin "S. A.," who was "bumped off" along with Roehm—had gone, shortly before his death, to the commander of the Reichswehr, General von Fritsch, and said to him:

"General, if I should desire to get a commission as an officer in the Reichswehr, would you help me get it?"

"I would not!" replied von Fritsch.

Ernst was nettled.

"You forget that I am one of the principal storm-troop leaders in the Nazi army," he told the stiff Prussian militarist who had so bluntly snubbed him. "I am Ernst, chief of the Berlin 'S. A.' I am one of the 'Führer's' most trusted subordinates. Why, then, would you not want me?"

General von Fritsch looked Ernst over from head to foot—in his eyes was all the scorn of the professional officer for the civilian playing at the military game.

"Because," he answered finally, "you are not a soldier!"

A Martyr to Efficiency

A peculiar point about the German regular army is that, for all its latent power, it is under the guidance of no single outstanding leader. That was true, at least, when I was in Germany this summer.

But it was not true a few years ago. Then at the head of the Reichswehr was a man who was acknowledged on all sides to be the organizing genius and driving force behind it. This man was General Hans von Seeckt.

Von Seeckt trained the German regulars of the first post-war period to such a pitch of soldierly perfection that France, ever watchful of happenings across the Rhine, took alarm. So remarkable was his success with the diminutive army under his command that military thinkers in many lands—not excepting some Frenchmen—began to wonder whether a small, mobile force, brought up to the last notch of efficiency, might not be superior, in wartime, to the "nations in arms" to which the great war had accustomed the world.

Von Seeckt wrote books expounding this view, which caused lively wrangling among experts. But, though the controversy is still unfinished, the man who started it, so far as his German military career is concerned, is a finished man. The French never rested until they forced the German government to oust him from his post as the head of the Reichswehr.

When last heard of von Seeckt was in China, training troops for the Nanking government. But his spirit still lives in the ranks of the Reichswehr.

Today that spirit is inculcated by a triumvirate—General von Blomberg, Minister of Defense; General von Reichenau, the German equivalent of Chief of Staff (by the Treaty of Versailles the post of Chief of Staff was forbidden in Germany's post-war army); and General von Fritsch, who is in direct command of the German regular troops.

Where Germans Agree

The three of them are doing a good job. No matter which way you turn in Germany today—no matter with whom you talk, irrespective of sympathies, prejudices and political leanings—not a word is to be heard against the Reichswehr.

"*Echte Soldaten!*" Genuine soldiers. Every German agrees.

But the enhanced importance of the regular army is not shared by other elements in Germany, individuals as well as organizations. It is not only the Brownshirts who are under a cloud since bloody June 30th. Even the supreme chiefs of Nazidom seem tarnished. There is a wabbling of pedestals, a cracking of gaudy façades.

"Adolf Hitler will never be the same again," I was told by an astute Berliner—while he glanced furtively about, lest ears for which his words were not meant should be listening in the immediate vicinity. "You may say that Hitler by his ruthless suppression of internal disaffection placed his régime on a firmer foundation. You may argue that he weeded out undesirables. But nothing can efface the stigma he has put on the Nazi party and, thereby, on himself as well."

"What about Hermann Goering?"

Again that furtive glance. Then:

"Goering on the 30th of June was, like Hitler, an instrument of the Reichswehr. When the regulars are through with him they will thrust him aside."

"And Goebbels?"

"It's the same with the lot of them. Their best days are over. Never again will they be the top-dogs of a year ago."

"But," I objected, "the Reichswehr professes absolute loyalty to Hitler and the Nazi régime. Is he not stronger, now that he has the regulars behind him, than he was when he had to rely on his Brownshirt irregulars?"

My Berliner remained silent a moment. Then, grinning shrewdly, he said:

"Remember this: Hitler needs the Reichswehr. But does the Reichswehr need Hitler?"

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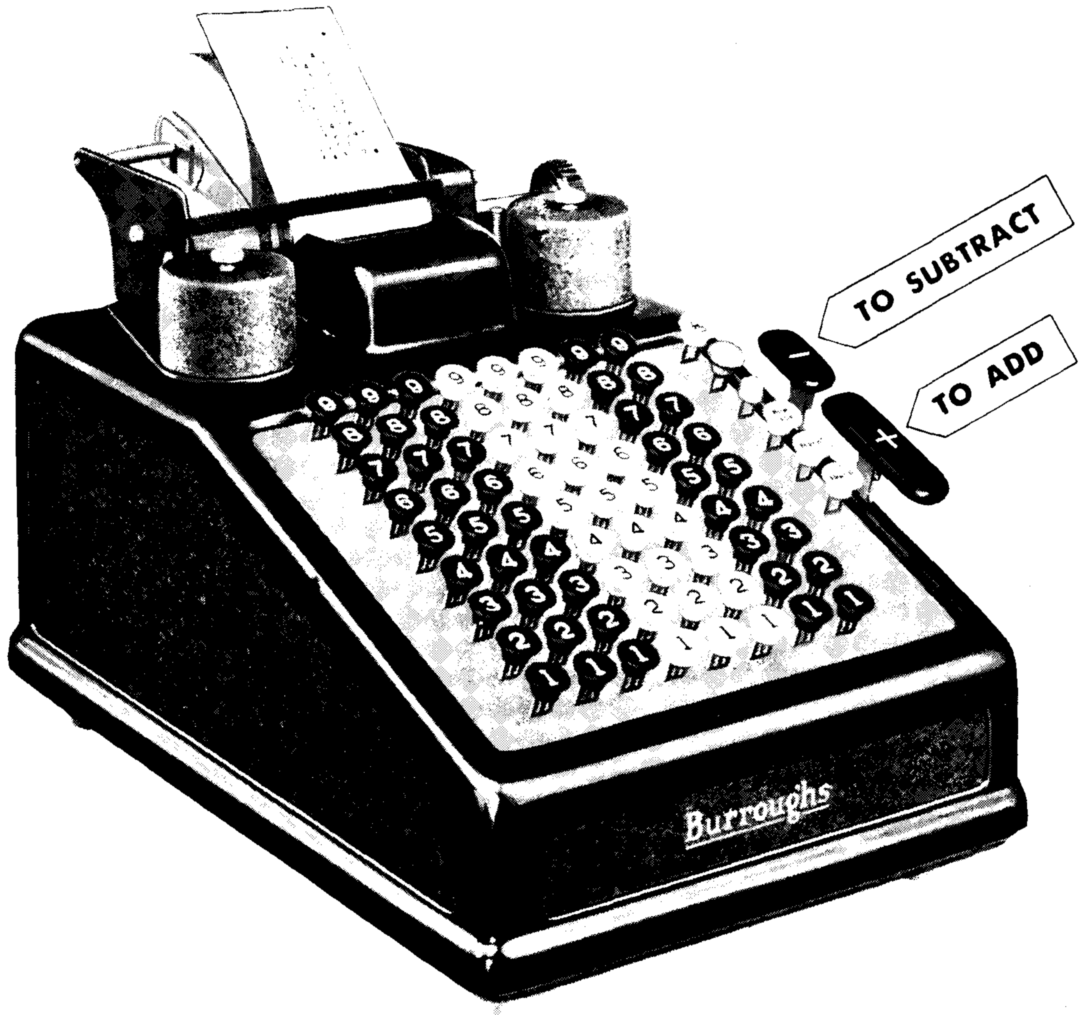

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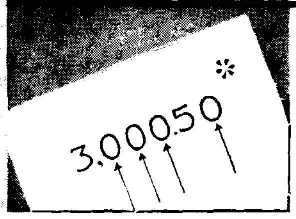

Burroughs prints ciphers automatically. There is no cipher key. Since figure work averages 30% ciphers, almost one-third of the figuring is done without touching a key.

SEVERAL KEYS AT ONCE

You can touch two or more keys at once. For example, you write 4.67 with one stroke—not three; 77 with one stroke—not two; 5,870.00 with one stroke—not six.

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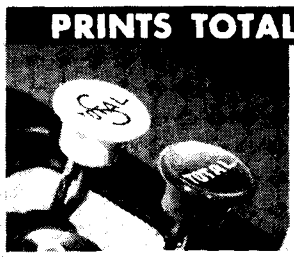

To take a total, touch the total key. This one, single motion—not two or three motions—operates the machine and also prints the total.

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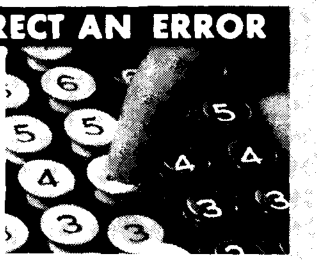

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New Burroughs models—smart and modern in appearance—are light in weight, take up little room, and can be carried handily from place to place.

The motor assures fast and easy operation. It is completely enclosed in the case, and uses either direct or alternating current.

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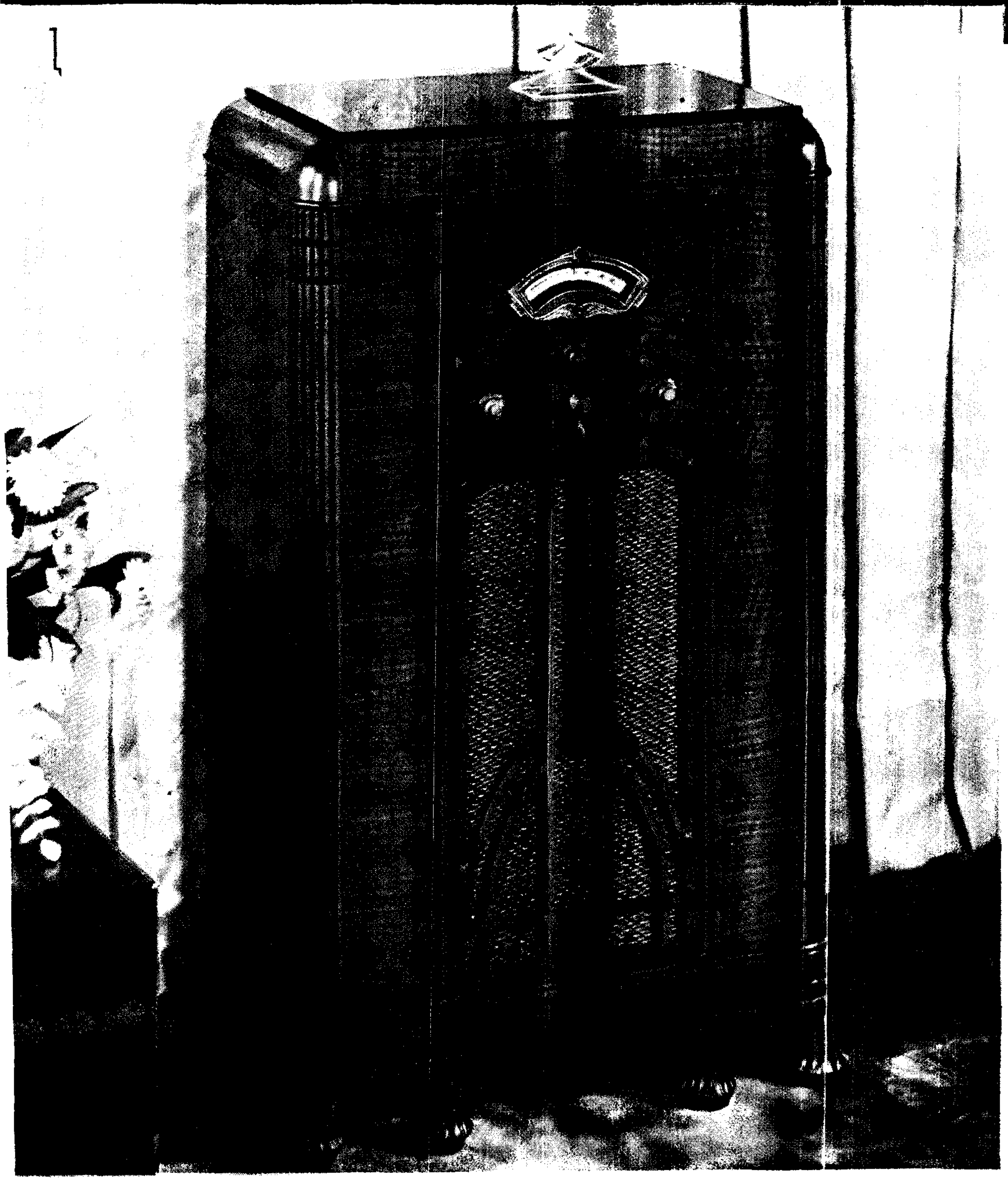
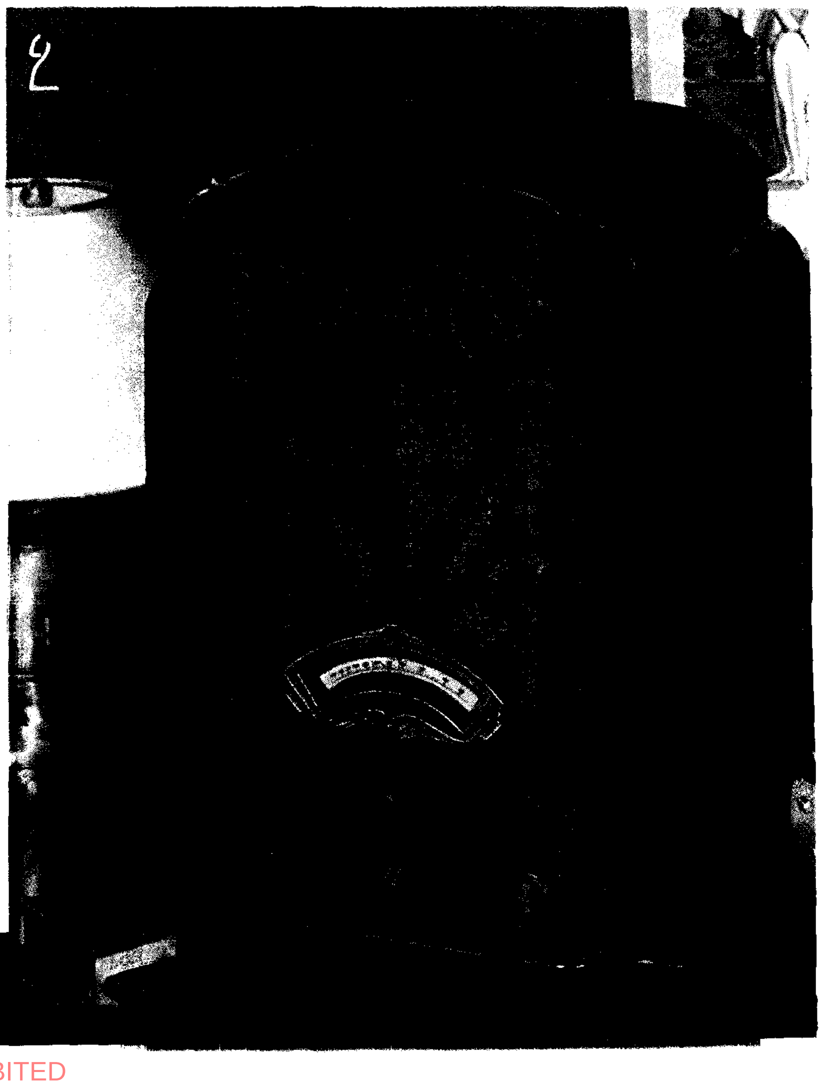
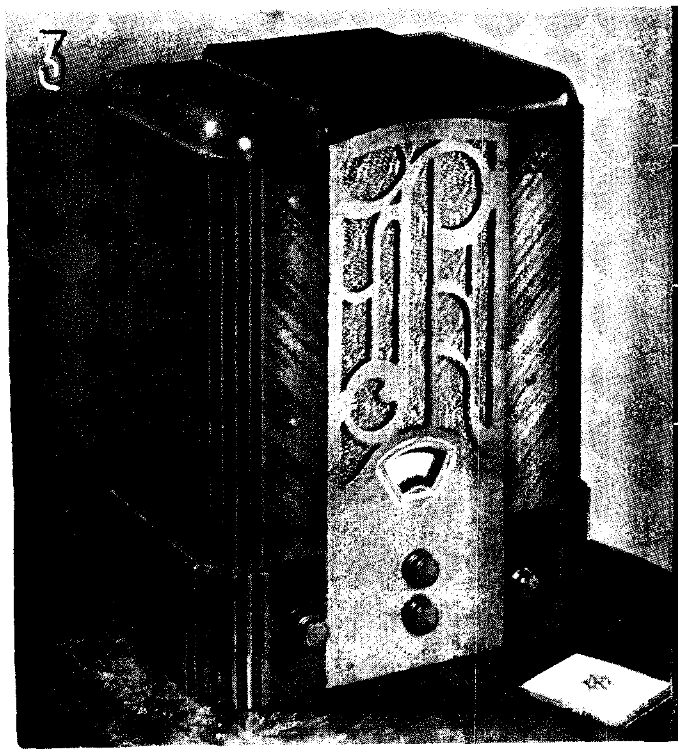


EDWIN C. HILL, radio's famous Magic Voice of "The Human Side of the News," says—"*To-day's radio audience wants* all *the news. I use every available means to get it. One important source is all-wave radio. The Stewart-Warner 'Magic Dial' brings me, clearly and easily, valuable material as well as entertainment, from all over the world.*"

M. GEORGES BUROSSE, Commandant, The French Line fleet, says—"*Even in mid-ocean the marvelous 'Magic Dial' keeps me in intimate touch with the best music and entertainment at both ends of my voyage;* au courant *with the whole world! My felicitations to Stewart-Warner for this great advance in radio.*"

BILLY HILL, composer "The Last Round-Up," "The Old Spinning Wheel," etc., says—"*A whole wide world of song was opened to me by the Stewart-Warner 'Magic Dial'! I especially enjoy South American programs with the Gaucho equivalents of 'The Last Round-Up'! Never bought so much fun for so little.*"





1	All-wave "Magic Dial" Console. Solid walnut in beautiful grains; red gumwood trim. 38" high. Automatic volume control. 3-gang condenser. Variable tone control. Big 12" Auditorium Electrodynamic Speaker.	$94⁵⁰
2	All-wave "Magic Dial" Table Model. Solid red gumwood, walnut, maple, lustre-finish. 19" high. Automatic volume control. 3-gang condenser. Variable tone control. Extra heavy 8" Electrodynamic Speaker.	$69⁵⁰
3	All-wave Table Model. Choice of two handsome designs in decorative woods, approx. 17" high. Automatic volume control. 3-gang condenser. Variable tone control. Extra heavy 8" Auditorium Electrodynamic Speaker.	$49⁵⁰

Other New Stewart-Warner "Round-the-World" and Standard Broadcast Sets in wide choice of cabinet designs at prices as low as $24.50, including All-Wave Console and Table Model Battery Sets. All prices slightly higher West of the Rockies.

Hear the amazing "home-set tone quality" of the new Stewart-Warner simplified AUTO RADIO—at only $49.50.

"MAGIC DIAL"

Round-the-World Radio

FOR THE FIRST TIME AT POPULAR PRICES!

New Improvements In This Famous All-Wave Tuning Device Now Make Foreign Broadcasts Amazingly Easy To Get—And Available To Everybody

● Here at last is the opportunity millions have waited for—a really practical all-wave radio that requires no expert knowledge to use—and *at popular prices!*

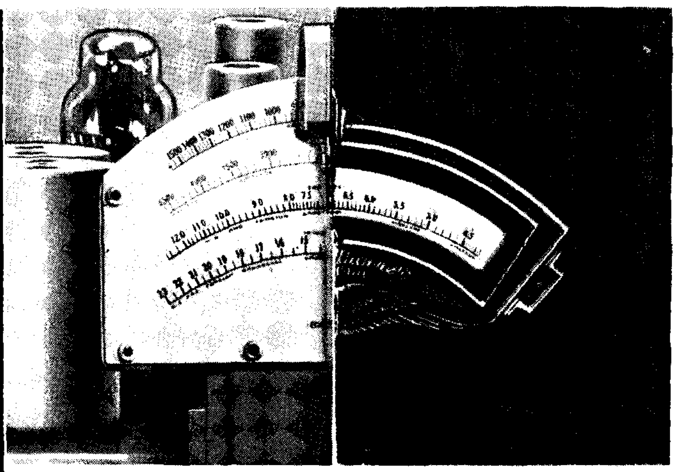
All-wave radio itself is not new. This year you will find a dozen or more manufacturers offering all-wave sets. But remember that Stewart-Warner was the pioneer in this type of radio—more than three years ago. Stewart-Warner has thus had time to bring "Round-The-World" radio to simplified perfection, while others were still in the experimental stage. That is why, in today's "Magic Dial," you get an entirely new kind of all-wave tuning method—so simple to use that a child can tune in foreign stations easily and accurately—yet at low prices any modern home can now afford.

No wonder the new Stewart-Warner "Magic Dial" is called the most amazing radio value ever offered! No wonder people whose professions *demand* the best in world-wide radio reception give the new "Magic Dial" such enthusiastic endorsement! Read their comments on the opposite page and realize what they mean to *you,* in terms of ordinary home use. And look at those actual color-photographs of some of the beautiful new cabinets in rare, decorative woods.

Now anybody can enjoy the wonderful cultural and educational advantages of broadcasting programs from all over the world! Europe, Asia, South America, police calls, airplane messages, amateur broadcasting—they're all yours with the "Magic Dial"! And, of course, your favorite American programs—with the same full, clear reproduction which first made Stewart-Warner Radio famous. Nothing you could buy for so little can give you so much real pleasure and fun.

There is a dealer who sells the "Magic Dial" radio in your neighborhood. It will be worth your while to locate him and have a free demonstration of this new device that brings the whole world to you—so easily, and for so little. Do this before buying *any* radio—in fairness to yourself. If you do not know the address of your nearest Stewart-Warner Radio dealer, write us at once. Full descriptions, prices and a list of dealers in your vicinity will be mailed to you promptly.

STEWART-WARNER CORPORATION
1873 Diversey Parkway, Chicago, Ill.



* "Magic Dial" Trade Mark Registered

ONE DIAL AT A TIME, PLUS GEARED-TUNING, MAKE SHORT-WAVE SELECTION LIKE LOCAL!

A turn of the center knob clicks into place the band you want to use—and only one band at a time. There are 4 bands—one for standard American broadcasts, one for amateur, airplane, and police calls; another for ships at sea and South American stations; a fourth for other foreign stations, all over the world. Each band of a different color, for your convenience.

For standard American broadcast tuning, the "Magic Dial" gives you 11 turns of the knob from one end of this band to the other; normal for accurate local tuning. But for the short-wave tuning you need finer, more sensitive selection. So by a simple adjustment, the "Magic Dial" gives you *62 knob turns to each of the 3 short-wave bands.* Six times as easy to select a station—six times as accurate! This geared-tuning, an outstanding feature of the "Magic Dial," makes all-wave selection as easy as local. No more squeezing and straining at the knob! No confusion—no crowding. Each foreign station has "full vision," plenty of room, marked off in megacycles as in your log book; can't be skipped over, as so often happens with ordinary tuning methods.

Never Before Sold Under $150.00

In spite of these radical new improvements which greatly increase its value, today you can buy the Stewart-Warner "Magic Dial" Radio at remarkably low prices. Never before was a genuine "Magic Dial" radio offered to the public for less than $150.00. Manufacturing efficiency resulting from three years of intensive experience in making "Round-the-World" radios now permits new low prices from $39.50 up. See the new Stewart-Warner Radios at your nearest dealer's. Compare their clear, easy performance with all others. Then you will realize how low the prices really are.

STEWART-WARNER Radio

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INK
LIKE NEW AGAIN
FINGER MARKS
LIKE NEW AGAIN
LIKE NEW AGAIN
WITH SOAP AND WATER
STEAM
LIKE NEW AGAIN
PENCIL
LIKE NEW AGAIN

INEXPENSIVE
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PALE GREEN
THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
USE THE PROPER S-W BRUSH

.... THE AMAZING
WASHABLE FINISH

Walls and woodwork painted with Sherwin-Williams Semi-Lustre can be *washed* and *washed* and *washed* without dulling their cheerful colors—without dimming their satiny gloss. That's why this *special formula* finish of *changeless lustre* is ideal for kitchens, bathrooms, halls, stairways, play rooms, laundry rooms, stores, public buildings, schools, hospitals, etc.

Your choice of twelve fashionable pastel shades, all inexpensive. See them at your dealer's. The Sherwin-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

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"The Home Decorator"
44 pages—79 color schemes by Betty Wood. At your S-W dealer's or write us. Address below.

SWP House Paint—Standard of paint quality for 68 years. Costs less because you use less.

Flat-Tone—for painted walls of velvety beauty in living, dining and bedrooms. Sixteen colors.

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COVER THE EARTH
Trade Mark Registered

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS COMPANY, DEPT. C, CLEVELAND, OHIO

Turn on the Moon

Continued from page 20

another type of architectural lighting—a band of translucent glass running around the ceiling concealing the bulbs but transmitting the light. Or you can set strips of frosted glass as panels in the walls, in columns, or in soffits and behind louvers to be reflected from mirrors, as in Mrs. John Rockefeller's dressing-room. You may even have a dropped ceiling with lights concealed above it and shedding down the sides; the whole ceiling may be of ground glass or there may be a central unit of glass flush with the ceiling and outlined with a metal band—all that is architectural lighting.

"I've placed lights behind a mirror having a frame of frosted glass to hide the bulbs; or I've recessed the mirror and let the light come through a series of slots in the wood casement. I've put lights under pools, in fountains, in mantels. And when you get all through with architectural lighting, you've got the whole realm of spotlighting, flood lighting, colored lighting, and so on to draw upon. We haven't decided yet where we'll stop—maybe with reflectors to bring the light from the sun when it's round under China."

Indirect lighting, with all its architectural and decorative implications, is the child of Modernism. It not only is the *best* light we can get but it has given us a whole new world of decoration; yet it does not demand a modern background. The most antique, the most exotic interior—Chinese, Japanese, Queen This or Louis That—can be suited, and usually improved, by the judicious use of indirect illumination. Neither does it require that a major operation be performed on the house, nor—and this knock-down argument gives us the last word—is it expensive. Built-in features can often be simulated by built-out tricks. For example—that *cove lighting*. The trough need not be dug into the wall, but can be bought in sections and suspended below the ceiling by means of small screw brackets at the back of the trough. The wiring may even be carried from a base receptacle or concealed in the wall, terminating in the reflector, which is inside the trough and is of mirror, prismatic glass, or polished metal. The fixture itself is of metal with removable glass panels.

Leaning on Lamps

I talked with Lescaze, the man who builds glass houses.

"Yes, a house can go Modern gradually," he said. "It doesn't have to be all done in one fell, expensive swoop—and lighting is a good way to start. Those who have to take their architecture as it is and rely on base plugs can often get good effects with floor lamps of Modern design, say a hemisphere or cone of metal on a tall, chromium-plated shaft which shoots light to the ceiling to be reflected. Four of these, one in each corner, give plenty of light."

"Lamps?" I murmured. "I thought we Modernists had discarded lamps."

When you point out to a Modernist that he's leaning upon some relic of the past, he may look embarrassed for a moment, but he swiftly bethinks himself of the answer.

"Diffused light is best for all general purposes," he explains, "but sometimes you want a strong light for a special purpose. Then a lamp of Modern design is quite all right. One of the things we pride ourselves on is the dramatic effects, almost stage effects, we now produce; and for these lamps are still useful."

That's all right then!

Architects may babble as they will of shadowless light, indirect light (diffused, reflected, recessed or concealed), some people will continue to be as restless as cats unless they can see the source of light—they don't want it creeping in on them unawares; and no one of artistic sensibilities wants a room evenly illuminated all the time. Therefore, lamps, table and floor, are used to provide accents—only today lamps are different. They are simpler, they employ new materials, have new shades. For a table lamp you'll often see a plain base of pottery, cork, wood, metal, crystal, mirror, glass, bakelite or of metal covered with sharkskin, snakeskin, lizard, white or beige leather, topped by a white parchment shade or one of delicate, crinkly fringes of cellophane over parchment. A man's desk lamp today may consist of a series of round, flat, metal louvers, looking much like a neat stack of dinner plates, threaded on a chromium shaft with the light slipping from between the plates. A floor lamp may quite possibly consist of a series of glass or metal cones, funnel-shaped, looking not unlike a pile of coolie hats, set upside down one inside the other (not touching) up to ten or twelve, held aloft on a steel pole.

Effects for the Early American

Wall brackets continue to hold a place in the scheme of things by virtue of their versatility. A quarter of a cone of metal may be set against the wall, melon-like, or a quite Japanese-lantern effect achieved by an oblong box of parchment with metal bands top and bottom—or indeed, any geometric shape cut from parchment, from stars to tambourines. Pleated fans of milky glass, half tulips of bronze, masks of copper, an endless array of devices testify to the creative talent of the artists in light.

Lighting a room by means of the furniture is dramatic enough for anyone. I don't know of any piece of furniture they don't put lights in. Bathtubs? Seems to me I've seen them in bathtubs. I've seen them in bookcases, illuminating the titles; in radios; in dressing-tables and desks which, opening up, automatically switch on their own lights; in a dining-table the entire top of which was frosted glass.

Even the most unmitigated collector of antiques, the most fanatical devotee of "periods," can find among all these new ideas much that he can use. Where wouldn't sunlight pouring through a window be appropriate—or, for that matter, a dramatic spotlight on a painting? Even an Early American can use some of these effects. Here is what one inhabitant of a two-hundred-year-old salt-box house did to get better light. In the ceiling of a tiny passageway between two rooms was set a glass panel, lighted from above; glass insets both sides of a door jamb; cove lighting in the dining-room; glass panels on one side of a bookcase; and even a glass panel flush with the wall either side of a bed—to read by; all without even ruffling the feelings of his Early American house. No period could possibly be insulted by such delicate treatment.

"Still in its infancy!" What will lighting be when it comes of age? Possibly luminous surfaces to diffuse light through a room—like those miraculous fishes that are drawn up from the depths of the sea where no light penetrates and which, cast on the deck of a ship at night, make the darkness blaze with their own many-colored fires.

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 19

mistake," Fawley said to the maître d'hôtel. "It is a man whom I am expecting to meet."

The maître d'hôtel had resumed his consequential air.

"I do not make mistakes, Herr Oberst," he declared. "This is the table commanded by my most honored patron to be reserved for Herr Oberst Fawley and the Prinzessin Elida di Rezco di Vasena. His Excellency will join you later."

Elida smiled appealingly up at Fawley.

"You will support my presence for a short time until your host arrives?" she begged. "He is, as you know, a very busy man. He thought that we might converse for a while until he comes."

"But what do you know about him?" Fawley asked wonderingly. "Surely this is not your *galère?*"

"I will explain," she promised. "You are angry with me but indeed nothing that happened was my fault. Please sit down."

SHE laid her hand upon his wrist and drew him gently towards the table. Fawley steeled himself, as well as he might, against the lure of her beseeching eyes but took the place by her side.

"Forgive me if I seemed ungracious," he murmured. "I never dreamed of seeing you here."

She drew a sigh of relief and approved his idea of a cocktail. The maître d'hôtel strutted away. They were alone.

"Dear friend," she said, and for a person who had seemed to him, at most times, so indifferent her voice trembled with emotion. "Indeed I was not to blame. No idea of my mad cousin's scheme had ever entered my head. One result of it you see in my presence here."

"I am glad to believe it," he answered. "Do you mean, then, that your sympathies are changed?"

"It would seem so, would it not?" she answered with a sigh of relief. "It has been a great upheaval but I believe that they are. My cousin assured me that Von Salzenburg himself said that you were to be got rid of. The idea sickened me. I no longer wish to serve a company of assassins."

The cocktails were served. Elida ordered supper and wine.

"You see," she explained, "our host eats or drinks practically nothing. I am to entertain you till he comes. You are to be impressed. How shall I begin, I wonder?"

He raised his eyebrows.

"Princess—" he began.

"You may call me Elida," she interrupted. "From you I prefer it. I shall call you Martin. If you wish to be serious I will not speak to you for Heinrich Behrling. It was his wish that I should do so."

"Why should he trouble about me?" Fawley asked, toying with the stem of his wineglass. "I am only an agent and a mercenary at that."

"Do not fence," she begged. "Remember that I know all about you. We can both guess why you are here. Berati is at last not absolutely certain that he is dealing with the right party. Very late in the day and against his will he is finding wisdom—as I have. Our tinsel prince and his goose-stepping soldiers will never help Germany towards freedom. It is the passionate youth of Germany, the liberty-loving and country-loving youth in whose keeping the future rests."

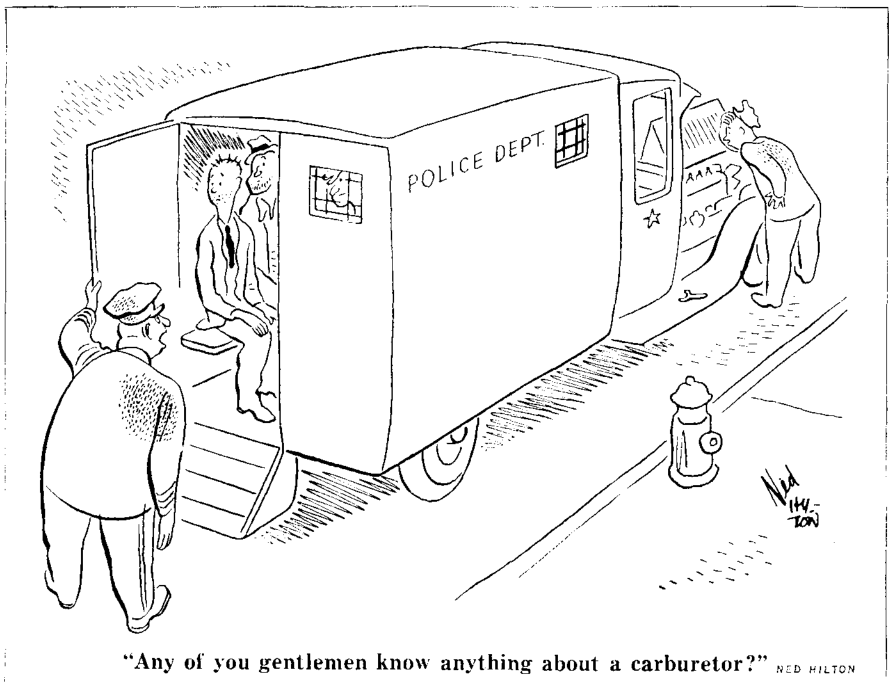
"This is very interesting," Fawley remarked with a faint smile. "Considering your antecedents I find it almost incredible."

"Must one ignore the welfare of one's country because one happens to be born an aristocrat?" she demanded.

"Not if a Rienzi presents himself," he retorted. "Are you sure, however, that Behrling really is your Rienzi?"

"If I were not," she insisted, with a note of passion in her tone, "I should never have given my life and reputation and everything worth having to his cause as I have done since the day of that catastrophe upon the yacht. Do you know, Martin, that I am one of a band—the latest recruit, perhaps, but one of the most earnest—a band of six thousand young women all born in different walks of life? We have all the same idea. We work to make Heinrich Behrling the ruler of Germany. We are not all Germans. We do not wear uniform; we do not look for any reward. Our idea is to give everything we possess, whatever it may be—money, our gifts of persuasion, our lives if necessary, to win adherents to Behrling's cause, to stop and rout the Communists and the monarchist party. Another

(Continued on page 34)



"Any of you gentlemen know anything about a carburetor?" NED HILTON

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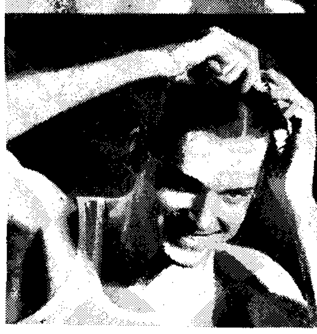
50 SECONDS TO RUB . . Massage Vitalis briskly into your tight, dry scalp! Your scalp becomes more flexible, awakens to new life . . and your hair has a chance.



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Because they wear longer, these tough, good-looking, waterproof soles make shoes last longer—*cut down your shoe bills.*

They don't cost you a penny extra – on new shoes or at repair shops. Be thrifty. Ask for these money-saving soles by name, and look for this trade-mark –

WINGFOOT GOODYEAR TRADE MARK

NRA CODE

GOODYEAR

Wingfoot Soles make shoes wear longer

Made by the makers of Goodyear Tires

(Continued from page 33)

Hohenzollern mixed up with politics and the whole world would lose faith in Germany. The only way that she can escape from the yoke of France is by showing the world that she has espoused the broader and greater principles of life and government."

Fawley accepted a cigarette.

"You are very interesting, Elida," he said. "I wish that I knew more of this matter. I am afraid that I am a very dumb and ignorant person."

"It has occurred to me once or twice this evening," she rejoined dryly, "that you wish to appear so."

"Alas," he sighed, "I can assure you that I am no actor."

"Nor are you, I am afraid," she whispered, leaning across the table, "quite so impressionable as I fancied you were that afternoon in the corridor of Berati's palazzo."

The grim lines at the corners of his mouth relaxed.

"Elida," he replied, as he looked into her eyes, "all I can say is—give me the opportunity to prove myself."

She was puzzled for a moment. Then she smiled.

"You are thinking of Krust and his nieces," she laughed. "Yet I am told that he finds them very useful. One of them you seemed to find—rather attractive at Monte Carlo."

He shrugged his shoulders. Perhaps she realized that her mention of the place was not altogether tactful. She changed the conversation.

"Your work—does it interest you?"

He seemed a little doubtful.

"Lately," he admitted, "there is too much talk and too little action. I cannot see that I make any definite progress."

"That means that you weary yourself talking to me?" she asked, her hand resting for a moment on his and her deliriously soft eyes pleading with him.

"Not in the least," he assured her. "In a few minutes, though, we shall have our friend Behrling here and it will all begin again. I would so much sooner take you somewhere else where Behrling is not likely to appear and ask you a few questions which you would find quite easy to answer."

A BRILLIANT smile parted her lips. "Now you talk more as I had hoped," she confided. "Indeed, if you would let me I would wish to be your companion all the time that you are here. All the devotion I can offer is at your command, but I will be honest with you—there are still a few things I want to know."

"Elida," he said, "I do not believe that there is a single thing in the world I could tell you that you do not know already. For instance, heaps of people must have told you that you have the most beautiful hazel brown eyes in the world."

She patted his hand.

"If I were Nina or Greta," she observed, "I should throw my arms around your neck. You would—"

Her face suddenly lost its softened charm. She was looking past him towards the door. He leaned forward and followed her gaze, then, though nothing audible escaped his lips, he whistled softly to himself. It was Krust, who had entered with Fräulein Nina—Krust in bulging white shirt front and waistcoat, his dinner coat tightly stretched across the shoulders, his beautifully shaven face pink and white, his hair brushed smoothly back. He recognized Fawley instantly. He deposited his companion at their table and made his way up the room. For the first part of his progress the most beatifically welcoming smile parted his lips. Then he saw Elida and the good humor faded from his face. His lips took an unpleasant curve, his eyes seemed to recede into his head. Again the mask fell. He came towards them with outstretched hands. The smile reëstablished itself.

"My friend Fawley," he exclaimed. "I have an opportunity, then, of making my apologies for leaving your salon so abruptly. An engagement of the utmost importance came into my mind as I heard your friends at the door."

He shook hands with Fawley and looked questioningly at Elida.

"I believe, Princess," he ventured, with a stiff bow, "that I have had the pleasure."

She shook her head.

"I am afraid that you are mistaken," she said coldly.

Krust was not in the least discomposed. He stood, smiling, for a moment, and then took his leave. He had only proceeded a few steps, however, when he came to a pause on the edge of the dancing floor. There was the sound of commotion from the entrance hall of the place, a jangle of angry voices, a peremptory command given in an official tone, a glimpse of gray uniforms and the flash of arms. The music stopped, the dancers at that end of the room hurried towards the doorway. Krust followed their example but he was too late. A heavy black curtain which hung over the entrance was drawn by some unseen hand, the sound behind was partially deadened. Suddenly the manager pushed the curtain back and appeared upon the floor.

"Ladies and gentlemen—honorable clients of mine," he announced, "the slight disturbance outside is over. Kindly resume your seats. Some young men, members of a recently inaugurated society, endeavored to enter in uniform—which is strictly against the rules. The police interfered and they have been sent to their homes."

There was a brief silence. Few people understood the exact nature of the disturbance. Here and there, however, was an angry snarl of voices. The veins were standing out on Krust's forehead. He strode up to the manager in a fury.

"Who sent for the police?" he demanded.

"There was no need to send for them," was the prompt reply. "The young gentlemen were followed here from the gardens."

"Did you refuse them entrance to your restaurant?" Krust persisted.

Everyone seemed to be holding his breath. There was a queer, strained silence in the luxurious little place.

"It is against the law for anyone to enter wearing an unrecognized uniform," the manager declared. "I told them so. While we were discussing the matter the police appeared."

"You will bow down to that uniform before many days have passed," Krust prophesied furiously.

"Ach, that or another!" was the equally angry reply.

KRUST stepped forward as though to deal a blow. Nina, who had left her place, silently threw her arms around his neck. She whispered something in his ear. He suffered himself to be led away. The orchestra struck up again. The dancing recommenced. . . .

"Behold," Elida exclaimed, as she watched the waiter filling her glass with champagne, "a tableau! A situation which might have become more than dramatic. Krust—the monarchist spy—with one of his little butterflies. Major Fawley, the Italian mercenary, the trusted agent of Berati. I, Elida di Rezco di Vasena, who have gone over at the peril of my life to the new order. We line the walls of this restaurant. What are we playing at? I scarcely

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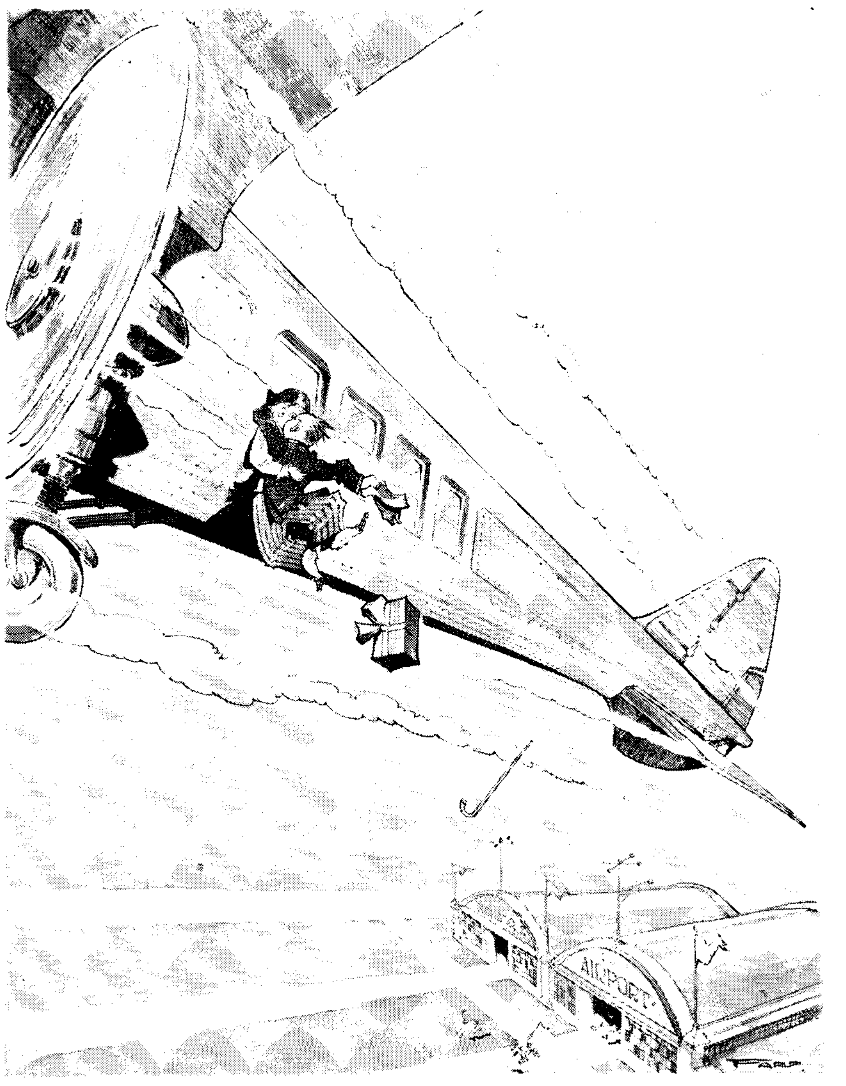

"You must leave now, Cyril. The plane is starting!" JACK FARR

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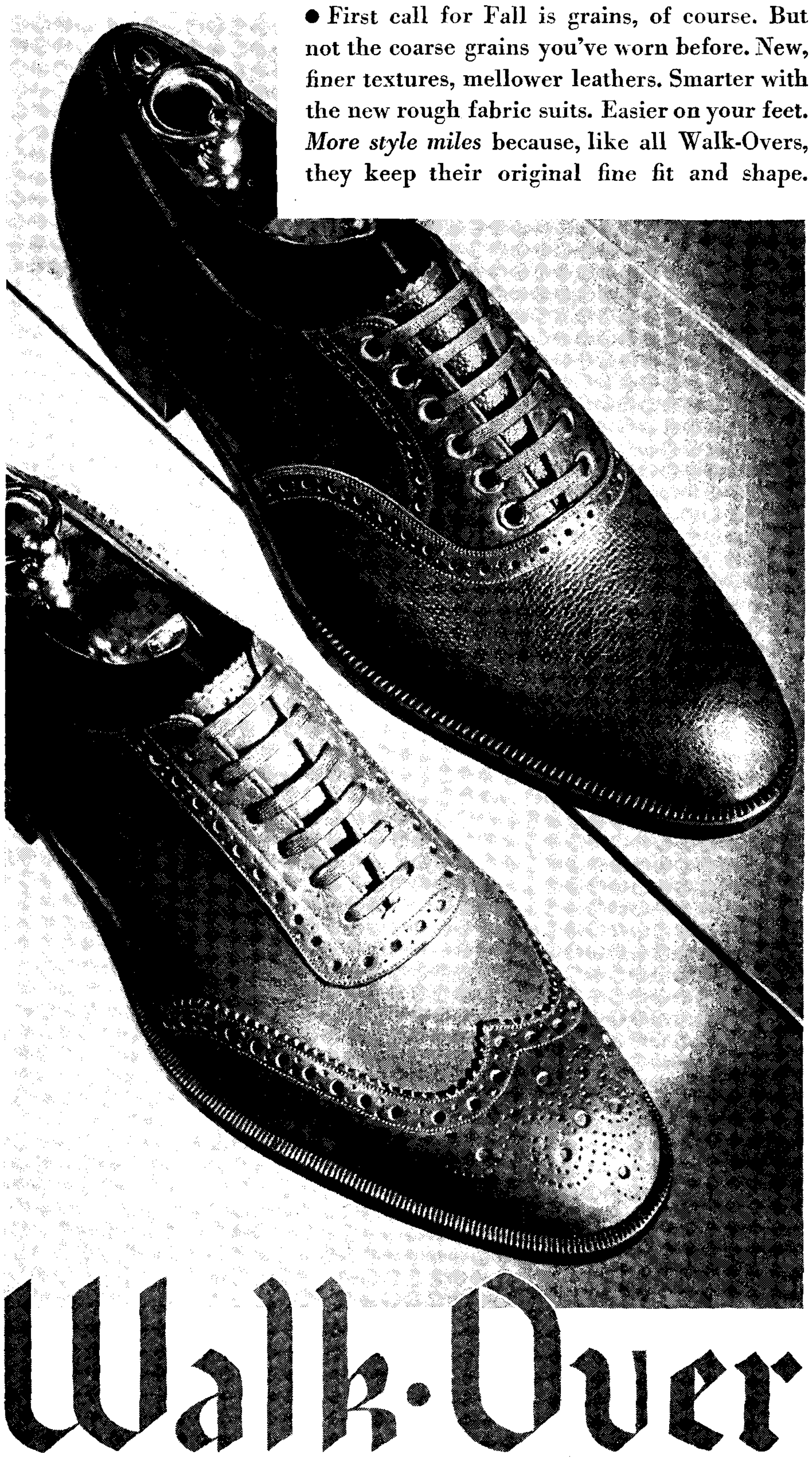
*City*_______________________________



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- First call for Fall is grains, of course. But not the coarse grains you've worn before. New, finer textures, mellower leathers. Smarter with the new rough fabric suits. Easier on your feet. *More style miles* because, like all Walk-Overs, they keep their original fine fit and shape.

Walk-Over

(Upper) **THISTLE** Grain. Rich brown, smartly detailed with brass eyelets. Non-wrinkle plain toe. Free action Broadway last . . $6.50

(Lower) **NORWEGIAN** Grain. New mellow brown. Notice the unique treatment of bold punching around the laces. Broadway last . $3.50

GEO. E. KEITH COMPANY, CAMPELLO, BROCKTON, MASS.

The Man who Saved the World

Continued from page 34

know. We are all just a little hysterical these days. The restaurant is likely to be raided by the Communists if Behrling comes, by the monarchists if the refusal to admit those officers is reported at their headquarters, or by Behrling's own men. What will our friend Berati say when he hears that you have been seen in such an environment?"

"He will probably realize," Fawley replied, "that I am going about my business and his in my own way. Mercenaries, as I dare say you know, are never over-officered. They are left with a certain measure of initiative. If one were to indulge in speculations," he went on, after a momentary pause, "one might wonder what Krust does here. From the fact that Behrling suggested it as a rendezvous one might gather that this place is frequented by his followers. Is it not a little dangerous in these days when party spirit is running high to risk an encounter?"

ELIDA shrugged her pearly white shoulders.

"Krust can take care of himself," she said. "He is, as I dare say you have heard, the richest man in Germany and he is reputed to have a secret body of armed guards, some of whom are never far distant. In any case, the present situation has all developed in a week. This was Von Salzenburg's headquarters before Behrling decided to establish himself here. A month ago Gustaf there was bowing to other lords."

For the second time that evening some measure of commotion was manifest at the entrance. This time, however, there was no intimation of any dispute. A great man was being welcomed. Heinrich Behrling, in plain evening clothes, handed his overcoat and soft black hat to an attendant and followed Gustaf's outstretched hand towards the table where Fawley and his companion were seated.

Fawley watched his approaching host with calm and critical interest. His travels in the country during the last few days had already convinced him that great events were looming. A tortured nation was on the point of breaking its bonds. An atmosphere of impending cataclysm was brooding over the place. The worn faces of the people, the continuous stream of processions, the crowded cafés, all gave evidence of it. It was as though there were dynamite upon the pavements and liquid dynamite in the air, dynamite which needed only a spark.

Even in this luxurious and secluded restaurant Fawley thought that the first mutterings of the thunder might begin. . . . Looking across the room he saw the good-natured expression fade from the face of Adolf Krust, the great industrialist, saw his eyes receding into his head, alight as they were with hatred, saw the menacing curve of his lips as he stared at the approaching figure. Elida touched her companion on the arm.

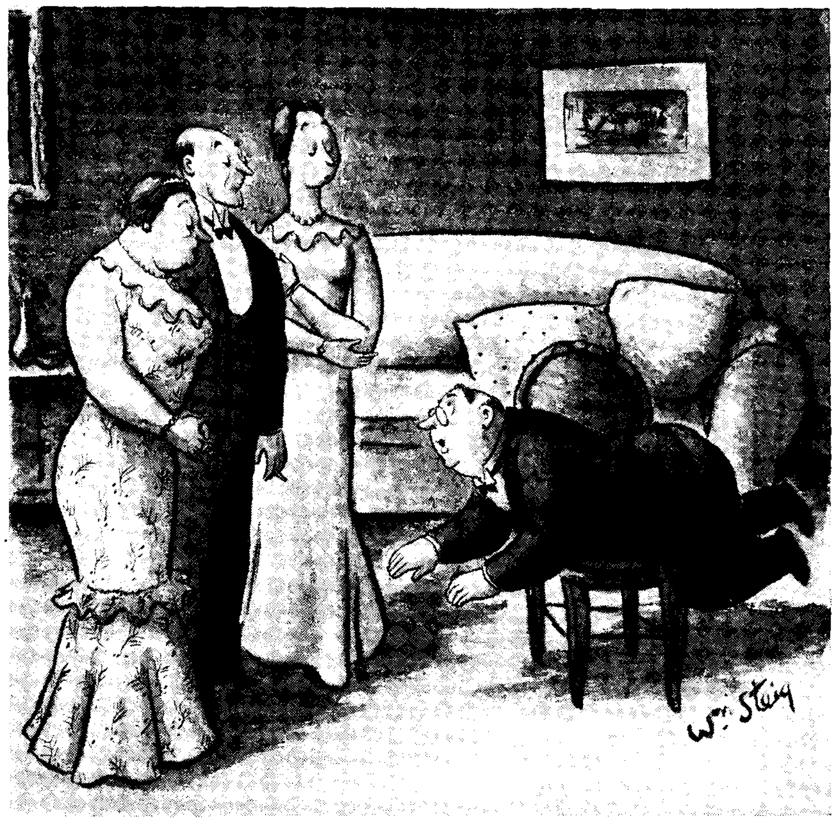
"You see what is happening," she whispered. "Every other table in the restaurant has an engaged card upon it. Now watch."

Without any confusion or haste a well-behaved, good-looking crowd of young men, with here and there a woman companion, had followed Behrling into the place. Everyone knew his table and occupied it swiftly. They wore no sort of uniform. these newcomers. They were dressed with singular precision in the fashion of the day but there was a small brown ribbon upon the lapel of each dinner coat.

"Interesting," Fawley murmured. "I gather that these young men have all been subjected to some sort of military training?"

"They are Behrling's bodyguard," she confided. "It is not his own idea; it is the idea of those who would protect him. Krust tonight, for instance, might easily have made mischief. What chance has he now? He has not been allowed a table within fifty feet of us and *his slightest movement will be watched!"*

(To be continued next week)



"The hardest part of this stroke is the scissors kick" WILLIAM STEIG

The Road to Caliente

Continued from page 15

an answer, till Clemence remembered herself. Then in a small measure of relief, as if she'd seen wisdom begin again in her daughter's eyes, "Darling, over my dead body—do you ask anything of a man who's said goodby to you. . . ."

The thing that happened on the ship home was implausible in its timing, fantastic in its fearfully glimpsed promises. At first Clemence had the wild thought that Sidney Melaric—plump, shy, middle-aged, and undistinguished except for the frequent, artless twinkle in his eye—wanted to marry her mother, that Mrs. Perry's air of covertly appraising something in her daughter's mind was part of indecision. Melaric—*the* Sidney Melaric of Meteor Pictures—treated Clemence herself as if he weren't sure she mightn't bite him. So that Clemence was deftly stunned when her mother told her he was so much impressed with Clemence's looks, voice, style, carriage, everything, that he wanted to see screen tests of her before he left for the Coast.

"IT'S rather a new light on the future, isn't it?" her mother said, the intent of her eyes veiled by her charming vagueness. "I hadn't thought of such a thing any more than you, pet. But it has possibilities, you must confess."

Clemence did confess it—in a daze of huge wonder and anxiety: possibilities so crowded, so fertile that she could not trust any one of them nor cease to fear that they were not to be trusted. And belief remained a tenuous, fragile thing even when the tests, which Mrs. Perry firmly kept her from seeing, had them both—in another month—on a train for Los Angeles. Somewhere at the edge of this persisting dream, where shadows which she dared not examine waited round the threshold to humiliating failure, Stephen stood, waited—vague in outline for the incomprehensibility of what he'd done to her, but steadily, blindly urgent as the reason for staking everything on this short-cut to power. She'd make him want her—badly. . . .

The first two parts weren't big—the girl who disillusioned the male star at the beginning of one picture, and a convenient confidante of the heroine's in another. Clemence felt she did little beyond an inflexible obedience to stereotyped orders in her scenes, and then wait and wait in between, and then think that no night was long enough for all the sleep she wanted. Her mother kept her from seeing the rushes too, convinced that Clemence should see herself first as part of a cut and edited feature. And on the way to that première, fear nearly stopped her heart.

Formless people lining the way across the sidewalk whispered—not about her—and it was ominous, unfriendly. In the lobby the feminine lead didn't acknowledge her good-evening; and then the preliminary program was interminable with auto-racing and the fleet at sea, and a cartoon, and stage specialties. Clemence sat immobile, more and more tensely concentrated on a single frantic prayer that people wouldn't laugh at her—if the thing ever began.

Unexpectedly then the company's "meteor" rushed forward on the screen, exploded momentously into the picture's title; and Clemence's name stood brazenly casual halfway down the cast of characters. The palms of her clenched hands were wet, her mouth quite dry, and her heart bumped hard in the tight vacancy of her breast. Another moment, before it burst, she was huge and alone there on the screen, as if it were no outlandish thing for her to sit on the rim of that moonlit fountain in dazzling fresh organdie. Mistress of herself, of the counterfeit night there, of the strangers watching, she looked up with a smile of slow, sophisticated expectancy for the man's coming, made a low, sure sound of invitation with the holding-out of her hands to him. . . .

Atmospheres changed after that night. Clemence was spoken to differently by those who, themselves, had no hope of arriving. Her friendship was solicited; and even the surly little make-up man ceased surliness in taking twice his former pains over her. Sidney Melaric, pleased and fatherly, advised a couple of days' rest and sent her off with the script of Paine Griscom's next vehicle—in which, duly subservient to his jealousy of his public, she was lead.

"And that," her mother said in vague, wise satisfaction, "means that the next step may be in this very year—without luck too indecent to think of."

Clemence knelt beside her mother's chair.

"If it means that," she said, "they should put your name in the lights too. You've made me, darling—you've made it all."

Mrs. Perry smiled and released one hand to pat Clemence's head. "We mustn't stop here, you know," she said. "We've farther to go, pet."

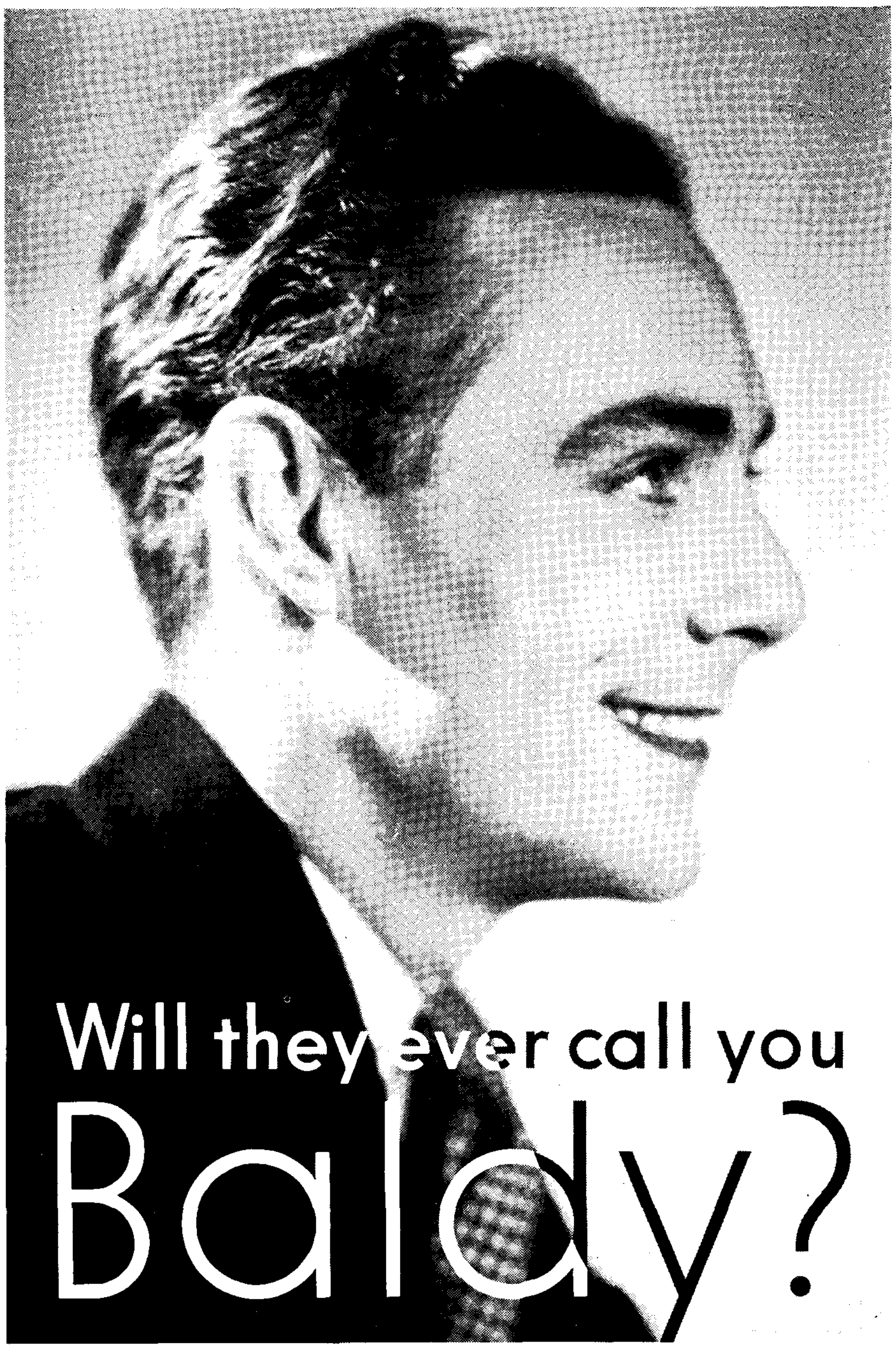
Clemence withdrew listlessly, rested there, staring at the floor, to wonder where Stephen was now, wonder when she would find out what he thought.

The Griscom picture did it. Sidney Melaric pretended that his "little" dinner at Agua Caliente was nothing special; but anyone knew that "going to Caliente" meant stardom at Meteor. Clemence found herself trusting what had happened: there was authentic foretaste of empire now—by turns exciting in the certainty of unrevealed richness, and soothing for the sense of well-being in earned triumph.

HER blood answered the stir of the nearer crowd when they came into the Casino, the important whisper of her own name with the others, the attention which their table shared with the variety acts in the dining-room. Then Melaric made his pleased little announcement that her contract would be ready to sign on Monday morning; the toasts were drunk and the congratulations generously made; and when they left the table for the gambling rooms, Clemence felt herself lapped in a warm, secure strength that put her out of reach of the crowd through which she moved, held her apart in a sort of gifted royalty. Even her first plays at roulette proved her new stature. And there was only one empty wish that tailed restively through the brilliance of these satisfactions: tonight, in the freshness of power, it would be good, fitting, touched with poetic completeness, to be able to confront Stephen and begin the wiping-out of that well-remembered moment in Paris.

Extravagant as she knew that wish to be, it had enough actuality to make her, glancing up, think she saw him at the craps table in the middle of the Gold Room. Pride and sureness paused guiltily, frightened for that instant as if some forgotten act had suddenly shown itself to be evil. Attentively Clemence placed more chips on the cloth, watched them raked away. Then she could look again.

(Continued on page 38)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(Continued from page 37)

It was still Stephen—his sure, careless presence undamaged, his sure, quiet eyes untroubled his dark hair close in place as his restless fingers might have left it when she saw him last. It seemed impossible he could be so absorbed by the roll of dice in the green pit there, unaware of her frightened watching, the vivid, detailed remembering of his actuality, the hard pumping of her blood in the suspense of what might happen. On the quick impulse to let nothing happen, to get away before he saw her, there came a quick, guarded whisper somewhere behind:

"That one. Clemence Perry. The one Griscom made the fight about swiping his new picture. She was—"

When she came to his elbow he had the dice, and she watched him make three passes, each time doubling his chips and letting them ride. Then his left hand, which she would have known anywhere, withdrew all but one chip: he lost it and lost the dice.

"Too bad," Clemence said quietly. "But you're probably ahead."

He turned alertly, an unsurprised smile turning one corner of his competent mouth, his eyes gently cheered. "*Bless* my body," he said. "How are you? What the dickens are you doing on the Coast?"

At once it was credible he didn't know, even though she'd been so sure he must be following her fortune. She saw his dark eyes remember the burnished lights of her hair, remember her eyes and lips, and very briefly assay changes; and she was puzzled by a faint, regretful mockery that seemed to shadow his quick searching.

Idly she said, "I'm in pictures. What's brought you out?"

"A post," he said. "Sailing for Japan this—next week." *Was* it mockery—of her? Was the curious constraint upon it regret—of something to do with her? "Let's have a brandy," he said, but his look didn't invite her to remember anything.

THE bar and the tables were impossibly crowded, and they moved as if by agreement toward the outside doors, talking of things unimportant to either of them. In the lobby a woman plucked at her escort's arm, indicated Clemence with a look, and whispered in brief eagerness. Stephen gave his slight, one-sided smile, with a slight dancing in his eyes, and he said, "Famous already."

"Perhaps," said Clemence, looking solemnly ahead of her.

"And like it," he said.

She turned upon him a calm challenge. "Perhaps," she repeated.

"Chance to be a star?"

"Mm-hm."

"Clever girl," he said; but a queer stiffness hampered what spontaneous grace his tone might have had.

The low sides of the hotel court gleamed a dim blue-white under dark tile, and plumed palms hung still against the high, spread stars. Somewhere beyond the broad enclosure a bird piped, but that was all the sound. They walked over cool turf to chairs against the farther terrace, sank into them without speaking, and lighted cigarettes. And after a moment of silence in which there was no comfort, Stephen said:

"So you know what you want."

"Now—yes," Clemence said, adding unimportantly, "I found out once, all of a sudden."

With empty politeness, Stephen inquired, "In Paris?"

"In Paris," said Clemence.

Stephen started quickly to say one thing, but changed it. He said easily, "What? What do you want?"

She looked off at the stars winking over the dark line of the roof tiles; in the shifting discomfort of their being together there was still no sign of who was to command. Turning slightly to him she countered with the simplest thing that came:

"What do *you* want?"

A fragment of breath went fast between his lips. The oval of his face was toward her while he examined something in his mind.

"I wish it were still as simple as it was in Paris. Wanting you was wanting everything."

"That was silly, wasn't it?" she said.

His slight laugh agreed, even without his "Yes."

THERE was satisfaction—joy, almost—in Clemence, feeling that warm, sure fierceness come back from that outdistanced time; but her voice was cool for telling him, "You were wise not to let it fool you—wise to let it go."

"It's not all gone, that's the trouble." It was a statement of fact, unmoved and unmoving in him; but Clemence felt fresh eagerness leap in her.

"Let the rest of it go," she told him. And she ignored subtlety in a reckless cut at him, aimed only by the blind hope it would go deep. "Let it *all* go. You couldn't fulfill any single part of it any more."

"I know," he said, still unmoved by his dry thoughts or by what she had said. "And even if I could, what good would it do? A lovely body, and glamour—of a sort; and aspiration—of a sort. But with you gone out of it—the 'you' I invented for myself in Paris."

Something was happening in Clemence that she must fight against. The just anger which should surge up under her courage had somehow paused, faltered. And quickly, to save herself, she said what first came to her tongue, regardless of where it might lead:

"Body, physical glamour, that had nothing to do with it in Paris, of course."

"Sure it did," he said, unhesitant in agreement. "But—"

"And has that gone—with the *I* you invented?"

"No. It's there—lovelier, or more obviously lovely, or something. It hardly matters."

She was on her feet before she well realized how utterly her purpose had failed her—purpose, anger, courage all vanished now as though they had never lived. And as if they were all that had led her out of youth, she was suddenly alone and frightened. "I—I'd better go in," she said quickly. First, get away from Stephen, instrument of some incomprehensible law that could beat her like this, that had had her beaten all along without her knowing it. Then get home, away from those others, and be by herself to view all the dark wreckage.

Stephen got up and stood beside her, not stiffly—a certain curious air of kindness in his presence. She shivered within herself, bound to wait for something he had to say, but wishing passionately he would get it over and let her go. He said:

"I admire you for going straight for what you want, regardless. Paris was all my fault, I suppose. I see, now, what your mother meant. And that'll help. I've had so many times of thinking I was a fool to believe her."

"Believe her?" Clemence said in a tone brittle for the tightness of her holding on. "What had Mother to do with it?" No asylum from this thing even in her mother. . . .

Stephen puffed one of his slight, mirthless laughs—without bitterness.

"You've probably forgotten it was your mother gave me your message that day, with sane and all-too-logical footnotes."

Despair waited strangely in its busy invasion, and she had an instant of tense, inward stillness. "*My* message?" she said. "What message?"

STEPHEN looked up at the sky, a wonderfully gentle air of integrity about him almost palpable in the dark.

"Don't let's go back there, my dear," he said in a moment. "We've come so far, by separate ways. It does so little good to remember they—they mightn't have been separate."

"Stephen, you've got to tell me," she said; and the spontaneous authority of her own voice put her in sudden command of fresh, simple force. "Oh, God, Stephen, there's something so wrong somewhere in this thing. It can't be all in me. It *can't* be that I'm never going to understand. What do you mean by 'my message'?"

There was a slight quickening in Stephen's voice as he said:

"Why, that you'd made a mistake; that you'd let an experiment go farther than you meant; that your mother and you had an old understanding about—well, eminence and—and the durable things of the world, and your chances for them." He laughed again, a little sheepishly. "You've no idea how close I came to pretending I was very rich."

Awe held her rigid then, near to a sort of sickness, her heart paralyzed for a sudden, new perspective of the irrevocable past. In it somewhere was the brittle echo of her mother's voice saying, "Over my dead body do you ask anything of a man who's said goodby to you." In all her striving and dissatisfaction, why had she never seen that *there* was the thin place? "Darling, over my dead body. . . ." And while memory began sorting its easy pattern of more years than one, Clemence became suddenly cool and steady.

SHE took his hand, bent to put her cheek against the back of it tenderly, then turned her lips to it. And in a calm, as after a long fever, she said:

"Stephen, if you can still want anything of me, I'd like you to have it—*want* you to; tonight if you like. But first I want you to see something. Will you come with me?"

They walked over the soft grass, through the hotel lobby, and across to the bright, crowded chatter of the Casino. Mrs. Perry was playing roulette in the Gold Room: Clemence did not pause to examine the change that was made by her own cleansed vision of her mother's cool, alert figure. She touched Mrs. Perry's arm, sure she would turn at once. She saw without fresh emotion her mother's ambushed look move quickly from her own face to Stephen's, and back. In listless steadiness Clemence said:

"Mother, I want you to tell Stephen you deceived him in Paris."

"I—I haven't the faintest idea what . . ." Mrs. Perry's defense trailed out, subdued in mid-course by the quick fierceness which Clemence felt take her heart and show in her eyes. Her mother met her look with the severe patience that had never before failed, weighing the fires of her daughter's spirit in this most critical moment. Then, abruptly even while Clemence was steeling herself against such old habits of acquiescence, Mrs. Perry's eyes faltered and she turned up the palms of her hands beside her.

"Have him, pet, if you've got to. But remember—no, for God's sake, don't remember!"

ONE glance at Stephen was all Clemence needed. Without rancor, the dark sternness of his look at Mrs. Perry was the more humiliating for its quiet—momentous, terrible and very quiet. Abruptly she took his hand and turned him from her mother as she turned.

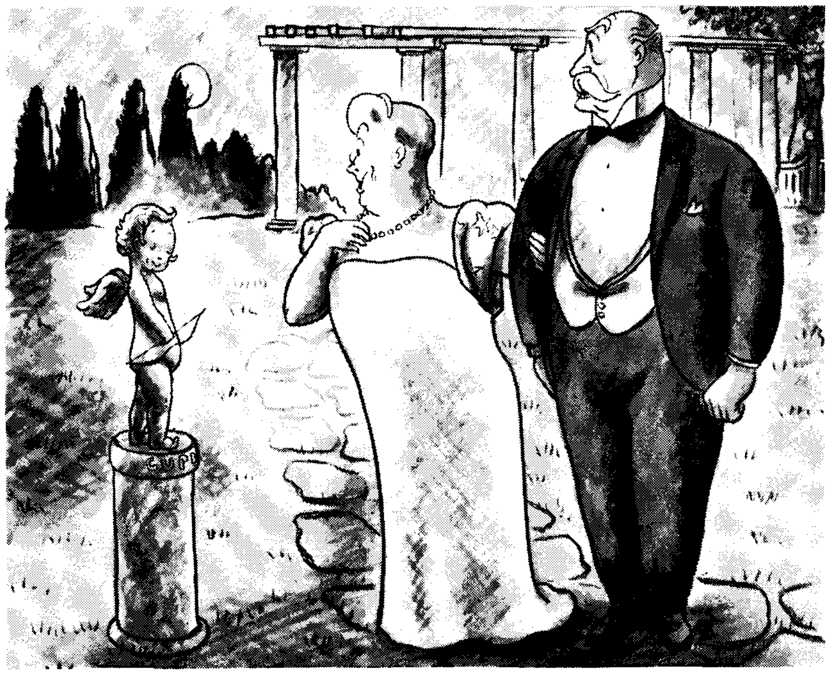
Out into the soft night again he led the way in a new direction.

"Stephen," she said, behind him, "the court's that way—where we came from."

He kept on. "I need a darker place," he said over his shoulder; and when they came round a corner into the closeness of black trees, he said, "A darker place—so that there'll be no chance of your seeing my face when I ask you if you can marry a fool, an idiot, a callow, gullible ass. Good Lord, the conceit of thinking for a moment I'd invented you when Heaven had *shown* you to me. I'd give arms, eyes, anything you'd take me without, if we were back there, with this year rubbed out. I'd give—"

"There's nothing I'd let you give," Clemence told him. "I want everything there is of you. Besides, I know a way to rub out the year and all its wretchedness."

She went to him, and his arms came around her. She found his lips after so long a time, felt the strong pulse of his blood in hers. It was a very quick and good way to rub out the year.



"I don't care how ducky I'd look, Louisa, I'm still going to that masquerade as a pirate"

You'd Like George

Continued from page 10

kind of nervous breakdowns. Jimmy, of course, got it straightened out after a while, but the way I got it she was going to have a baby pretty soon. And you know how women are when they're like that. They just ain't reasonable. I guess that's what made it harder for Jimmy to square himself. Old Doc Simms says that's why she had such a hard time when the baby was born, but I don't believe that. I think that's just doctor talk. Course, George didn't know anything about her going to have a baby when he sent that telegram, you know. He wouldn't've done it if he'd known. No. Why, George wouldn't hurt a fly on purpose. He was just looking for a laugh. That's all.

Well, anyhow, these two girls that started it all, they went to Denver and we kept on going for Los Angeles. Down in Albuquerque, that place, you know, where the Indian women sit around and sell stuff—beads and baskets, you know, all kinds of stuff like that—well, we got out there and was fooling around on the platform and George started kidding them squaws. You know, he'd pretend to talk Indian to 'em, and then do dances around 'em, whooping and yelling the way Indians are supposed to do. He told everybody he was Big Chief Gin-in-the-Face, and he told how all these women sitting there were all his wives. He was talking broken English all the time. "Me heap" this and "me heap" that. All that kind of stuff. And he was good at it too. He could imitate any kind of foreigner. One thing he always used to do if he was any place in a restaurant or office or anything like that and a foreigner come in, right away George'd start talking just like him.

SO THERE he was telling everybody about these women being his wives and how he was going to sell 'em off one by one to the highest bidder. So he starts in asking how much he's bid and all that, and the gang helped him out. You know—we started bidding a dime, fifteen cents, stuff like that, and then George'd tell us about the good points of the woman he was supposed to be selling off. Then somebody bid two bits. You know. We was all a little bit stewed, I guess.

Anyhow, while we was there kidding like that, a train come in from Los Angeles going East, and some people got off and started walking up and down like you do there in Albuquerque, and one of the fellows that got off was this fellow, the picture actor, Art Cary. Well, you know how he is. Big, tall fellow. Anybody who'd ever seen him could tell you who he is just by looking at him. So when he started walking up and down, all them people that'd been standing around watching George kid them squaws left and beat it over to watch this fellow Cary walking up and down. You know how people are about actors. So they got around him and started giving him things to sign. You know. Get his name on 'em. Well, George—you see there wasn't anybody watching him any more, so he looked around to see what happened—and he seen everybody standing around this fellow Cary.

So he kind of grinned and made his way right for him. Elbowed his way through people that was standing around, you know, kind of shy and tongue-tied and all that just 'cause that fellow was an actor. But George, he elbowed his way right through and come up to him and says:

"Well, young fellow," he says, "what are you selling?" he says. "Brass gold rings or window glass diamonds, or what? Whatever it is, you seem to be doing a pretty good job," he says. "Let me see your stock."

He was making out, you see, that he thought this fellow Cary was selling something, the way he had all these people around him. Well, this fellow Cary looks at him like he's going to give him the high hat. What a chance he'd've had to do that to George! But when he seen him, he grins all over and puts out his hand and says:

"Well," he says, "hello, J. P. What are you doing around here?"

"Doing the best I know how, Mr. Q. K." George come right back at him. "And how you doing, Mr. M. X.? And how are all the little A. F.'s? And how's Mrs. O. Z. feeling these days?"

Well, this fellow Cary looks at him again and then he quit smiling.

"Oh," he says, "I thought you were J. P. Shagreen. I'm sorry."

"I'm not," George comes right back at him. "I don't know who J. P. Shagreen is, but I'd rather be me than him, because I know who I am, and," he says, "I wouldn't want to be walking around here all alone in a strange town looking for somebody who knew me to introduce me to myself, would I?"

This fellow Cary didn't have nothing to say to that. He just turned around and walked off.

So George stood and looked at this fellow Cary walking away, and he didn't know quite what to make of it. He said to me:

"What's he trying to do? Kid me? What does he mean—J. P. Shagreen?"

Another fellow standing on the platform near us says, "No, he wasn't trying to kid you," he says. "You're a dead ringer for Shagreen," he says. "I was just coming over to speak to you myself," he said.

"Shagreen," George says. "What is it? A new mouth wash or something?"

George could certainly think 'em up! So then this fellow tells us about J. P. Shagreen. The way he tells it this Shagreen fellow is one of these picture magnates. Not an actor or anything, you know, but the head guy. He owned the firm that made 'em or he was general manager. I don't know. Something like that. Anyway, the way this fellow tells it, he's a big shot, and he says George is a dead ringer for him.

"Is that so?" George says. "Well," he says, "this fellow Shagreen is a mighty good-looking man."

"Yeh," the fellow says, "he is. But he's a gentleman."

HE WALKED off then and they was calling all aboard for our train, so George and the rest of us got back into our cars. George didn't say much for a while. He seemed to be kind of thinking about something. After a while he turned around to me and he says:

"Say," he says, "what did that guy mean by 'he's a gentleman'?"

"I don't know," I says. "I wasn't paying no attention much. Why?"

"Well," George says, "I was just thinking. If I thought he meant something, I'd've cracked back at him. Do you suppose he did?" he says.

"What?" I says.

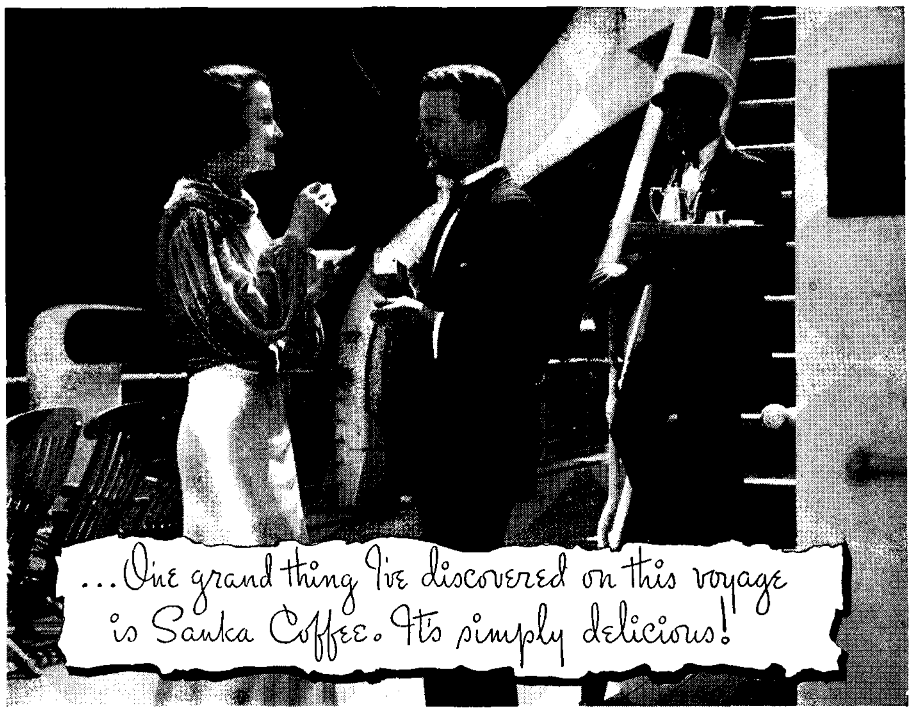
"Mean something," he says.

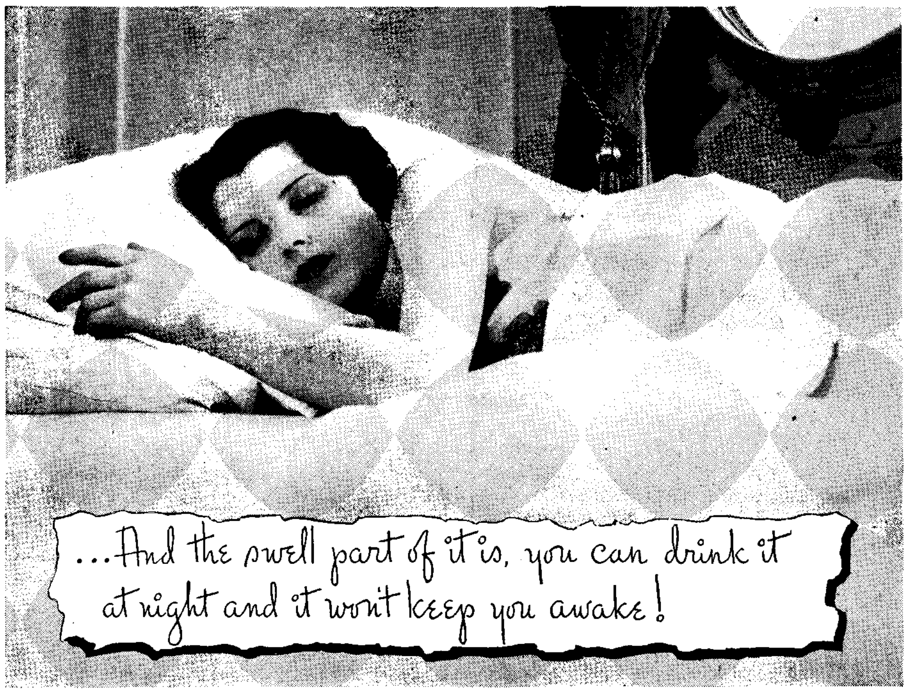
I told him no, I didn't think he meant anything. But George was worried. He never liked to have anybody put it over on him. But nothing could keep him down for long.

So he quit worrying about it and

(Continued on page 40)

Here was something to write home about!


...One grand thing I've discovered on this voyage is Sanka Coffee. It's simply delicious!


...And the swell part of it is, you can drink it at night and it won't keep you awake!

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For Sanka is a coffee that will thrill your taste—and yet 97% of the caffein is removed from it. And it's the caffein in coffee which so often plays havoc with sleep, nerves and digestion.

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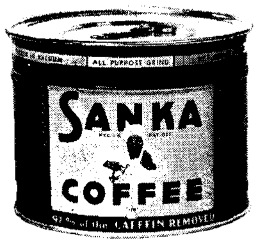
Drink your first cup of Sanka Coffee at night. You'll praise its goodness with the very first sip...next morning you'll praise the considerate way it has allowed you to sleep.

Your grocer sells Sanka Coffee in vacuum-sealed cans with a money-back guarantee of satisfaction. It is a product of General Foods.

How to make the world's best cup of coffee

One big secret in making Sanka Coffee or any other fine coffee is to make it strong enough. For each cup take a heaping tablespoonful of Sanka Coffee. If you percolate it, give it just a few extra minutes on the fire. And Sanka Coffee, even when made black as night, will let you sleep.



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Gives your muscles a rest!

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Johnson's Auto Cleaner is a liquid, goes on easily and look what it does! It *dries to a white powder* that you whisk off with a cloth. Off comes all the grime, road film and dullness—without a scratch. Your car is as beautiful as when it "rolled off the line." The finish gleams like new.

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TUNE IN "House by the Road" Sunday Afternoons—NBC Coast to Coast

AT YOUR DEALER'S—OR SEND COUPON

● S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Dept. CL-9, Racine, Wisconsin.
Please send me generous trial can of both Johnson's Auto Cleaner and Johnson's Auto Wax. I enclose 20c to cover postage and packing charges.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ____________ State ____________
Dealer's Name ____________________

Automobile Cleaner
JOHNSON'S
Special Automobile Wax

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(*Continued from page* 39)

started in kidding about how he looked like this fellow Shagreen, the picture magnate, and then he got to talking about Hollywood. He hadn't ever been in Hollywood exactly, but he knew all about actors and actresses. Why, say, I was up to Chicago once with him and we went to a night club. You should've seen him. Say, he had them chorus girls fit to be tied. He even got up and led the orchestra. And one time when the fellow—what do you call him?—master of ceremonies—came out, George went out there on the floor and took his place. And, believe me, he was funnier than the other fellow, too. And then when the girls come out and done their dance and then went back where they dressed, George, he started dancing, too, and he went right back in there with 'em.

NOW don't get the idea from this that George was what you would call immoral. It wasn't that at all. He just had things figured out in a common-sense way, that was all. The way he had it figured, he wouldn't never monkey around with a friend's wife or daughter or sister or anybody like that. He was mighty strict that way. I remember he used to say to me:

"I wouldn't do anybody a dirty trick," he used to say, "but what's the sense of being a sucker?"

So, anyhow, we got out to Los Angeles, and we was busy for a couple of days going to meetings, seeing people and all like that, you know, like you do at conventions. And then one afternoon late George give me kind of a wink when we was talking about where we was going to have supper that night and all we was going to do, and he said:

"How'd you like to come along with me and give Hollywood a treat?"

Well, you know me. I'm game for anything any time. And then, of course, I knew what George had in mind 'cause he'd talked about it on the train. So I went and got myself kind of dolled up. Got a shave and a shampoo and put on a new pair of sport shoes I brought along, and away we went.

Ever been in Hollywood? I thought not. Well, it's the bunk! Oh, it's all right. Kind of a clean little town and well lit, I'll say that for it. But you know what I mean. All these things you hear about it. It's the bunk. Why, we got places in Centralia that's hotter than anything they got out there. You know I ain't saying there's plenty that don't go on back of closed doors. Oh, no! Like George told me after we'd been around a couple, three places and hadn't had any luck, he says:

"You know what the trouble is, don't you?" he says. "All these stars and everybody is all so scared of the newspapers and the stories that get printed about 'em that they do all their cutting up in private. The hypocrites!"

That was one thing I liked about George. He hated hypocrites. Yes, sir! The last place we was, was a place with booths all around the walls and tables in the center. We was just sitting in there having a glass of beer and looking around and wondering where we'd go after to have some kind of fun, and a fellow stopped and he says to George:

"Why, hello, Mr. Shagreen! How do you do!"

"Pretty much as I please," George come back at him. "How do you do it?"

Well, you should've heard this fellow laugh. I don't know who he was, but he had a sense of humor all right, I'll say that for him.

"Say," he says when he got done laughing, "say, Mr. Shagreen," he says, "I been trying to get in to see you for a couple of weeks now," he says. "They tell me you're looking for a story for Hilda Johnson."

"All right," says George, solemn as an owl, "then I'm looking for a story for Hilda Johnson. So what?"

"Well, listen," the fellow says, leaning over, "I got an idea for her that's a natural. What do you say? Could I see you some time?"

"I don't know," George said. "How's your eyesight?"

Well, this guy bust right out and laughed again. He sure had a sense of humor all right!

"How about tomorrow morning?" he says when he got done laughing.

"Okay," George says.

"About ten o'clock?" the fellow says.

"Okay," George says.

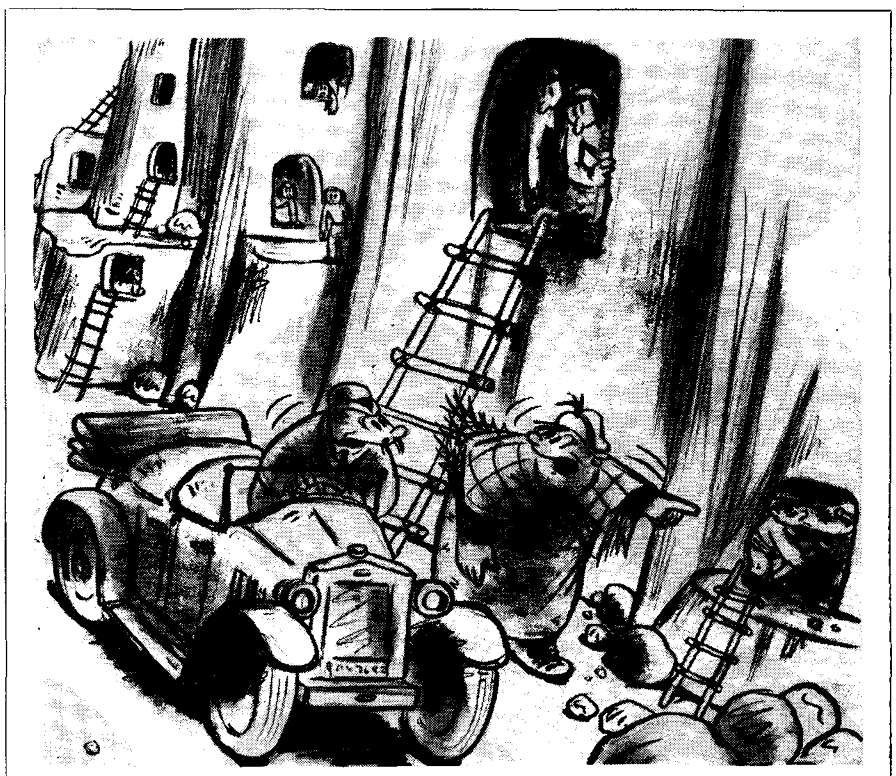
"At your office?" the fellow says.

"Okay," George says.

"Oh, say, Mr. Shagreen, that's swell," the fellow says.

He goes hustling on out and George sits and looks after him, grinning.

"Can you imagine," he says to me in a low voice, "what'll happen tomorrow morning when this fellow goes to that



"Philbert wants us to drive on—he's turned native!" FRANK OWEN guy Shagreen's office thinking he's got a date with him. Boy, oh, boy, I'd like to be there to see that!"

I took notice that when the fellow stopped by our booth and called George Mr. Shagreen, some of the people that was in there eating and having a glass of beer or something, they started looking over our way and whispering to each other and all like that. So I says to George, I says:

"Listen, George," I says, "this fellow Shagreen that seems to look so much like you, he's a pretty big shot out here in Hollywood. Everybody that sees you thinks you're him. Maybe if you'd go on pretending to be him, we could work a laugh out of it or something. I notice," I says, "all these people is giving us the eye since that fellow called you Shagreen."

"Say," George says, "you know, that ain't a bad idea, Eddie."

I could see a funny kind of a look come in his eyes. Boy! Did I know that look! Whenever that kind of a look come in George's eyes, look out! He was off to the races.

"Now wait a minute," he says. "Let's see how we can work this."

WELL, he sat there studying for a minute, thinking hard with that funny look in his eyes, and I was looking around watching the other people in the place, and I seen a girl get up and start over toward us.

She was kind of a nice-looking kid. About eighteen, nineteen—somewhere in there. Only she looked kind of sick. Not sick maybe, but more scared. She came up to our table and she stood there a minute. Finally she got some words out.

"Mr. Shagreen," she says to George, "could I speak to you for a minute?"

Well, of course, that was right where George lived.

"Why, certainly," he says, getting up and moving the table so she could get in and sit down. "Yes, indeed. This," he says, pointing at me, "this is my confidential adviser," he says. "I never tell anybody his name 'cause I want to keep him a secret. And now," he says when the girl had sat down between us, "what can I do for you, my dear?"

Well, this girl looked at him and she tried to talk and her face all puckered up and she begun to cry.

"Now, now, now," George says, patting her shoulder and then taking one of her hands and patting it, "just tell me what it's all about."

Then he looked over and give me the wink. Boy, I seen that look in his eyes, and I knew he was off to the races! Yes, sir! He was off and gone!

Well, this girl—she was a real pretty kid, too, prettier than I thought when I first seen her—she cried a lot more, then she wiped her eyes and started in telling George how she was an actress and how she come out to Hollywood to get a job and didn't know nobody and all like that. Her name was Ruth Blaine and the way she said it, she wasn't a motion-picture actress. Just a stage actress. The way I got it, she'd worked quite a lot, but hadn't never amounted to much, so she come out to Hollywood to get started in the pictures. Well, she went on telling us how she couldn't get in to see nobody and how this had been going on for months and she was pretty near busted and all like that.

And she says, "Oh, Mr. Shagreen," she says, "if you would only just give me a chance—any kind of a chance," she says. "If I don't make good a hundred per cent on my first chance," she says, "then I'm willing to quit," she says. "But I know I can make good," she says. "After all I've tried, it just don't seem like I can quit without ever having any chance at all."

It was real pitiful the way she said it. You know, I don't know much about actresses and how they do and all, and she had me going. But George caught my eye when she wasn't looking, and give me the wink, and right away I knew he was wise to what was going on. But he didn't let on to her he was wise. No, indeedie. Why, you know, it almost made me cry the way he talked to her. It was so kind. He told her how he was glad she come over and spoke to him 'cause he'd been sitting and watching her and he was wanting to go over and ask her if she'd ever done any acting on the screen 'cause he said she was just the type.

"Oh, Mr. Shagreen," she says. "Do you really think so?"

Then she bust out crying again. She certainly could put it on good. Even after George give me the wink I had to keep remembering that she was an actress to keep her from fooling me all over again. But you'd've died to see the way George got around her. Um-um! He tells her how he wants to talk to her some more right away, and then he says how he's got a place down at the Essex Hotel under the name of George Wagstaff. He says he's got this place under that name for an extra private office 'cause everybody knows him so well and they're always wanting to get in to see him and all, so he has to have a place like that where he can go to when he wants to work without getting bothered.

So he says, "We'll go down there right now and have a good long talk, and then," he says, "you can do some acting for me and if you can do as good as I think you can, why it's in the bag," he tells her. "I'll start you going right away," he says.

Well, sir, the way this girl looked at George when he said that you'd think he was her father and her brother and sweetheart all rolled into one. She was trembling all over.

"Mr. Shagreen," she says, "this is just too wonderful to be true! I can't believe I'm awake!"

So George got the waiter over and paid the check and we went out and got into a taxicab and went down to the hotel. Then we went up to the room and sat there and had a drink. She didn't want to have a drink at first. She said if she was going to do any acting for him, it might kind of throw her off. But George told her it'd just loosen her up.

SO WE all had a drink and then she done a little acting for us. Something from some kind of a play she'd done one time some place. It was pretty good, too, and George says to her, he says, "Young lady, you got it. There's no question about it. I've seen enough," he says. "Your troubles are all over," he says. "I predict that within one year you'll be the biggest star in pictures, and when J. P. Shagreen predicts anything that's the way it comes out."

Well, sir, that girl stood there and looked at him and then she just crumpled up. Fainted, I guess. Pretended to, anyhow. Scared me.

"Say," I says to George, "hadn't we better get a doctor?"

"Don't be a sap all your life," George says to me. "She's only pretending. Go on now—beat it," he said.

So I started to go and then somebody knocked on the door.

"See who it is," George says, "but don't let anybody in."

So I started for the door and opened it just a crack and started to say, "Who is it?" or something, and somebody give the door a shove. I wasn't looking for anything like that. It knocked me back. And in come three

(Continued on page 42)

"I WAS SURPRISED TO FIND

I could plan to retire at 60 on

$200 A MONTH

INCOME"

"I'M QUITTING WORK when I'm 60," said a certain man talking about his plans for the future.

"And I'll get paid $200 every month for the rest of my life. Surprisingly enough, it's nearly *double* the income I thought I would have."

"What do you mean—*double* the income?" asked his friend.

"I'll explain," said the other, "I found that by ordinary savings plans or investments I couldn't expect more than $100 a month interest, and I'd have to keep on working for a living at 60. Instead, by buying myself an annuity, I get nearly twice as much money each month *for life*.

"I don't have to hoard and save my principal to make it last indefinitely. I'm spending it as I go along. And even if I live to be 100 I'll *still* have money—twice as much of it in my pocket every month. No danger of using it up. I won't ever be a drag on *my* children."

"How can you do it on your salary?"

"Easily. I'm buying a Retirement Income on the installment plan. I'm spreading my monthly payments over so many years that the installments are comparatively small. It's the easiest way that I know to save.

"What's more, if I should drop out of the picture before I'm 60, I have it fixed so my wife will get a regular monthly income for the rest of her life."

"That sounds good," said the other, "How much would such a Retirement Income cost me?"

"That depends on how old you are, when you want to retire, and how much income you want.

"Why don't you write for the book I sent for? It's called 'The Phoenix Mutual Retirement Income Plan.' They'll send you a copy free. It tells how the plan works."

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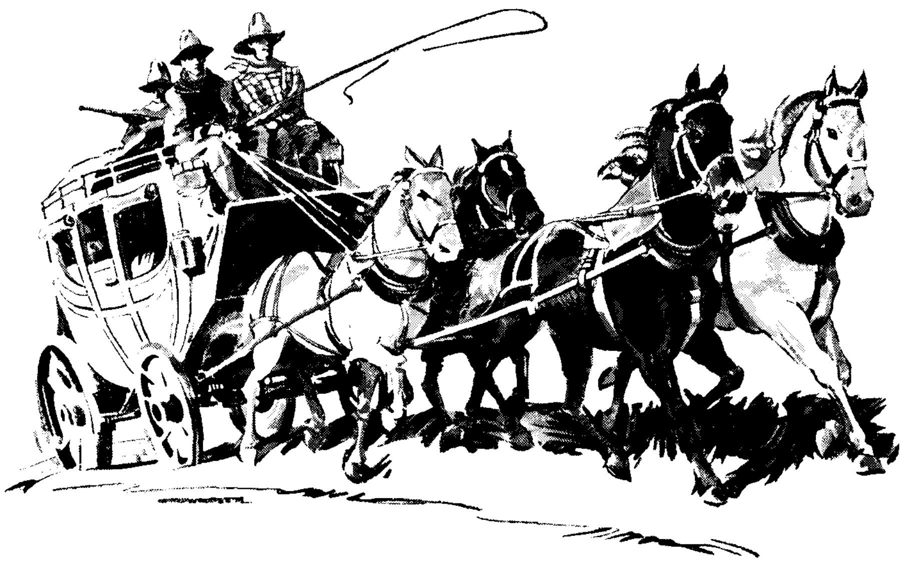
No battery trouble in those days



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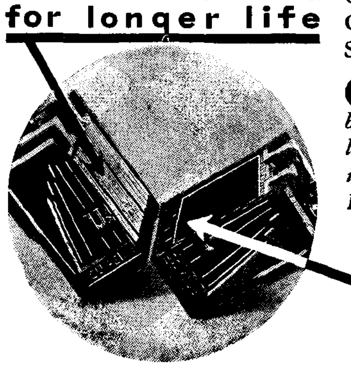


ACTIVITE
for greater power

USL BATTERIES
BUILT TO LAST WITH POWER TO SPARE

(Continued from page 41)

fellows. Well, sir, you could've knocked me down with a feather 'cause the first fellow that come in was George Wagstaff, and I knew George Wagstaff was standing behind me, so I looked behind me, and there he was. So I looked over toward the door, and there he was again. Who it was, of course, was this fellow J. P. Shagreen himself. Only, honest, you never seen two fellows look so much alike. And was this Shagreen sore! Whee! He looked at George and he says:

"So," he says, "you're the rat that's going around town using my name, eh? Okay, boys, let him have it!"

Well, these two fellows that was with Shagreen, they took a sock at George and then one of 'em come over and took a sock at me. And, oh, baby, could them fellows sock! They like to killed us, me and George both!

I DIDN'T know what to make out of it for a while, but this fellow Shagreen come over to the hospital to see me the next day, and he told me how it come about. Seems like while George was doing all that talking there in the booth to this girl, there was a fellow sitting in the next booth, one of these directors, that this fellow Shagreen had fired one time, and George had him fooled. He really thought George was Shagreen, and he heard what George said, you see, and he thought he'd get even with Shagreen and he went out and called up Shagreen's wife and told her about it—how he took this girl down to the hotel and he was staying there under the name of George Wagstaff and all like that. Only the trouble was, you see, this fellow Shagreen, he just happened to be home that night, and he was sitting there playing backgammon with his wife, so she told him what the fellow said on the phone and right away he suspicioned something. So he got them two men to back him up and come chasing right on down to the hotel.

I didn't care so much about myself, but they went too far with George. They knocked out nearly all his teeth and busted three of his ribs and he pretty near had a fractured skull besides. You know, they went at it so fast we didn't have a chance to explain anything to 'em. And then, after we come to in the hospital, Shagreen's lawyer was over and talked to us, and he showed us how it would look bad if we said anything much. You know, you can't explain them things.

And what made it worse was, George couldn't get well soon enough to get out of the hospital and go home with the gang. His father-in-law came out to see what the trouble was. You didn't know George's father-in-law, did you? No, I thought not. Well, he was the sheriff back home there for years. And while he was the sheriff he shot a lot of bank robbers and one thing and another, and he kind of got in the habit of shooting people. He'd just as leave shoot you as look at you. So he come on out and, I don't know, somehow he got tangled up with this fellow Shagreen and Shagreen made it look awful bad for George. I tried to explain to the old man that George was just kidding, but he wouldn't listen. Punched me right in the nose. Told me if I didn't keep my face shut he'd shoot me full of holes, and then he went and had a talk with George.

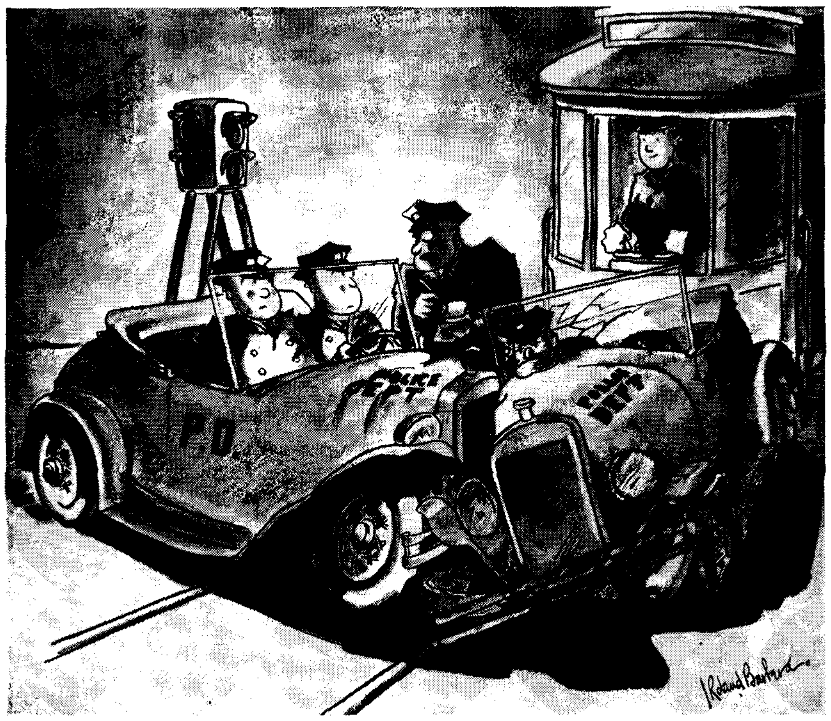
Well, it's pitiful! Honest! That poor fellow can't even call his soul his own any more. He don't dare go out nights any more or go on trips or anything. All he does is go to work and sit home with his wife, 'cause the old man told him that if he even heard of him so much as cutting up just a little bit, he'd shoot him full of holes. And he'd do it, too. He's a mean old codger!

And the worst of it all was this fellow Shagreen, he went right ahead anyhow and hired this Ruth Blaine girl that we got into all the trouble about, and she's still out there working for him. She ain't a big star or anything like that, but she's still working for him and doing pretty good. Like George says, he says:

"It was me got her the chance, wasn't it? She never would've met Shagreen if it hadn't been for me. And what do I get out of it?" he says. "Nothing! Absolutely nothing!"

He says, though, that's the way actresses does. Do anything to get ahead and then turn right around and forget the ones that helped 'em in their rise. He says there ain't an ounce of gratitude in the whole lot of 'em.

So that's why George didn't get away for the convention this year. And do we miss him! Say, the trip ain't the same without George. I wish you'd've known him when he was himself and going good. You'd love the guy.



"So you didn't see the light change!" J. ROLAND BARBERA

Woman in Love

Continued from page 24

abroad in the autumn of the year we graduated and I said perhaps my mother would let me go abroad too. I never knew what the apartment at 'The Valhalla' was like, nor what Lance and Mother and Coral were like. It seems to me even now that I did my best—or had some vague idea of doing my best. But somehow everything went wrong. I was always weak when I should have been strong and strong when I should have been weak."

"No; I don't think most lives are like ours, but that only makes 'em more interesting," George said stanchly.

"Interesting! . . ."

They turned a corner, crossed a street and were mounting imposing steps.

"Here we are!" George said hearteningly.

MAYNE saw them at once and got up from his chair. The room was large and dreary; four or five newspapermen were idling about. Tamara and George went up to Mayne, and Tamara put her hand in his.

"Hello, Mayne," she said, almost inaudibly. They had not spoken to each other since that dreadful Sunday in Sacramento more than eight years ago.

"Hello," he said quickly, taking their hands in both of his in turn. He addressed the nearest guard. "I'd like to talk to these folks," he said. "I suppose I could see them alone?"

"You can't see anyone alone," the policeman said indifferently.

"You know who I am?" George said.

"Sure I know you, Mr. Davis, and of course I'd do anything I could," the man answered respectfully. "But we have our orders. We turn Mr. Mallory over to the warden at San Quentin tomorrow and after that we have no more to say. But orders were quite particular, sir."

"Mrs. Davis used to know Mr. Mallory years ago," George said. "And—you'll remember?—I defended him in his first trial."

"I know you did, sir. We were talking of that today. You folks," the man added hesitatingly, "could sit here in the corner for a few minutes if you liked. You haven't got anything you want to give him?" he added, turning to Tamara.

"Oh, nothing—nothing!" she said, shocked, spreading bare hands. And she handed the officer her purse. She and George sat down at an end of the table, and Mayne came to take a chair that made their group somewhat apart from the room.

"It surely is a long time since you and I have talked together, Tamara," Mayne said. And remembering what he had been, she found something heartbreaking in this hint of the old gallantry and ease.

"Oh, a long time!" Tamara agreed, her face colorless.

"You look just as good as you ever did. You played in stock for a long time, didn't you?" Mayne went on.

"Yes, I—yes, I did!" Tamara agreed, in a light, fluttered voice. Mayne looked heavily at George.

"I am surely in a mean jam, Mr. Davis," he said.

"So I saw," George said. "I made what was an honest case for you and I'm surprised that Willoughby didn't follow the same lines. He's a good man; he was a great man in his day, but he takes an old-fashioned position sometimes."

"If you hadn't run for office, Mr. Davis," Mayne said, "I'd be a free man tonight."

"Oh, I don't think you can say that. We might have put up a better show," George said. "It's too bad. You'll appeal, of course."

"He said so," Mayne answered indifferently. "But I think our best bet is the governor."

Tamara turned anxious eyes from one man's face to the other. If only they were out of this—if only they were out of this—

"He's a pretty hard man," George said doubtfully.

"Rose? Yep, he's a hard man," Mayne conceded. "And that's why we want Tamara to get at him."

The old stupid, easy arrogance, the detestable plural, the significance of the glances he occasionally sent toward her, as one who had a secret understanding with him, all chilled Tamara's heart with a deadly chill. She tried to manage a sickly smile in answer to his own smile.

"I don't know the governor," she said.

"That doesn't make any difference," Mayne assured her. "You get in touch with him, see? You tell him why you want him to let me off, see?"

"I'm sure Tamara would be quite willing to write to him or see him," George said, in a tone he held quiet. Tamara could not speak.

"Look, I never touched Florice!" Mayne said.

"No. So you said. No, I think the next move could very well be an appeal to the governor," George agreed briefly. He looked at Tamara, whose expression of reluctance and sickness and bitter endurance betrayed the misery she was in, and he put a hand over her hand. "That will be quite simple, Tam," he said, "and not more than anyone would do for an old friend."

"If you want to put it that way!" Mayne said with a touch of significance.

"You know I will do all I can for you, Mayne," Tamara said for herself in a rather faint voice, but quickly. "George *did* do all he could—"

"But George ran for the office of district attorney right in the middle of my trial!" Mayne said dryly. Tamara eyed him indignantly.

"THERE was a lot back of that, Mallory," George said, in a pleasant, easy tone. But Tamara knew that he was all steel inside. "The Martell outfit has had it in for Mullins for a long time; they've been after his outfit for years. When they got a chance they had to take it."

Mayne was regarding him gloomily.

"I'm in a hell of a hole," he said.

"Yes, you're in a bad fix!" George agreed. "And Tamara and I are going to do what we can to get you out of it. I because I was your attorney in the first trial, and Tam because she used to know you years ago. We ought to wait a few days to see how the question of an appeal shows up—"

"Maybe you don't know just exactly what good friends Tam and I used to be," Mayne said, with his old trick of narrowing his eyes on a faintly superior smile. "This is a damn' important thing to me, Davis, and I'm not going to mince words with you. Your wife wrote me a letter a few years ago; I've got it—we don't need any of that 'old friend' talk. What she's got to tell the governor is that she and I were sweethearts a long time ago. She got her husband to defend me because she still remembers—that's the line! No woman ever gets away from her first love; everyone knows that. What do I care what he thinks as long as he signs a pardon?"

(Continued on page 44)

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Facts not known about any other foods disclosed by 3½-year study of 341 children aged 10 to 17

Fresh orange and lemon juice twice daily for a year, improved the growth rate of these children.

Given liberal quantities of fresh orange and lemon juice, less than half the number of children developed new cavities.

DENTAL TROUBLES *can be greatly reduced through diet,* according to discoveries made by scientists under the direction of Dr. Milton T. Hanke, while a member of The Sprague Memorial Institute at the University of Chicago.

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(Continued from page 43)

Tamara was very white. She spoke simply.

"You don't think for one moment that George doesn't know all you know of me, and more," she said. "I'm not quite such a fool as that."

Mayne looked from one to the other suspiciously, moodily.

"Well, maybe he does," he said. "And maybe he'd like to look at that."

From his pocket he took a folded sheet of pale blue paper; Tam remembered the paper. It was part of a beautiful boxful that she had bought at the Emporium when first she had known the irresistible Mayne, when he had gone back to Los Angeles to be in one more picture, and she had spent happy hours writing him long letters.

This was not a long letter; it was but a dozen lines. She knew them all. George glanced at it, leaned toward his wife: "Here; you'll want that back again," he said.

"You aren't going to go away with it, just the same," Mayne said. "But even if you did, I've witnesses—the old crowd that knew what was going on isn't all dead. You'll not open that up, I don't think."

"BLACKMAIL," George said quietly.

"Call it what you like!" the other man said insolently. "I'm in a tight corner, and you've got to get me out! I've never told anyone a word of this; I've never mentioned Tamara Todhunter to anyone. But you threw me down; you ran for district attorney partly to get out of this, and I could make it hot for you, Davis. I could tell Mullins' gang that you defended me to protect your wife. You would have done anything to keep her out of it!"

"I don't suppose you can understand that, can you, Mallory?" George said in a quiet voice.

"I can understand—don't you worry about me understanding," Mayne muttered. "I'm not bothered about what you think of me, or Tam either. Willoughby told me all along we'd get a verdict of 'not guilty,' and then he shows up this morning drunk, saying, 'It begins to look bad; it begins to look bad!'"

"Lots of men have got off later along than this," George said. "You talk it over with Willoughby, and if you think it the wisest thing Tam will certainly write to the governor, or see him—"

"Write to him, hell," Mayne said. "You've got to play this up big. Her old love returns—she will fight for his life—"

"I think I would rather have you do anything you can do, Mayne, rather than do that," Tamara said with sudden spirit, as he paused with a generous spreading gesture of his hands. Mayne dropped his arms, looking at her suspiciously.

"How d'you mean you'd rather have me do anything I could? You aren't going to have much reputation left anyway when I get through! You and Davis think that you can make a little gesture of helping me, and 'regret' this, and 'wish' that! I tell you it's my life. I'm not going to walk to the gallows any sooner than you would. That'd close the door, wouldn't it? That'd shut up what I know about you once and for all? Yes; well, it's not going to be as easy as that. I've got my side of it too."

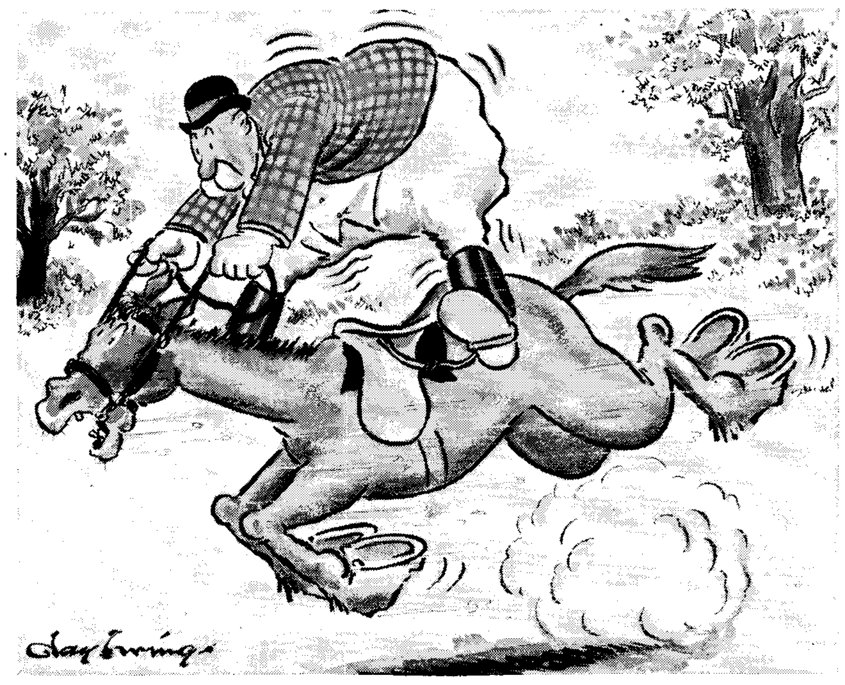
"Don't talk like a fool, Mallory; you're only wasting breath," George said, rising. "I've told you Tamara and I'll do what we can for you; you'll be much more sensible to keep your personal affairs under your hat. By spreading any stories about here you'll only hurt yourself. San Francisco loves her; it doesn't care what she did or didn't do eight years ago. We're not living in the Middle Ages."

"No, we're not living in the Middle Ages," Mayne growled. "But just the same a story that she once loved me and is willing to sacrifice anything—everything to save her old sweetheart would go over just as big as ever! And that's what I want her to do."

"Nonsense!" George said sharply. "That's sheer newspaper hokum."

"It may be newspaper hokum, but what do I care if it gets me off?" Mayne demanded. "Tam goes to see the governor, cries, gets her picture taken with him—all that sort of thing—"

"Why, I think you are crazy," George drawled, as the other man paused. "I took your case because my firm committed me to it. I was away in the Sierras on my honeymoon when they first got interested in it. Old Martell told me when I got back that we couldn't very well get out of it. As for anything you can say of my wife—why, go ahead and say it! I think that I'll keep this for a while," George added, folding the blue paper small and putting it into his breast pocket, "to be returned to you if the right occasion arises. And I congratulate you upon



"Bump te bump! Bump te bump! Bump te bump! Gad! I wish I could remember those words. . . ."

JAY IRVING

the generosity that preserved it all these years! Come on, Tamara," George ended, white lines showing at his jaw. "I think we've said everything there is to say!"

"Not so fast," Mayne said, rising too. "You—you can't get away with it! You think you can write a nice letter to the governor and be sorry when they hang me! You'll hand me that back before you leave this room, or tomorrow morning the papers'll have the whole story. I'll claim another re-trial on the ground that you and your husband wanted to get rid of me."

"You'll not get it," George said.

"Maybe I will and maybe I won't." They were all three standing now, and the watchful guard some dozen feet away moved a pace nearer. "Anyway," said Mayne, "I'll be photoed kissing my daughter goodby."

THERE was a silence. Tamara sat down again.

"Yes, sit down," Mayne said. "Sit down, Davis," he urged the other man hospitably. "That makes a difference, doesn't it? Why, you folks didn't know I knew about my little girl, did you? Sure I knew. Nobody ever knew I knew, but eight years ago I was sick in a hospital with a cut foot. I ran a rusty nail into my foot playing tennis eight years ago, and the nurse I had talked to me—she's dead now—she was an old woman then. She didn't tell me any names, only that she'd had theatrical people before; she'd taken care of a little actress that was having a baby a few months before! Somehow I tied it all up. I'd bring in Tam's name and watch her; I'd lay traps, and she fell into 'em all. She talked about Belmont; she'd been up in Belmont for a year. She'd had a sick mother to take care of, so she could only take cases near home.

"It wasn't very hard for me to put two and two together, and one day when I had to come up to the city anyway I went to Belmont. The rest was easy: the man at the gas-station identified Tam, and I went up your road and walked into the Huttons' garden. The old lady was there, digging plants, and the kid with her."

Tamara and George, seated again, only regarded him in silence.

"If you feel that way about it," Tamara presently said, in a dead voice, "then there's nothing more to say. Mary is with George's mother in Europe; you couldn't see her anyway. But I suppose you could hurt her—scar her?"

"It isn't how I feel about it," Mayne said, triumphant, truculent. "It's that I've got to get *out*. I'm making a picture after Christmas. I'm sick of this whole damn' mess. First Davis is going to get me out and then he throws me down, and then Willoughby is going to get me out. 'Sure,' he said, 'you'll walk out of that court as free as I am' —and now look at me! I don't want to hurt you or the kid either; you've both fallen on your feet and I'm glad of it. Go to it! But if you think you can walk away now, and let me see the thing through alone, why, you're mistaken! An appeal to public sympathy might swing the trick yet: 'Early love affair of Tamara Todhunter revealed.' 'Mother instinct urges her to fight for life of child's father.' It's hokum, but believe me hokum gets you a good long way," Mayne finished, sweat standing on his pallid forehead and his voice trembling.

"You want me to see the governor?" Tam asked after a silence in which she had not moved her eyes from him. "Let me do that first. I'll talk him over—I'll get something, reprieve or re-trial or pardon—*something.*" She stood up, lovelier, George thought, with a wrench at his heart, than he had ever seen her before—her eyes dark, her mouth scarlet in her pale face.

"Well, remember time counts," Mayne said ungraciously. The three were all standing again, and he tapped George's arm. "Perhaps you'll hand me back that letter," he said.

"I think I'll hold that," George answered. "I represented you once; there's no reason why you shouldn't hand me an important document now. You'll get it back, don't worry, but I'm going to keep it now."

"Oh, no you're not!" Mayne said, very low.

"Mayne," Tamara began quickly, close to him, looking up at his height, "can't you be generous? You weren't generous to me eight years ago; I've forgotten all that. But can't you believe now that we will help you all we can, but that it would be cruel—cruel to connect a child's name with any story like this? She's old enough to understand something of it all now. I never hurt you, for God's sake don't hurt her! We—we were wrong years ago. I've paid for it ever since—you haven't, until now."

"How d'you mean wrong? How d'you mean I'm paying now? What had that to do with Florice Fanette?"

"Nothing, perhaps," Tam said soothingly, quickly, with her anxious, conscientious frown. "But—but we all pay sooner or later, Mayne. Perhaps any man who—who doesn't play fair with a woman has to pay—some time."

"And I didn't play fair with you, is that it?" Mayne said, a dull, ugly red creeping up under his unhealthy-looking skin.

"Ah, well, it's too late for that," Tam answered hastily, wearily. "It's too late for us. But it's not too late to spare George any share in this—and he did fight for you—and it's not too late to spare Mary! She's such—such a nice little thing. It wouldn't be fair to hurt her!"

"Well, then, you get busy with the governor and turn on the waterworks!" Mayne said, and Tam saw George's hand hanging at his side stiffen and clench until the knuckles showed white. "You talk now as if I'd done something—I was the one to blame!" Mayne went on. "What makes you think I don't know it's always the woman—they never are to blame, oh, no!—but you bet your life they know what they want—"

Words, quiet, swift, incredible, poured from him. Tamara stood looking at him, panting a little, the fingers of one hand lightly touching her cheek.

"Oh, no, no, no! I was never like that!" she said in a whisper.

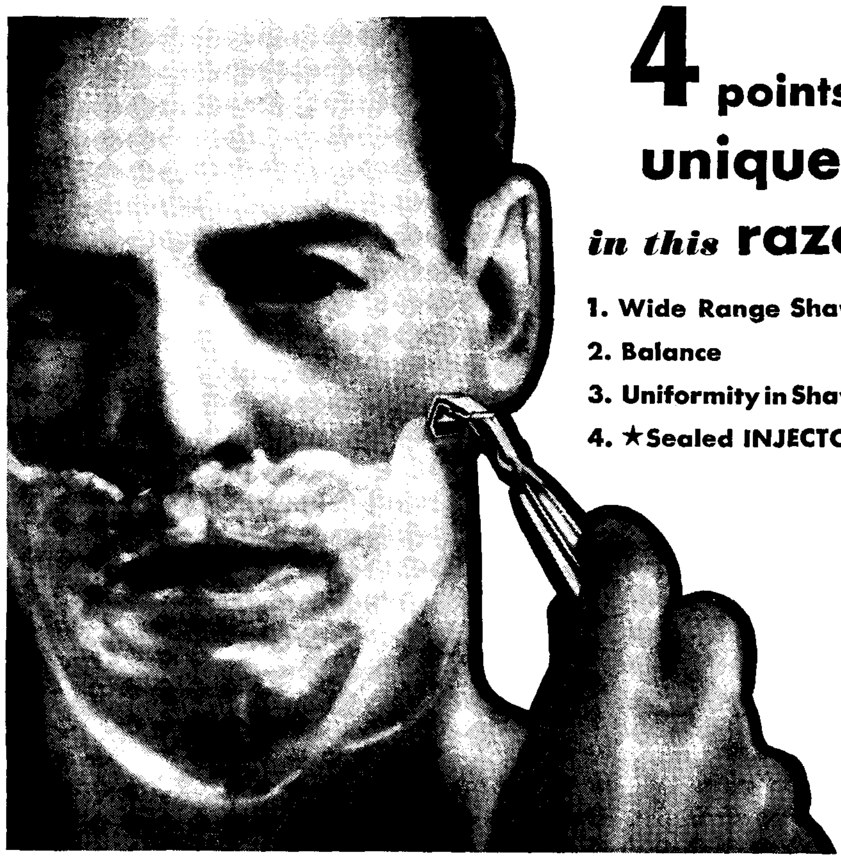
"YOU can shut up, Mallory!" George said, not raising his voice. But the hand moved, and the clenched knuckles connected with Mayne's jaw. George had one arm about Tamara as the big figure went down heavily like a log, Mayne's head striking something with a horrible meaty sound as he fell. "Come on, Tam, let's get out of this!" George said, rushing her through the group that instantly gathered about them in a babel of voices and quick feet. "Just let me get through here, will you?" he demanded in an impatient shout.

"Mr. Davis—" one of the officers said, delaying him. George brushed him aside.

"You know where I am," he said impatiently. "You know where to find me!"

Men were gathered about Mayne, whose great limp body looked boneless and helpless as they raised it from the floor. "He's got him this time all right," someone muttered. Tam was frightened; she clung to George's arm.

(*Continued on page 46*)



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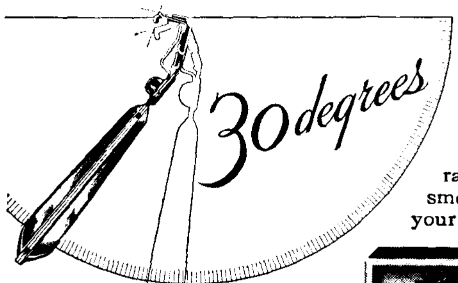

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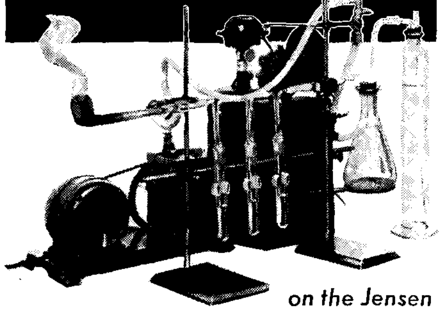

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(Continued from page 45)

"What happened?" the sergeant demanded at the door.

"Nothing. The man is a damn' fool!" George said harshly. He had Tamara quickly out in the dark, wide street.

"It's going to rain," George said, hurrying Tamara to the corner, cutting across the wide space before the park.

"George, what happened?" Tamara was still breathless.

"Nothing," said George. "Nobody," he added in a low voice, "can talk to my wife like that!"

Tam, presently sitting opposite him in a little restaurant with a mountain of hot scrambled eggs before her, paused, her face shadowed.

"Mary, George. What if he drags her in?"

"He won't," said George. "I'm going to be district attorney, after all, and I can tip off some of those fellows at the jail, and the press too. I'd be sorry to have to do it, for there's a sort of danger in having a thing like that whispered about, but that doesn't worry me much. And then Mary's a genius, Tam, and things along those lines are changing, anyway. How do you know that in another ten years it'll crush Mary to the earth, make her feel she wants to enter a convent? Mary's a genius; she'll be doing her pictures and running around with her long-haired artist friends. I don't believe it'll crush her!"

"WHEN I'm with you I actually like things to go wrong," Tam said, "as long as we're in them together. You can't think what it means to me just to be with you. I don't care about anyone else! To be going home with you tonight, and to have breakfast with you in the morning, to talk to you—"

She went on with her supper. Presently she said thoughtfully:

"That was all like a bad dream, seeing Mayne again. It was all only a nightmare. I'll not have to see him again, will I?"

"No; you'll never have to see him again," he assured her. "It was a mistake taking you there tonight. But I didn't know what he had up his sleeve, and it seemed better to keep him quiet."

"Speaking of 'up his sleeve,'" Tam exclaimed, with a wide-eyed look of consternation, "what of his letter? You have it!"

"Ah-h-h?" George murmured, with an awakening look. He took the folded blue sheet from his pocket, lighted a match, and watched it crumble to ashes on the plate that already held cigarette ashes. "That's that," he said. "We burn our bridges behind us, Tam. *That'll* never bother you again."

"Now that he knows about Mary it wasn't so important anyway," Tam said. "George," she breathed, putting her elbows on the table and her tired head in her hands, "how fast we live! Up in the mountains—that marvelous night at Granite Basin, for instance, I thought I would never be nervous and worn-out again! But all this has me jumpy; I never know when something is going to leap out at us."

"I think the leaping is over for the moment," George said. "I'll see Mallory again, and maybe you might write to the governor and tell him that for an old friend in the theatrical business you want to ask for a pardon. I don't believe it will do much good, but we might promise him that."

"But as for the old love living on—" Tam began, outraged. And suddenly she was laughing violently, with tears in her eyes. "The old—the old love lives on to such an extent," she stammered, "that I hope they're going to hang him! Oh, George, I do—I hate him. Every misery of my life has come through him, every moment of shame and—and sorrow—and—"

"Quit it, kid, and pull yourself together," George said. "They never permit hysterics in this particular restaurant on Wednesday night. That's the off night. I'm going to have pie—pie *à la mode*. They have a huckleberry pie over there that I feel is going to mean something in my life. Two huckleberry pies *à la mode*," he said to the waiter, "and I think the lady would like a cup of very hot thin green tea."

"No, but I wish I had never met him," Tamara said in a moderate mild voice that started her laughing dangerously again.

"Oh, well, it'll all be over one way or another pretty soon now."

"It never seems to be over! I can't imagine life without this everlasting *pressure*," Tam said. "I'm almost thirty, I've lived half my life anyway, and there's no let-up. Do other women live through this sort of thing?"

"Oh, let's—" George said, with a great, weary gesture of his arms that ended with his elbows on the table and his head in his hands, "let's get in the car tomorrow morning and drive away—away—away from everything and everybody for—well, until Monday. Let's forget everything until Monday! We'll drive—ever been to Yosemite? No? Neither have I. Let's go to Yosemite. There might be snow there now. . . . I'll tell you what we'll do; we'll go down to the little place we saw at Halfmoon Bay and see if the old woman will sell it to us."

"Oh, George!" Tamara said, in ecstasy. "Let's!"

"What time will you start?"

"Now? In an hour?"

"No," George decided, reflecting, "we can't go tonight. We'd be down there about midnight and scare the wits out of the poor old girl. No; but if you'll get up early we can start at about six, and have breakfast down there."

"Oh, George, I would love it so!" Tamara's face was radiant again, and when they presently walked to their home, she was chattering happily enough at his side. Before she would go to bed, wearied though she was, she must pack sweaters and walking shoes in a suitcase; she urged George into telephoning downstairs to the garage to have the car ready for an early start. Immediately afterward George answered another telephone call, was heard to say briefly, "Well, maybe it'll teach him to keep his mouth shut!" to some speaker unidentified. Presently, still listening with a half-annoyed and half-amused expression at the instrument he said, "No, he was blowing his face off about the way I managed his first trial. He got a little too lippy. Well, it'll cool him off!"

When he hung up the telephone Tamara was standing looking at him with a rather frightened face.

"Who was that?"

"Miller—the sergeant that was at the desk, remember, who said his wife was so crazy about you? He says I knocked Mallory out, and they've got him in a hospital."

"Luck for him, too," Tamara said, relieved. "Now they won't be able to take him to prison tomorrow."

"If he'd been knocked down a few times more," George said, "he wouldn't talk so much. I wish I'd punched his teeth in! Miller was laughing about it. He said, 'What got you so hot, Mr. Davis?' I told him—you heard me—that he was ragging me about throwing him down and not defending him in this last trial." George came over to his wife, whose soft hair was loosened in a cloud about her face and whose small figure was lost in stiff new Chinese silk pajamas. "You're so beautiful!"

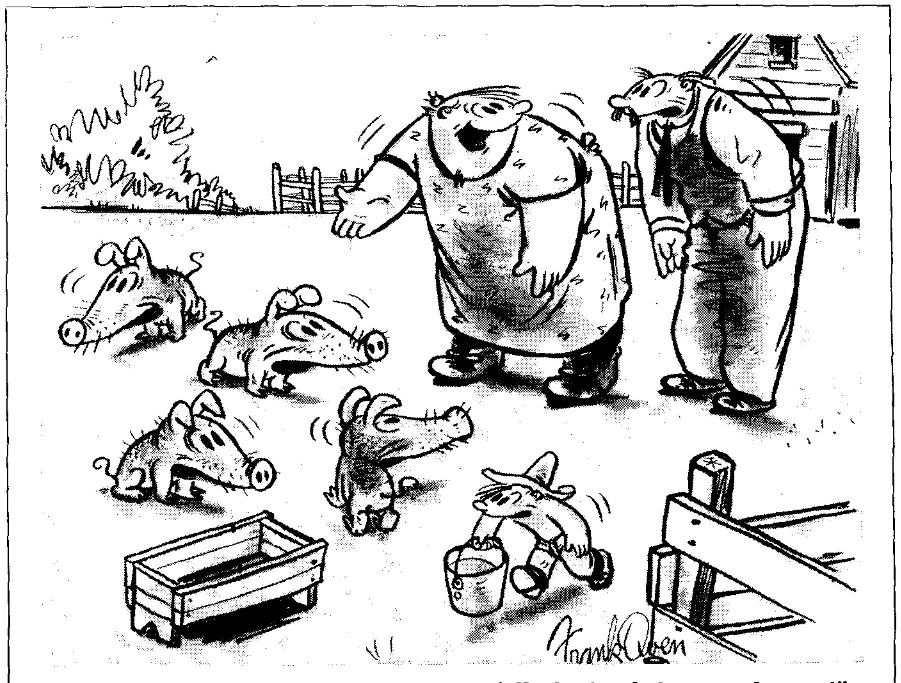
"I would like to be the most beautiful woman in the world for you," Tamara said, "and I would like to be the smartest and the sweetest and the wisest. And I would like to be the most famous and the richest, and have a lovely home with lawns and little boys running all over it—"

"You are everything," George said, holding her slenderness and sweetness with hands loosely locked about her shoulders, "you are everything lovely and good and wise and sweet that any man ever adored. You'll have your home and your lawns some day, and that jail tonight and that bloated pale man talking will all seem like a dream!"

"I'd rather have all this fuss—and ten times more of it, and have you to comfort me, George," Tamara said, "than never to have met him at all!"

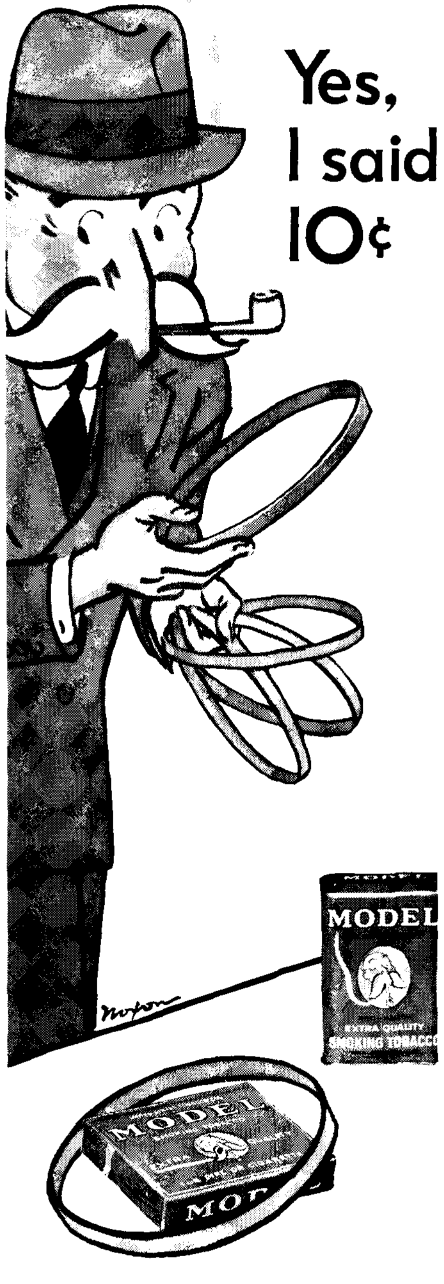
IN THE black, cold darkness of the early morning the alarm clock duly awakened them, and trembling with cold and sleepiness and excitement they dressed and finished with their packing. The halls were dark and stuffy as they went noiselessly through them, and the streets were still lighted, and looked empty, cavernous, shining with wet fogs in this bleak, early morning hour.

Tamara joyously took her place on the front seat. Doors slammed, the car moved out through the big garage doorway and turned south through the sleeping downtown streets of the city. Sullen silver and black were streaking



"Philbert started in to raising them especially for head cheese and souse!"

FRANK OWEN



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the eastern sky beyond the hills of the far coast ranges, but the air was heavy and chill, and Tamara shuddered with delight as the miles began to slip by, and they still had the winter world to themselves.

At a lunch counter in Polk Street they stopped for warm spongy "snails" glittering with sugar frosting and hot coffee already mixed with milk and sugar, and Tamara's color came back and she laughed with joy and excitement.

"George, we can't really buy that old woman's place over her head! Don't you remember that she said she had to talk to her son who lived in The Dalles?"

"Yes, but remember the little white cottage—the little shed back of her place? Remember she said she'd rent it? That's our meat," George said. "We'll picnic there for two days, and walk on the beach and have fires—"

"This," Tamara said more than once in the course of the two hours' drive, "this was simply an inspiration."

AFTER breakfast they turned southwest to the Skyline Road, and rambled along comfortably high up above the world, with the slopes of the foothills and their clustered villages falling away on the east, and the ocean brimming and glittering under a winter sun on their right. They went through upland stretches of meadow shining wet under the first lances of the sun, and into groves of tall, silent redwoods where quail fled together in little companies, and where the air was scented with sharp, aromatic sweetness.

When the sea came nearer and the road wound down through great black, silent shoulders of mountain, they could see cows straying like dots of color along the ridges. A salt balm crept into the air, and although the long roads and the farms were still held in the grip of winter, and in shabby little Halfmoon Bay the shops showed the turkeys and cranberries of Thanksgiving, it was but a light indication of the season after all. There were still roses in dooryards, and cosmos and chrysanthemums had collapsed together under the November rains, and lay in tangles by the little garden paths.

Mrs. Moretti was feeding her chickens when her tenants arrived, and she seemed in her somewhat inarticulate way pleased to see them. She told them that they could sleep in the house if they liked, it was "more warma" than the cottage, but the Davises preferred the plain little one-room whitewashed shed, and worked with what was to her a completely mysterious enthusiasm and energy at making it habitable for the rest of the day.

They drove back to the village for soaps and rags and a broom and a rake and groceries and meat; they returned to put on clothing just purchased at the Outfitting Company's big store, and for hours afterward their landlady could see them sweeping, raking, packing in wood, cooking, and could hear them laughing like two children as they worked. The November day that had started with bright sunshine clouded over; cold fog came in from the sea; but Tamara's cheeks glowed pink and perspiration stood on her forehead, and George abandoned his sweater and worked in his white shirt. The cracked little stove in the cabin glowed scarlet; the odor of young chickens bubbling in a broth of onions and carrots, peppers and tomatoes and celery and rice, floated upon the cool, salty air, and Tamara salted and peppered and tasted to her heart's content.

"George, why does anyone ever live any other way than this? If we had a hundred dollars a month, and a dog, and after a while a boy baby, what more could we have? There's the Pacific right in our front yard. The Morettis turned their house the other way, but we could build a new doorway and a terrace and put in some eucalyptus—"

"She'll sell, too," George said. "Fifteen hundred down and fifty a month does the trick. And in seven years it's yours!"

"Couldn't we get a refusal of it?"

"Refusal!" George said, laughing. "We're the only people who ever even thought of buying it. She thinks we came in answer to her prayers to St. Joseph or someone."

"St. Joseph is the patron of a happy home," Tamara said reflectively as he paused. "But more likely it was St. Anthony, who finds things."

"Probably they're friends and worked it together. You better get solid with them too, if you really want the place, Tam," George said. "We'll have a good look at it today—that is, if we ever have anything to eat, we will, and next Sunday we'll come down and make her a proposition!"

"Done!" Tamara exulted, after an exploratory piercing of the chicken with a green-handled fork still labeled with a modest "10c." And immediately they sat down in the warm, clean little whitewashed room that still smelled faintly and pleasantly of soap and ammonia, and strongly of chicken stew and wood smoke, and fell upon their feast.

Afterward there was reaction, and Tam said sleepily that she could not walk a step; all she could do was wash the dishes and sleep. And sleep she did, until George awakened her with the bad news that there was but one more hour of daylight and it mustn't be wasted. Stiff and protesting and yawning, Tamara tore herself from the wide bed and pulled on heavy clothing, but the moment they were out-of-doors the sweet, soft, afternoon air seized them, and she was laughing and shouting like a child as they scrambled down the cliff and went along the rocky borders of the ocean, watching the solemn waves come riding in to break into milky fringes over the rocks, and the gray gulls circling, and the gray day dying in streaks of vermilion and dove-color in the west.

THEY climbed up to the cliff levels again, investigated the Moretti property thoroughly, made their way through old fences guarding nothing, and past old chicken houses where a few fowls fluffed sleepily on perches. An old spotted dog was lying by the pump; mallow bushes bitten by frost crowded against a windmill; there were tool sheds and a cow barn, a garden languishing in pickets, a few fruit trees. For the rest there were artichoke fields already spreading pointed green acanthus fingers against the dark earth, and roads pitted into black pools by the feet of cattle.

A calf born untimely bawled somewhere in the dark twilight. Mrs. Moretti's dish towels whipped themselves about in torture on the line. A lithe young Portuguese from a neighboring place had come over to milk the three cows; children with empty milk cans filed in through the gate, stepping high on tufted old grass tussocks to avoid the mud, came to stand waiting beside Tony.

Tamara and George went into the barn, caught the pleasant farm odor of the quiet cattle; the cows twisted curious heads to look at them over lean, manure-plastered flanks; Tony, the boy, dug his black head into the white cow's side as the milk hissed softly into the pail. Far up in the dim lofts there were drifts of hay; the wet, scraped floor was perilous walking; the sweetness of the hay was everywhere.

(Continued on page 48)

MAZDA
GE
100 WATTS

Good lamps give you more light for your money

A GOOD lamp is a precise, scientific instrument made to deliver the maximum amount of light for the current it consumes.

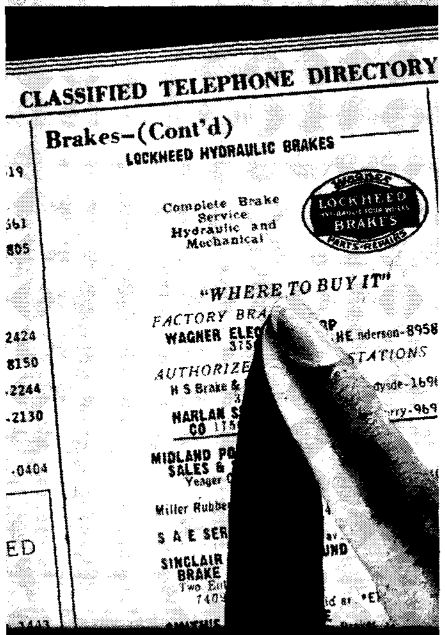
Slight imperfections in materials or workmanship may cut down the light output of a lamp as much as 30 per cent... but it costs just as much to burn that inferior lamp as it does a good one. Such current waste very often results in a loss in light much greater than the "saving" of a few pennies which you thought you made when you bought a lamp of unknown quality.

A safe guide when buying lamps is to look for the trade-mark of a reputable manufacturer. The mark GE on a bulb is a sure way to know you are getting good light at low cost. General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL GE ELECTRIC

TELLS WHO SELLS

Many manufacturers make it easy for you to find their *authorized* representatives. Their names, addresses, telephone numbers are listed below the manufacturer's trade mark in the *classified* telephone book.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LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKES
Complete Brake Service Hydraulic and Mechanical
LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC FOUR WHEEL BRAKES
PARTS-REPAIRS
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

"WHERE TO BUY IT"

(Continued from page 47)

When the children were gone, hopping like robins along the road in their clumsy mufflers and hoods, Tony led the way into the dairy and poured the warm, thick milk into wide pans. Other pans of milk had been standing there, and the mistress of the ranch loosened the cream with a little smooth stick and poured it into a bottle to give Tam.

"Bread and cream for supper!" Tam sang as she and George hurried homeward through the gathering black and cold of the night. A cow slumped by her with a heavy breath and she laughed delightedly and clung to George's arm. "Oh, little house—little house, we're back!" she said, as they opened the door and reëntered the quiet, cool little place. The fire was out, the room smelled somewhat flatly of close air and food, but Tamara was too happily tired to care. With logs roaring again, and George doing something intricate for his own meal with eggs and bacon and the mushrooms he had gathered on the cliff, she filled a yellow bowl with cream and broke brown bread into it, and sat with her comfortable old slippers almost touching the stove and was content.

OUTSIDE in the dark the sea surged and roared with a sound infinitely comforting to those housed and snug; now and then the wind skitted a dry leaf on the roof; now and then the calf bawled. Once there was a brisk squeaking and creaking in the direction of the tall windmill; then the utter blank still of the winter country night closed down again.

"Well, I'll go up to Sacramento and see the governor for him—I'll do that much!" Tamara said suddenly, out of a silence. "I'll tell him we're old friends, and that my husband is to be district attorney in San Francisco, and that you did get a jury to hang on the case a few months ago. That's not too much to do for any fellow creature, and maybe there'd be some spiritual satisfaction in doing it for my enemy—the only enemy I ever had! I'm too happy to care much, any more."

"I think if I saw him—say Tuesday or Wednesday," George mused, "and told him that you'd make that effort, it would shut him up for all time. I don't think any man would be quite such a—such a skunk as to try to drag his own child into a thing like this, especially as I can't see him gaining anything by it. That last-kiss-to-my-daddy stuff doesn't get you so far if you've never paid the slightest attention to your daughter for the eight years of her life, nor contributed a cent to her support, nor married her mother. He knows it, too. I think Mallory would do anything to start up a newspaper campaign, but he knows in his heart it's no go."

"With the last six weeks of this old year," Tam observed, finishing her bread and cream with a last flourish of a five-and-ten-cent store spoon, "my old life drops away like a garment. I'm going to keep up my Spanish, begin to gather some silver and some books, plan for a home, maybe plan for a son. I've learned my lesson; I know now how to live. There's only one cloud: you may die. If you died everything would go haywire again! But barring your decease—"

"I may die at that," said George. "Three eggs didn't look so many, but they seemed to sort of puff up. I'm not going to be able to eat my apple. I feel—distinctly—odd. Could they have been toadstools?"

"No, they weren't toadstools—anyway, some people can eat toadstools. But you've been eating all day. You had two breakfasts, and you ate a lot of bread when we first got here, and then you had a big lunch at about two and now you're helpless with food again! A night's sleep will fix you," Tamara told him unalarmed.

"The sooner the night's sleep begins the better for all concerned," George said in a lazy, sleepy tone, his chair squared about to the stove now, and Tam in her favorite place in his arms. "Let's leave the dishes! Let's sleep late. Let's go native."

Tamara did not answer. But he knew from her deep, contented sigh and the tightening of her small fingers about his big thumb that she was not asleep.

(To be continued next week)

Do You Want to Build?

You can borrow money, under the National Housing Act, to repair or modernize your home; to build a home of your own; to meet a mortgage.

Send for This Booklet

"New Money for Your Home" is the title of a Crowell Publishing Company booklet read and edited for legal accuracy by Frank Watson, draftsman of the National Housing Act. It explains what the act can mean to you. Secure a copy by sending 3 cents postage to Collier's, The National Weekly, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

Why *tolerate* DANDRUFF?

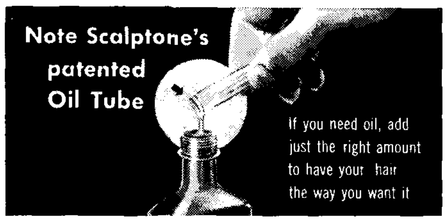
CHECK IT this simple way

1 A FEW MINUTES EACH WEEK with Packer's Tar Soap

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, creamy lather. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. Doctors have been recommending it for 64 years.

2 ONE MINUTE EVERY DAY with Packer's Scalptone

Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub Scalptone well in—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp—see it remove the dandruff scales—make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for a minute a day.


Note Scalptone's patented Oil Tube
If you need oil, add just the right amount to have your hair the way you want it

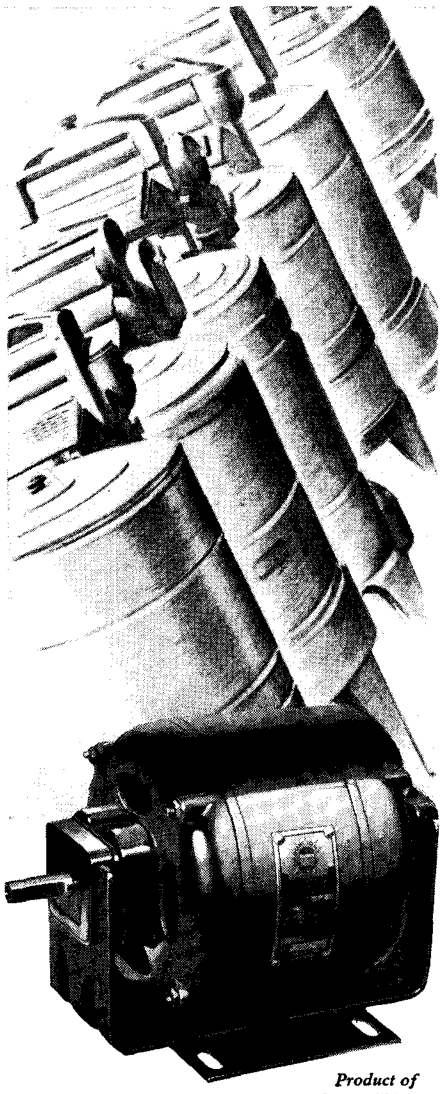
And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature.

Keep hair NEAT, too

AFTER 21 DAYS—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, this method usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied, we'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, if you'll tell us what you paid.

THE PACKER MFG. CO., 101 W. 31, New York

Packer's SCALPTONE METHOD FOR Dandruff



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Because Sunlight Motors have continuously upheld a reputation for quietness, economy and long-life operation, they are used by fully 62% of the washing machine manufacturers in America. Sunlight is naturally proud that its motors have earned such wide-spread acceptance, and that they have been the means of lightening the household tasks in millions of homes during the past 19 years.

SUNLIGHT
ELECTRICAL COMPANY
WARREN OHIO

Come and Get It

Continued from page 26

may call this country's first all-round American sportsman. There were well-to-do Americans who went in for sport—riding to hounds and horse-racing—before him. Stevens went in for pretty nearly everything—yachting, horse-racing, baseball, yes and even cricket. He was a gentleman farmer, a cattle breeder, contributed liberally to the support of the fine arts. He was a prominent man socially and a successful man of business.

Commodore Stevens was 66 years old when he took the America to England. And perhaps he wasn't the gallus boy! After the America won the Cup, he tried to get match races for her over there. Only one man, Robert Stephenson, of the schooner Titania, took him on; and he did so to prove that he was one English yachtsman who dared to take an almost sure beating.

The race was sailed over a 40-mile course, and the America left the Titania seven miles astern.

All Comers

While in England Commodore Stevens offered to race the America against any cutter (sloop) or schooner or vessel of any other rig of the Royal Yacht Squadron. In case a cutter was picked to race him he would ask for no time allowance. His only proviso was that there be at least a 6-knot breeze.

This offer to race his schooner against a sloop-rigged vessel proved Stevens' amazing confidence in her. A schooner is a seagoing rather than a racing rig. Put a schooner under a fore-staysail and close-reefed mainsail (or storm trysail); or, if it be battened-hatches weather, get her down to a two-reefed foresail, say. Give her open water then, she being a well-planned and soundly built vessel, of course, and all the gales from here to the Pillars of Hercules can blow and she will outride them safely.

A vessel for heavy weather and wide spaces, a schooner: but for speed and smooth inshore waters, a single sticker is the lady.

Commodore Stevens liked to make the grand gesture. Before leaving England, he offered to take on all comers, boat for boat, regardless of rig or tonnage, and wager 10,000 guineas on the result. Nobody took him up.

Stevens was the chief founder and first commodore of the New York Yacht Club, oldest American yacht club. He was the chief contributor to the expense of building the America. Whether he has ever been called the Father of American Yachting I don't know, but if he hasn't he should be.

The next most interesting Englishman in America's Cup racing history after the Marquis of Anglesey was James Ashbury. He had been a railway track walker or brakeman who invented a car wheel or some other important accessory in railway supplies. He gathered in money, decided to bring back the America's Cup. He had a schooner built on the traditional English lines of that day and brought her over here. She wasn't so good. A whole squadron of our schooners trimmed her in the Cup race, one of them being the old America, which had been raised from the bottom of a Southern river where she had lain for years after being used as a blockade runner during the Civil War.

That was in 1870. Ashbury challenged again the next year, this time with a schooner designed on American lines. She did not win; but she made so good a showing that English yachtsmen at large began to believe that there might be some virtue in American models.

This Ashbury battled for more than the Cup. The New York Yacht Club then, as now, had the custody of the Cup. They laid down the conditions under which it must be raced for. One condition was that the N. Y. Y. Club could name a different yacht to race against a challenger for each race day; that is, if the series lengthened out to five days, the N. Y. Y. Club could compel the challenger to race against five different American yachts.

Ashbury protested that such conditions were unfair to a challenger, and practically every American yachtsman outside the New York Club (and quite a few inside of it) said he was right; but the N. Y. Y. Club Committee of that day were a pretty arrogant crew.

Ashbury shouted to the world that the American committee were poor sportsmen—shouted that and other things at them so loudly and frequently that the committee felt compelled at last to go into executive session to discuss his charges. They emerged and gave to the world the pronunciamento that this Ashbury man was no gentleman.

He was also doubtless a rough-neck and a loud speaker: but he did know what he wanted and how to go after it. He secured membership in a dozen English yacht clubs, challenged for the Cup in the name of each of the twelve clubs. He would claim the Cup, he stated, if his yacht should win a single one of the twelve races.

The Club committee came back with: "What a preposterous proposition!" and other resounding phrases. They refused to alter the conditions for Ashbury. But they did alter them for the next challenger—pressure of American public opinion forced them to do that. So the rough-neck Ashbury, besides reviving the Cup race after a lapse of nineteen years, doubtless preserved it to the future, because almost certainly no English yachtsman would ever again challenge under the old unfair conditions.

For Services Rendered

Ashbury was what the English themselves termed a bit of a bounder, but before his battle for the Cup had ended he was a popular figure over there. He stood for Parliament. His platform consisted largely of figures from his expense account in his patriotic try to bring back the Cup, plus extracts from his verbal and written passages with the New York Yacht Club for fairer rules for future challengers. He was elected.

The earlier Cup challengers and contenders were seagoing craft. They were intended to hold the sea, and many of them did hold the sea in hard North Atlantic gales; but as time went on, yachtsmen cast out the idea that Cup racing yachts should also be seagoing; and so they all, challengers and defenders, began to go in for speed and speed only. Designers also departed from national traditions. The English borrowed ideas from us, we borrowed from them. Their yachts quit being so narrow and deep, also they went in for more overhang. We went in for fixed keels and greater draft. By the end of the century, the New York waterfront barnacles could have had their peek at challenger and defender, both being anchored a mile offshore, say, and

(Continued on page 50)

~~$10~~ *a few years ago*

now $4.50 for the new

BUCK SKEIN
Trade Mark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.
JACKET

A few years ago this *new* and handsome Buck Skein would have sold for $10. Months ago, when raw materials touched their lowest prices, this miracle became a reality—the *new* Buck Skein is here in all its glory—at $4.50.

Under a magnifying glass you would see that Buck Skein is *now* constructed like talons of steel, interlocking in a vise-like grip. Neither the claws of rough wear nor the fangs of winter make the slightest impression on Buck Skein's velvety surface. This is no idle boast—I back it up with a—

LIFE-TIME GUARANTEE

Wear Buck Skein hard. Wash it. Rub it. Scrub it. Maul it. Not a fibre gives 'way. It will not shrink. It won't fade. It won't do anything but act as handsome as it really is.

The Jacket pictured above, the "Cossack," has a self-bottom band for extra wear; adjustable hip-straps and buckle; slashed pockets cut extra deep and full. The Jacket pictured below is the same in every respect except it is made with the genuine Talon Slide Fastener. Note particularly the double button cuff, adjustable to keep cold winds from blowing up your arms. My new shade I call "Honey Brown" because it's a honey; it's a deep tobacco brown that does not show dirt easily. The Jacket also comes in "Arctic Blue" a rich deep popular Navy.

$5.50

Also made with Talon Slide Fastener

See your dealer without delay. Lose no time because these low prices will not last. Good stores sell Buck Skeins. But if your dealer is all sold out, then mail me the coupon below, enclose your check or money order, and I'll send your *new* Buck Skein quick—and prepay all carrying charges myself.

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See that I get my new Buck Skein Jacket in the style and color checked. (*Check here*)
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Jacket Colors: Brown ☐ or Navy ☐
Give neck band or chest size........................
Here's my check ☐ or money order ☐
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Especially GOOD for Tough, Thick Beards

It's a real friend to the pocketbook, too

If you have an extra tough beard or an extra tender skin, or both—here's the shaving cream for you. Made by the makers of Listerine Antiseptic; you know it must be good.

We ask you to try it. Compare it with any cream you have ever used. See what a clean, quick, pleasant shave it gives you. Note how cool and refreshed your face feels afterward. No rawness. No burning. Not the slightest trace of discomfort even though your skin is as sensitive as a baby's.

Such results are due to inclusion in this cream of glycerine, for centuries regarded as the finest of soothing lubricants and balms. In addition, for even greater soothing effect, we include some of the wonderfully effective essential oils of Listerine itself.

Don't forget the economy feature either. The tube is a giant. 104 generous shaves. Some "Scotch" users have reported up to 130 shaves. Yet the price is only 25¢. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

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WANTED: Boys, 12 to 15, to earn dozens of big prizes—including a speedy motorbike (*fully equipped*), signal set, athletic equipment, and clothing—*without cost.* Make CASH PROFITS, too, and gain valuable business training. It's easy! Just deliver our 3 fine magazines to customers in your neighborhood. Will not interfere with school or play. Mail the coupon at once and we'll start you.

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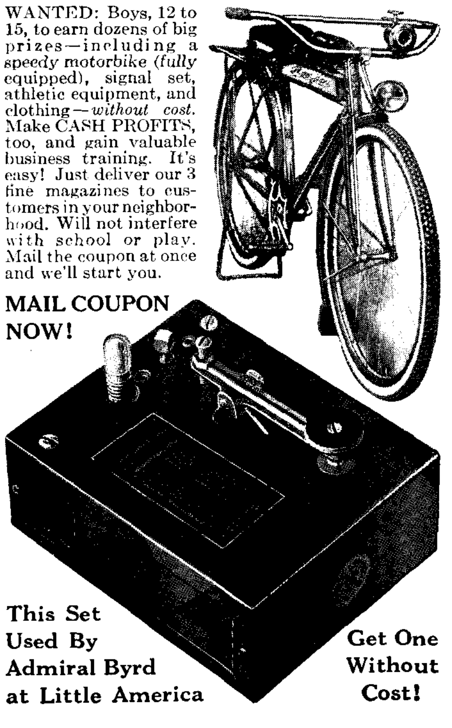

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FREE!
"No Mother to Guide Them"
Sergeant's
DOG BOOK

Sergeant's DOG MEDICINES

(*Continued from page* 49)

not be able to say which was which.

When designers had no more new ideas in modeling hulls, they went in for lighter construction. The old solid wood planking gave place to iron, to steel, to the lighter alloyed metals—bronze, nickel, aluminum. The outer plates of Cup boats were about as thick as three coats of good house paint before that rivalry ended.

I remember one potential defender, the Independence. I watched her building over in Lawley's yard in South Boston, my home town. She was a sailing machine. The trial races that year (1901) were sailed off Newport. When the time came, the Independence was put in tow of a tug boat for Newport. Rounding Cape Cod, which sticks out into the ocean, she met with a stiff head wind and a short, hard, choppy head sea. The old-time Cup racers wouldn't have struck a topsail or closed a fore or after companionway to that wind or sea; but this was an up-to-date boat, one of the very latest models in Cup boats.

The Sea Slaps Back

Wind and sea began to take notice of this latter-day creation. Soon her people below decks began to feel her floor lifting beneath their feet. Next they saw her outer seams opening up. They saw supporting rods snap, beams buckle. She was already leaking 1,000 gallons of water an hour. They next saw steering gear and other useful parts going out of commission. "Before," as one of them said, "her whole damn' hull would collapse and come falling in or down around our ears we beat it up on deck." Things looked so bad that three times they made ready to launch the tender and abandon ship.

The Boston boat managed to make Newport and she was in the trial races; but the banging she got off Cape Cod ruined her. It would have ruined any of them of that year. She was never again the same boat. Gloucester fishermen, who knew a fast craft when they saw one, and had been watching out in Massachusetts Bay, reported her as the fastest thing off the wind that was ever launched.

The challengers had been going in for light construction also. Even before this, they had been fined down to where they had to be put under the stubbiest of jury rigs and a bonus paid their crews for the passage across the ocean. And that was for a summer passage. What would have happened to them if caught out in a winter breeze would have been a repetition of that old short and simple and frequently told tale: "They left port and were never heard of again." One of them, a Shamrock, was left over here. The last time I saw her she was hauled up in Erie Basin. She may be there yet.

One of a challenger's crew said of his boat: "Her deck was made of narrow battens [strips of wood] of the thickness of two cigar box covers, say. There was a layer of cork over the battens. Walking across our deck was like walking on the cover of a market basket. It would spring up and down under our feet."

These tender creations were beautiful to look at. Take them on a race day, with their shining all-white (or emerald green) hull and the dazzlingly white, perfectly setting sails outlined against a blue sky and the inshore green water of the Sandy Hook race course. On that placid sea—if rough they would not be out there—they made beautiful pictures, with their varnished, shining decks, polished sides, and their after guards in blue serge coats and ice cream pants. They embodied perfectly Coleridge's immortal descriptive line of a painted ship on a painted ocean. But they set no pulses beating. Old-time full-rigged ships with all sail set and drawing; a Gloucesterman driving to market through a winter gale—there was something to stir a man's blood. These satisfied the esthetic senses only.

They were beautiful but not seagoing. The old America and her like were seagoing. She could "take it." The high seas could batter her sides, come piling high and roaring across her deck; and she would roll low and pitch high and every beam and frame would quiver; but would she squawk? Not that old girl. "Go on—let's see yuh make me quit," her crew would almost hear her saying.

But the later Cup yachts! Toys they were finally turned into. There was that Cup race in 1920. Sir Thomas Lipton, genial tea merchant and playboy pal of King Edward in other days, challenged that year with his fourth Shamrock. Our boat was the Resolute. Hull, spars and running gear on both boats had been lightened to the last ounce.

Day after day the two boats drifted around the course without being able to make it within the time limit: and bear in mind that a breeze strong enough to set a child's pin wheel turning would have wafted these powder-puff boats over the course within the time limit. Day in and day out they drifted around without getting anywhere.

It was the seventeenth day and there was the usual Cup race assembly off Sandy Hook—press destroyers, official tug boats, excursion steamers, private yachts, government patrol boats and so on and so on. It was the one perfect day of that series for a race for everybody and everything concerned—boats, spectators and descriptive writers. There was a clear blue sky, the green inshore water flecked with little curly white caps. The wind was blowing 20 or 22 miles an hour: or call it 25 miles, as some of the judges reckoned it. It was the perfect day.

But there was no race.

And why not?

Both boats had called for a postponement. And why the postponement? It was too rough; it would be dangerous for the boats to race that day.

Goodby to the Cream Puffs

That night the press lads turned in indignant columns of stuff for their stay-at-home readers; and next day, or maybe the day after, the editorial writers unlimbered their batteries and let go salvos of hot shot at the degenerate descendants of great forbears. Blue Ribbon of the sea! Tush! Pink Ribbon of a Baby Show! And so on and so on.

The newspaper salvos did the job. That year ended the era of the yachts with the cream-puff hulls. When the Cup race was resumed (1930) it was by boats that had to meet Lloyd specifications; that is, in so far as their hulls went. Their rigging remained as it was; that is, not seagoing. Take their masts: They still carry a mast that is twice their water-line length and eight times their beam. Take such a mast out to open water in a breeze of wind, and it will stay up for just about as long as old man Boreas needs for a good peek at it. He will then puff just once —woof!—and down it will come, and probably kill a few people.

It is sixty-four years since English yachtsmen first tried to get back that Cup. In all they have challenged twelve times. Canadian yachtsmen challenged twice. It has been mostly a race between their designers and ours, with our fellows managing to keep about one jump ahead of theirs.

Especially have we led in the mechanical devices that have had so much to do with Cup racing of late years.

Now it looks as if they are forestalling us in mechanical ideas. The Endeavour is reported as having a mechanical arrangement at the main truck which calls all hands on deck when the helmsman isn't sailing the boat close enough to the wind—or too close to the wind, whichever it is. We haven't heard yet whether the word is passed by a traffic light, a fire alarm or a fog whistle. However, there it is: and if it doesn't sound seagoing, we have no kick coming. We were the first to install mechanical gadgets in our own Cup boats.

This Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith, the challenger, acts as if he were saying: "To the devil with waiting to see what the Americans are going to do. Let's go ahead on our own!"

A Sailor's Challenge

Another difference in the Endeavour (besides the spelling of her name) is that she has a yachtsman for her owner. Our old friends Ashbury and Lipton had oodles of money; but whether their hired men sailed their boats expertly or otherwise, they never knew unless somebody told them. Mr. Sopwith sails his own boats.

The challenger is also an aviator and a builder of airplanes, which means that his mind has pondered over speed problems. Our Starling Burgess, designer of the fast Enterprise, our last defender, was an aviator and an airplane designer not so long ago. Studying speed lines for one element must be a help to understanding them in another element.

In the case of Mr. Vanderbilt, owner of the successful defender of four years ago, we are told of him that he is a first-class bridge player as well as a skillful sailing master.

Now I wouldn't call bridge-playing especially good training for boat-sailing. In fact, I know half a dozen good bridge players near my home who couldn't safely direct the navigation of one of those boys' model boats across that pond in Central Park. But a man who can do more than two things or three or four things well can usually do some one of those two or three or four things especially well when he decides to concentrate on that some one thing.

The evidence is that Mr. Vanderbilt and his assisting afterguard made a fine job of sailing the successful defender four years ago. What also helped four years ago was the Enterprise's well-drilled crew. They went in training for that Cup race like a battleship's turret gun crew for the battle range test. Afterguard and crew will doubtless be in good shape for a test this year again.

Whether the Endeavour wins or loses, she has a great name for a challenger—the best yet. Endeavour: a modest, brave name. There's a superstition among seafaring men about the bad luck in proud names. Reflect on what has happened to some of the ocean liners so named! We must not assume too much when we name a boat. I can recall three Gloucester fishermen named Fortuna. All three met with disaster. And if a man believes in lucky or unlucky numbers—the Endeavour is the thirteenth English challenger for the cup.

Many good Americans are rooting for the English boat to win this year. For sixty years, off and on, they have gallantly carried the battle to us, with the odds against them. It is time, say many here, that they get a break.

Well, it might be a good thing for yachting in general if the Endeavour should win. A good thing, perhaps, if we have to go over there and battle every now and then. Why not?

Rhapsody in Gray

Continued from page 9

before the room clerk assigned you to a room on her floor.

"She watched until you and your wife had left your room to go downstairs for breakfast, when she entered your room. Your bags were already packed, so the first time she slipped two automatics and six clips, loaded, in the bottom of your bag, under the clothing.

"There was no danger, sir, as you can see. It was really very simple. When you had carried in the last of the guns and I had planted them around, Mrs. Peck wrote the first of the letters."

When the warden could trust himself to speak he said: "You scandalous old crook! And I trusted you! . . . Was Peck in on this shenanigan?"

"On my word of honor as a gentleman, sir, he was not."

"Cousins," said the governor, "your word of honor as a gentleman is good enough for me. You could have traded those guns for two pardons as readily as you traded them for one. What's the matter with you? Are you getting senile?"

"If I tell you, sir, will your Excellency and the warden hold my explanation in the most sacred confidence?"

Both men said they would. "I greatly fear you will both misunderstand my point of view," Jud resumed, "but the warden has been good to me. He calls me Jud. He trusts me. I couldn't, in honor, work a hocus-pocus on him to get myself a pardon, because I do not deserve one. But Harry Peck did.

"And I had an additional reason—a very potent one, gentlemen. When I was first convicted I had a wife, a most excellent wife, a lady. She had borne me a daughter. After my conviction she divorced me, and, of course, when I was paroled I made no attempt to see her or my child. Recently I inherited over two million dollars from the estate of my poor, broken-hearted old mother, so I engaged attorneys and directed them to locate my wife and child. They found my wife in a cemetery and my daughter married to—Harry Peck."

His voice cracked a little.

"So—I—I—it is better that I remain here. My daughter has had sorrow enough to last her a lifetime; if she thinks her father is dead it is best that she continue to think so. Oh, my God, gentlemen, I had to make amends in so far as I could. She will shortly have turned over to her by my attorneys everything I have in the world. She will know that the fortune comes from her father, but she will never know that Judson T. Cousins is he."

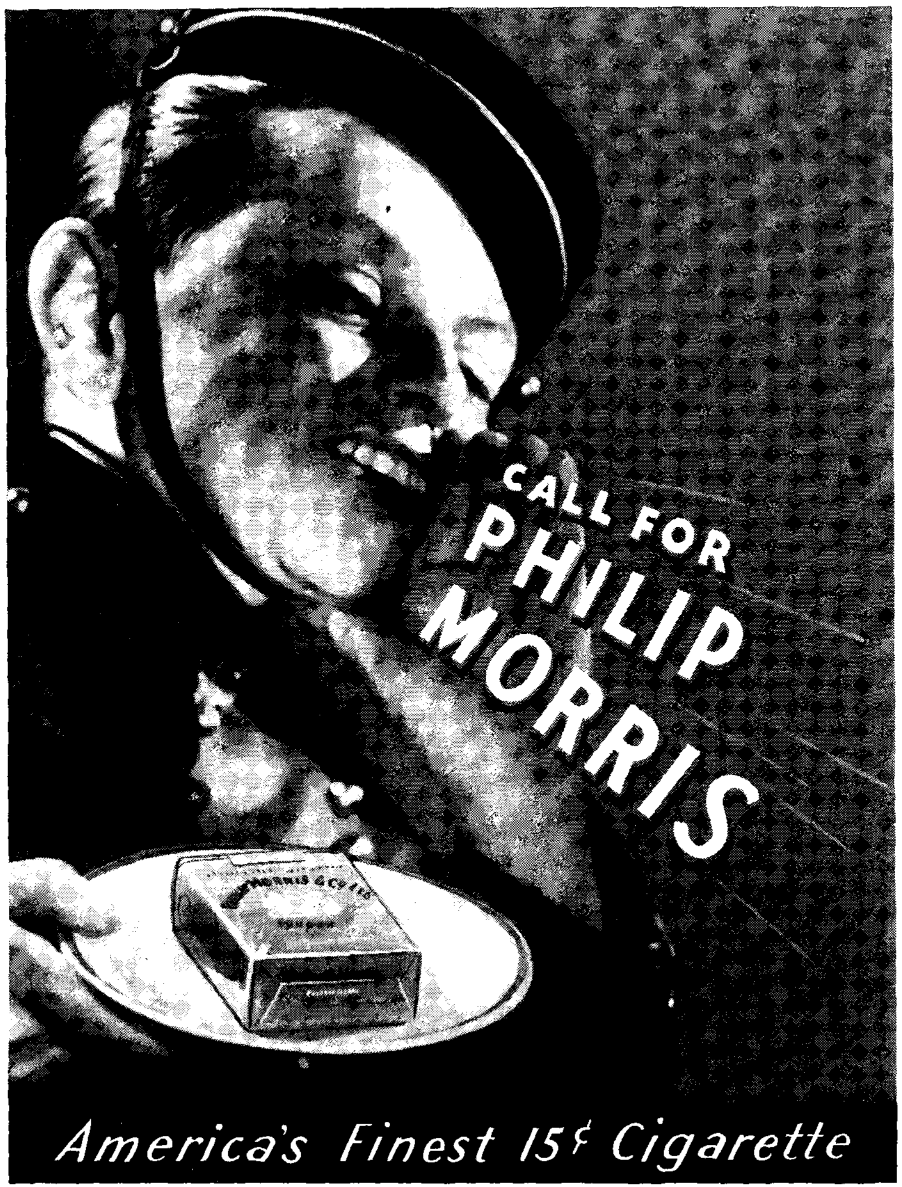
"AND you think, Jud, you can be reasonably happy here?"

"Happier than I'd be outside. I'd be tempted to see Harry and Edith and my grandchildren—and I'd be an embarrassment to them. They might discover who I am."

"Jud, I have a pardon in my pocket for you."

"You are very kind, sir. Please tear it up. I am an old man and some day soon my heart will pop like a pricked toy balloon. . . . May I be excused now, Warden?"

The warden nodded and Jud withdrew. The warden and the governor gazed at each other for a long time, then each blew his nose loudly.



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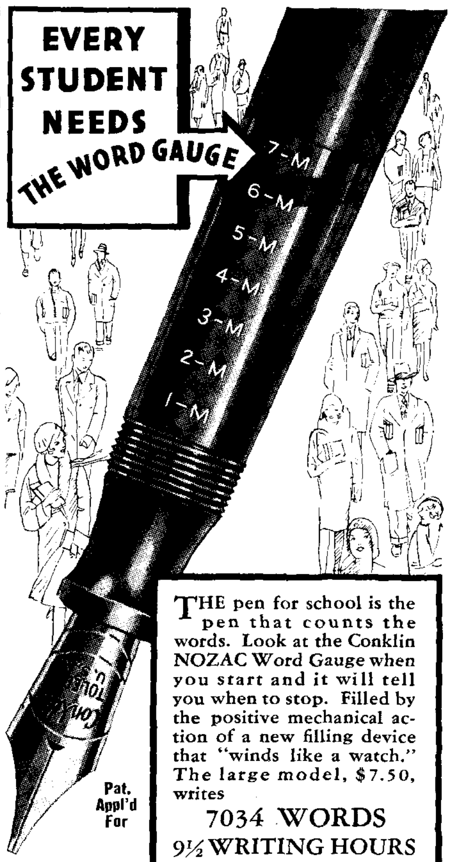

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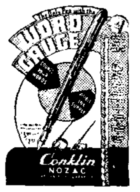

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PLASTIC WOOD

All she could Get

Continued from page 17

the sands and sat there; he always held her hand, and sometimes he put his arm around her, but he didn't try to kiss her; he didn't make love to her.

"Just pals," she said to herself. "He likes me—but not too much. . . . All right! He's not the only fellow in the world. Look at Mr. Anson. . . ."

She buried her face in the pillow, to smother a sob. Joan might be lying awake, and you could hear every sound in this jerry-built little place.

"No use kidding myself—Mr. Anson was afraid someone would see him with me. He was ashamed—to be seen with me. And then when we're alone, he wants to make love to me. . . . I hate him! I wish I hadn't let him get me that hat. . . . But I wanted it so much—I can't buy anything nice any more."

Her salary was so small; after she had paid Joan her rent, there was so little left. And she had to buy things for the baby sometimes; he was so cute. . . . No money to spend, nothing. Getting up in the morning, and helping Joan in the house, washing and pressing and mending her clothes, going to Joyville at ten and working until six, coming home to the crowded little house. . . .

"I've got to get out sometimes. I've *got* to go where there's music—where it's lively, once in a while. And I can't go by myself. Someone's got to take me. All right! Why shouldn't Mr. Anson take me? He can afford it. Maybe it is cheap. Maybe *I'm* cheap. Maybe Les can see it, and that's why he doesn't like me very much. Only a little."

She sat up in bed, her hair damp on her forehead, her face wet with tears.

There was no air. She turned out the light and unlocked the door; she tried to open it quietly, but it creaked. Joan came along the hall.

"It's so hot, isn't it, Sylvie?"

Joan came into her sister's room and stood by the window, a dim, white figure.

"She used to be so cute and pretty," thought Sylvie. "She's pretty still, only she's too thin. . . . And she can't get her hair done any more, or buy any clothes. And her hands—her hands used to be so nice."

IT MADE her cry silently, to remember how it had used to be, such a little while ago. She and Joan, living with Aunt Gracie, in the nice little house in New Rochelle. They had gone to the high school; only six years since Joan was graduated. . . . They had both got jobs in New York, and it had been fun, going in on the train in the morning; they had had a good time. Then everything went to pieces; poor Aunt Gracie lost her home and had to go and live with her sister in Ohio. And Joan had married Tom.

They had been going together since they were kids; they were devoted to each other. But it was a mistake, Sylvie thought, for Joan to marry so young, and a mistake to marry a boy without any money. When Tom had lost his job, they were sunk. After a dreadful interval Tom had got a job in this little Connecticut town, bookkeeper for Mr. Klein, who owned two movie houses and the Joyville Amusement Park, and Sylvie had come with them—because she couldn't make up her mind to leave Joan and the baby. Mr. Klein, after one sight of Sylvie, had given her a job out at Joyville, and had promised her one in the box office of a movie house for the winter. That was all she had to look forward to.

"Where were you tonight, Sylvie?"

"Oh, just out to dinner with a man."

"Do you like him?"

"No," said Sylvie.

"I wish you could meet a boy you liked. Somebody like Tom."

"I haven't got your nice disposition, Joan. I couldn't stand a life like yours."

"What's the matter with my life?" asked Joan, and laughed her sweet, lazy laugh. She did have a wonderful disposition; she was gentle and good-humored and a little careless; she wasn't a very good housekeeper, but Tom didn't seem to care.

"Good night, Sylvie. Better get your beauty sleep."

"'Night, Joan."

On and off all day she thought of Les, wondered if he would come this evening. He never said when he was going to see her again, and she never asked him. They were so casual.

"I guess he just comes when he hasn't anything better to do. . . ."

IT WAS so long a day, so hot; people went streaming past the ticket booth, men stared at her and sometimes tried to talk to her; all day there was the loud music of the calliope, the crack of rifles, the hoarse, frantic voices of the barkers. And nothing at the end but to go back to the crowded little house and help Joan with the dinner.

"Hello, Beautiful!"

It was Leslie standing there, smiling, looking so cool and careless in a blue jacket and white trousers. She hated him to speak to her in that laughing way.

"Hello, Handsome!" she answered.

"Busy this evening?"

"Why?"

"I thought we could take a walk down on the beach."

"I suppose," she said unsteadily, "that it never occurred to you that maybe I get *tired*—shut up here all day. And hungry. After all, I'm a human being. I can't—"

"Here! Give me a break!" he protested. "I'm sorry. I thought maybe you had your dinner early—"

"Before six?"

"Well, if you're hungry, let's go to the Pavilion."

"And get hot dogs and beer? Last night a man drove me out to the Black Spruce Inn—"

She could see that he didn't like this, and she was glad. She wanted to be hard; she wanted to go to the Black Spruce Inn, to sit there on the screened veranda under the little colored lights, listen to the orchestra, while a deft waiter brought her just what she liked best.

"Yes; it's a nice place," he said carelessly.

"I bet he's taken other girls there," she thought. "But he asks *me* to the Pavilion." And she couldn't endure it; she had to laugh, in fear that she might cry. "I may go there again tonight with the same man," she said.

"Well, why not go with me instead?"

"To the Black Spruce?"

"If you like it so much."

He spoke with a sort of scorn; he thought she was hard and cheap, making him take her there. All right! Let him think so!

"I'll come back for you," he said. "I may have to be a little late. Sorry."

He went off without another word.

"He's mad," she thought. "He doesn't want to take me there. But he has to. I must be—sort of attractive to him."

But if only she didn't like him quite so much, like the way he bent his tall head when he spoke to her, like his smile, his voice. . . .

Leslie wasn't there when she came out of Joyville. There was a long line of cars parked there, and more coming all the time, families with picnic suppers in boxes, young couples.

"When they're that way about each other, even the Pavilion is all right. . . . It would be funny to care—that much. . . ."

Leslie drove up in that green roadster she had seen him in before, and she went toward him leisurely. He looked nice, she thought, slouching down like that, nicer than anyone else.

"I've got what I wanted," she thought. "I'm going to the Black Spruce Inn with Leslie."

And yet she wasn't happy.

"That's because I had to make him take me. Because it wasn't his idea. I guess he doesn't really want to take me. . . ."

A bad way to start the evening, with this pain and anger in her heart.

"You look pretty in that hat," he said.

"Little present," she said airily.

"From a man?"

"Yes," she said. "I couldn't get any six-dollar hat for myself."

"You're right," he said. "Get all you can—out of everybody."

"That's the idea," she said, and wanted to cry.

He said no more, and neither did she. She wasn't going to start a conversation when he had that bitter look on his face. He turned in at the driveway of the Black Spruce Inn; there were dozens of cars parked there, even this early; she could hear faintly the music of the wonderful orchestra. A car drew up to the entrance and a couple got out, a man in a white mess jacket, a girl in blue.

"That's Carla Giles!" cried Sylvie. "I saw her in Autumn Leaves. Isn't she beautiful?"

"It's going to be darn' crowded," said Les. "Suppose we go somewhere else?"

It was too much.

"You're ashamed to come here with me!" she cried. "Because my dress—"

He stopped the car and looked at her.

"What are you talking about?" he demanded angrily. "That's a nice thing to say, when I've brought you here."

"You needn't think you're doing me any favor!"

A CAR behind them sounded a horn impatiently.

"Go on!" she said, with a sob. "Get away from here!"

"If this is where you want to go—"

"I don't. I hate it!"

He drove on round the sweep of the drive and into the main road again.

"Where do you want to go?" he asked coldly.

"I don't care! Nowhere—home!"

"That's O. K. with me," he said.

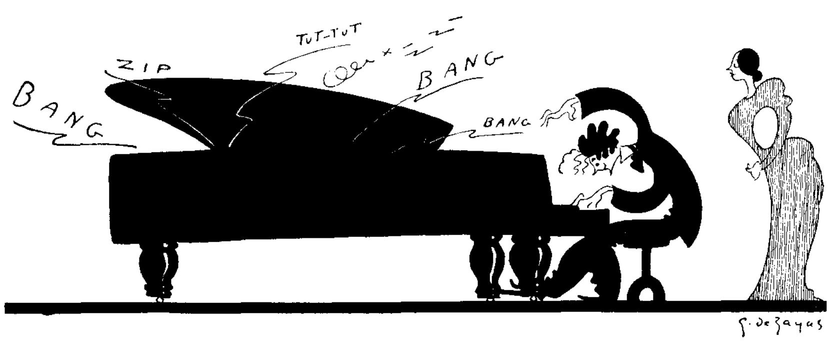
She had thought it would be the most wonderful thing in the world to go to the Black Spruce Inn with Les—and look how it was turning out! Such a miserable, dreadful evening!

"Les, I didn't mean to be so cranky—"

The road was clear before him; he took her hand and held it tight.

"You weren't cranky, Sylvie. It's my fault. I shouldn't have tried to take *you* out. You're used to places like that—fellows with money. You're so beautiful—I can't take the competition. This isn't my car. It's my brother's. I work over at the Electric Light Com-

(Continued on page 54)



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

Between 1800 and 1850 in Europe, piano players had such a mania for sound effects that all kinds of accessories were built into the instruments—tambourines, bells, drums, cymbals, bagpipes and contrivances for imitating storms. One company even made a grand piano for "battle" music. At the point where the firing of a cannon was required, a special pedal could be pressed and the lid would come down with a bang.

Gheel, Belgium, with a population of 20,000, is the only city in the world whose sole business is boarding the insane in private homes. Nearly every family is paid by the government to keep one or two and not only treat them like members of the family but also allow them to go shopping or visiting alone. This system is said to be the most humane method in existence for dealing with the insane.—*By Mrs. W. B. Buck, Albion, Michigan.*

The highest speed ever made on rails was attained by the Allgemeine Car in Germany in October, 1903. On an officially-timed run between Marienselde and Zossen, this huge trolley car, with 12 wheels and four motors developing a total of 1,000 horsepower, reached a speed of 131.4 miles an hour.—*By Colin K. Lee, East Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania.*

In Sweden, a unique "heirloom," which is often passed on by four or five successive generations, is a jar of yeast. Many old families not only take pride in making their own special bread and beer but also their yeast which, in many cases, has been kept growing in one bowl for as long as 175 years.—*By Dr. A. Nerepka, Stockholm, Sweden.*

The most ingenious device for concealing notes was used by a spy during the World War. It was a pipe which, although constantly smoked, carried numerous tissue paper memorandums in a secret space between the interior and exterior walls of the bowl. In an emergency, an innocent twist of the overlapping rim would have caused the burning tobacco to consume the papers.

Various radiations can cause pain without injury and injury without pain. For example, heat waves easily excite pain without injury, as is shown in the sensitiveness of the eye to the radiation of a dull red fire. On the other hand, ultra-violet and X-rays cause no sensation whatsoever when they are seriously damaging the skin.

Ivory workers not infrequently find bullets embedded in the tusks of elephants. Sometimes there are no exterior marks to indicate their presence and they are well embedded, all trace of their entrance passage having been obliterated. One has even been found in a billiard ball which is preserved today in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons in London.

One of the greatest detectives alive is a native of French Indo-China, who is known as "The Bloodhound." His captures average one murderer every 25 days for the past 28 years, and he is credited with taking 400 of the 1,200 men who are now serving life sentences for homicide on Pulo Condore, the French "murderers' isle" in the China Sea, from which no one has ever escaped.

One large domestic employment agency in London which supplies 42 different kinds of servants to the leading households of England not only maintains a blacklist of employees whom it will not place but also a blacklist of employers to whom it will not send servants, owing to the ill treatment of former employees. Some of these employers belong to the aristocracy.

Bankrupts were known as "Sunday Gentlemen" in England during the Middle Ages because Sunday was the only day of the week when they could appear on the street in their best clothes without fear of arrest for their debts.—*By Robert Dew, Barnesville, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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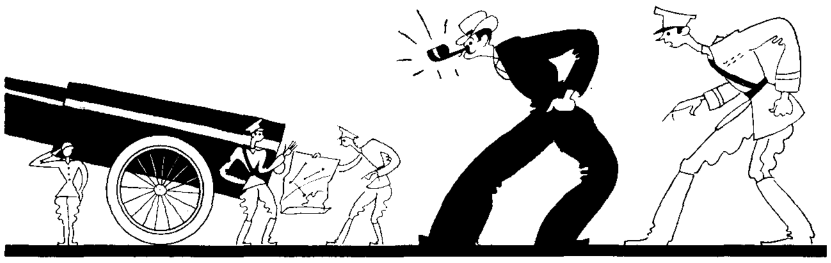

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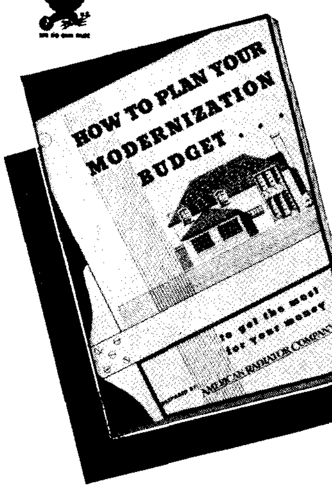
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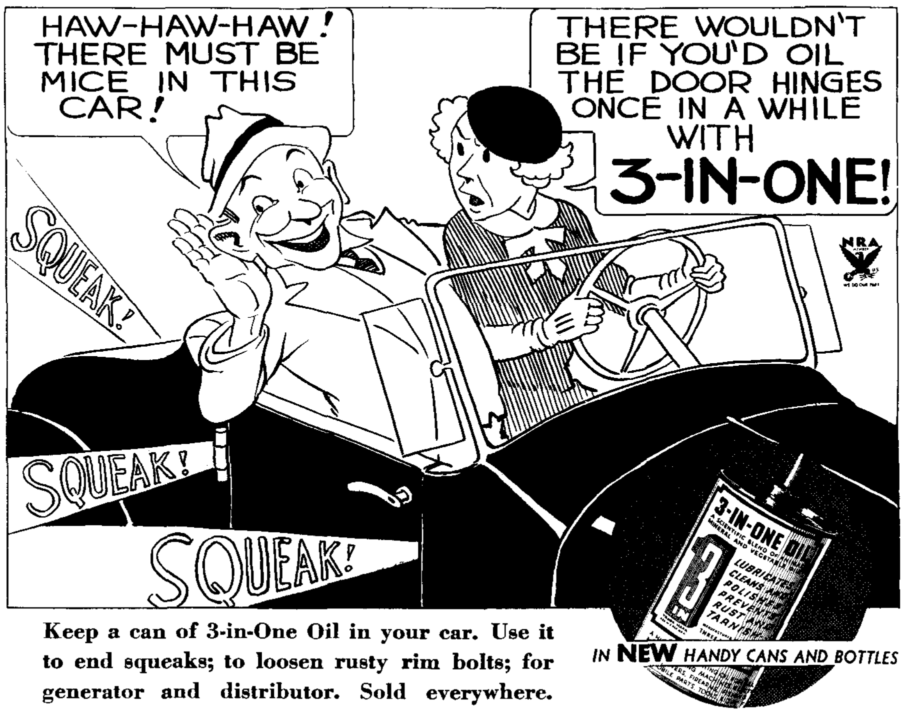
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BUY DIRECT AND SAVE

All she could Get

Continued from page 52

pany, and I get all of twenty-five dollars a week."

"Well, look how young you are, Les. You'll get on."

"Sure! Maybe in ten years, I'll be able to take you out. . . . When I saw that girl get out of the car I got cold feet. I've only got ten dollars in my jeans."

"Les, I don't really care about the Black Spruce. It was just because—I wanted to see—if you thought enough of me. . . ."

"Think of you!" he said. "I wish I didn't! The first time I saw you I knew you'd expect a lot. I certainly was surprised when you said you'd take a walk with me. And when you were so sweet and nice—well, I guess this ends it. . . ."

"Les, I'd like to have dinner at the Pavilion. It's so—cool there—by the water. . . . Les, let's go there!"

SHE was crying; he stopped the car and put his arm around her. She pulled off the new hat and threw it out in the road.

"Here! Sylvie!"

"I don't want it, Les. I hate it!"

He held her fast; he kissed her, and she clung to him.

"Too much traffic," he said. "Let's go down to the beach."

He drove up the hill, and along a new road.

"Les!" she cried. "This is the place Mr. Anson showed me. You see those houses? Well, he says they rent for forty a month!"

"Gosh!" he said. "Only forty a month?"

They got out of the car to look at the houses.

"This is the cutest," she said.

"They're all alike, honey."

"No! This has got a fanlight over the door. When the lights are lit inside, it would look so nice. . . ."

They went closer, to look in at the windows. The setting sun shone into a bare little room.

"It's nice, all right," he said. "But forty for rent, and say forty for food—that's only about twenty a month left over for clothes and coal and light and carfare and everything."

"But I get eighteen a week, Les!"

"You couldn't keep on with that rotten job."

"I could! I sort of like it. And if I had a cute little place like this to come back to—"

"I've got about a hundred and eighty in the savings bank. That wouldn't be enough for furniture."

"Yes, it would! I've got a table and a desk and a tea set Aunt Gracie gave me."

They stood side by side, looking at the house. He reached for her hand.

"It seems like—so darn' little for you," he said unsteadily. "I wish I could give you just about all there is."

"Les—I only want you."

"If anything went wrong; if one of us lost our job—we won't have any margin."

"We've got to take a chance, Les," she said.

"There wouldn't be any dinners at the Black Spruce Inn, kid."

"When you have your own place, all fixed up pretty, you don't want to go out. We'll ask people here—"

"I've got a radio," he said. "Oh, Sylvie, I love you so!"

When Anson looked up and saw that blonde walking into his office, his heart sank horribly.

"Suppose she makes a scene?" he thought.

That sort of thing had happened to other men. If she had made up her mind to get money out of him, she could make an atrocious scandal out of what was in reality innocent enough. He had taken her out to dinner twice, he had bought her a hat. That was all—but nobody would believe him. The very appearance of the girl, in a blue and white striped sleeveless dress, so slim and young and beautiful, was dangerous in his office. His stenographer would think—

"Mr. Anson!"

"Yes, Miss—" He didn't even know her last name.

"You know those houses you showed me?"

"Yes," he answered, with a stifled sigh of relief. At least she was going to pretend she had come on business. His stenographer might not suspect anything amiss. . . . "Do you want me to drive you out now to look at them again?"

"Well, no, thanks; I know exactly the one we want. The one with the fanlight over the door. I was so afraid it might be rented. It isn't, is it?"

"No," he said. What was her game?

"Well, if we pay ten dollars down, could you keep it for us till September? We're going to get married in September!"

Her voice was joyous, triumphant; she smiled, as he had not seen her smile before. It wasn't for him. She took a ten-dollar bill out of her purse.

"Then you'll keep that one for us, Mr. Anson? The one with the fanlight? You won't let anyone else get it?"

"Wait a moment!" he said, as she turned away. "You—you'll want a receipt."

"Oh, not from you!" she said. "I've got to catch the bus for Joyville, or I'll be late."

"I'll drive you there," he said, and he didn't care what his stenographer thought. It seemed to him that he had never seen anything so splendid as this girl.

SHE got into his car with a little laugh.

"This certainly is the way to travel!" she said. "Thanks a lot, Mr. Anson!"

"Who are you marrying?"

"He's a boy over at the Electric Light Company."

"You'll be leaving Joyville—?"

"Well, no," she said. "Not yet. Not till Les gets a raise."

"But—don't think I'm impertinent—only I can't quite see you—being satisfied with a marriage like this. I think you want a lot."

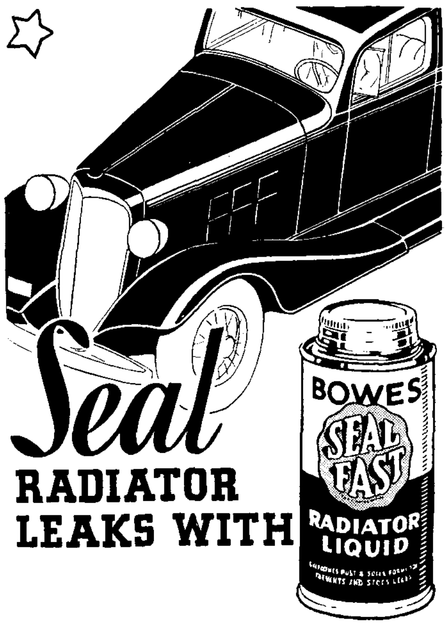
"Well, I've got a lot!" she cried, her blue eyes shining. "I didn't know I ever could be so happy."

He was silent for a time. And he was ashamed of himself. Looking at her, he felt himself too old, cynical, ignoble. He had forgotten the beautiful generosity of youth. He had forgotten love. Yet he himself had been young and had loved. He had believed that this girl was out for all she could get—and what had she got? So much—and so little. . . .

"Sylvie," he said, "I'm going to give you a receipt for a year's rent—for a wedding present."

"What!" she cried, staring at him. "A year? Oh, no! You can't!"

"Let me," he said. "God knows we can all afford to give a present once in a while."



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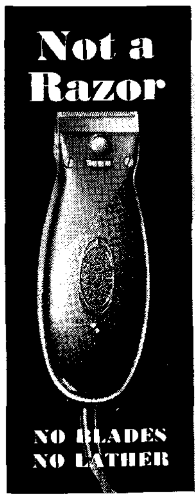

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The Perfect Bull

Continued from page 21

spectators could hardly believe what they had seen. One moment they had seen a little fiend attacking his quarry and the next, the animal was following a cow-hand across the same field as tame as though he were a puppy.

A thousand questions were fired at Paco at the same time. What had he done? How had he charmed the fury out of that beast? What power did he have over it? Paco explained that the yearling they had just seen was none other than the one he had brought up on a bottle.

At this explanation, everyone took a different attitude. Some said that the animal would be too erratic for the ring. Others said that as he grew older he would be a total loss for the ring and that it would be better to sell him for beef. Still others said that he should be sold as soon as possible for the comic fights. But Paco prevailed on his master to allow the bull calf to remain in the pasture with his brothers. He was sure that this calf would be out of the ordinary. Experience taught him that when an animal behaved as this one had, it would be either very, very good in the ring or simply as tame as a domesticated steer. But then again, a case of this kind was so extremely rare that no one could say with any certainty just what could be expected. But Paco's affection for the animal made him confident that his pet would make ring history.

Bound for the Bull Ring

Three years passed. The Mexican promoters were in Spain contracting with matadors for their coming winter season. They bought eight of the renowned Albaserrada bulls for their gala fights. Paco's favorite, which he had named Bonito, was among these.

As an experienced cow-hand must accompany the crated animals en route from one place to another in order to feed and water them, the marqués offered this opportunity to Paco.

After long insistence, Paco finally consented to go. He was given instructions to see that the animals were always well fed and watered so that they should be in the finest possible condition by the time they were to be fought. The cow-hands on the ranch made up a fiesta in farewell. Then Paco and his charges left for Mexico.

When Paco and the bulls reached the port of Vera Cruz, there was an enormous mob on the pier awaiting their arrival. Through the press they had become almost legendary. The crowds were somewhat disappointed because they could not see the animals. But they understood the difficulties that would ensue if the bulls were let out of their crates.

Without further delay the crated bulls were loaded aboard a flat car that was attached to the express leaving for Mexico City that evening. They had been cooped up for fourteen days and Paco was anxious to get them to the capital in order to uncrate them.

Their arrival in Mexico City was an event. One would have thought that a visiting king or potentate were on tour. The press had been publishing some of the most fantastic tales imaginable. Under cover of night the crated animals were shipped to a ranch on the outskirts of the city. Their hiding place was veiled in the utmost secrecy while still more fantastic tales were spread around the city.

That season had been extraordinarily good. Matadors and bulls had been performing extremely well. The three best matadors were selected by popular vote to appear with the famous Albaserrada bulls.

A week before the big fight, as the climax to so much publicity and a very good fight which had just been witnessed, the crates containing the Albaserrada bulls were brought into the ring. They were placed against the barrier. At a given signal, the front sliding ends were pulled up at five-minute intervals. The appearance of each bull produced a clamorous ovation. They charged fiercely at anything which attracted their attention, until they got their bearings. Paco had his hands full trying to keep them separated so that they should not gore one another. The leader steers in the ring which were there for the purpose of calming the bulls with their presence and later leading them to the corrals outside the ring, were in fear of their lives. Paco and his men, shouting and running back and forth behind the barrier, had to resort to all the tricks they knew to divert the attention of the fighting bulls.

At the cafés, in the theaters during intermission, and anywhere people gathered for discussions, the only topic mentioned was the Albaserrada bulls. Bets were placed as to which one would be the best and which matador would appear with each of the bulls.

All during the week, continuous streams of people visited the corrals at the ring where the bulls were on display. All the animals, with the exception of Bonito, clearly showed what could be expected of them in a fight. If anyone dropped a newspaper or other object into the corral, it would be picked up immediately and torn into tiny pieces. Many times the animals attacked their own moving shadows, seemingly to prove how good and fast they were with their horns. Their arrogance was almost human.

Bonito was more noticeable because of his tameness, especially when Paco was near by. The manner in which he allowed himself to be patted and photographed strengthened the doubt in the minds of the spectators that he would be any good for the ring. The only good point about him was his majestic appearance.

Too Docile to Fight

At the drawing of the lots Sunday morning before the fight, the matadors' representatives could not agree as to how the lots were to be made up. They all claimed that the only blemish on the lot was the docile Bonito. Paco did his best to convince them that Bonito would be all right. Three lots, consisting of two bulls each, were finally made up. Two bulls were left as substitutes to replace any animal that might not show enough fierceness during the performance. The numbers branded across the side of each bull were written on cigarette papers. These papers were rolled up into balls and dropped into a hat. Another hat was placed on top. The hats with the paper balls were shaken vigorously so as to avoid any suspicion of cheating. In order of seniority, each matador's representative stuck his hand between the hats and pulled out a paper ball. When the papers were unrolled, it was found that Bonito had fallen to the lot of El Gallo.

This was a new reason for heated discussions. Everyone felt that the gypsy, El Gallo, would balk at the thought of

(Continued on page 56)

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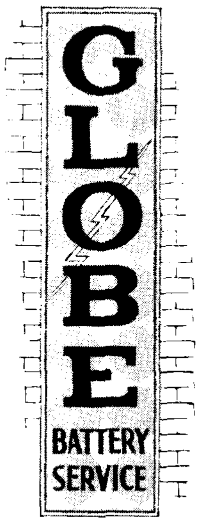

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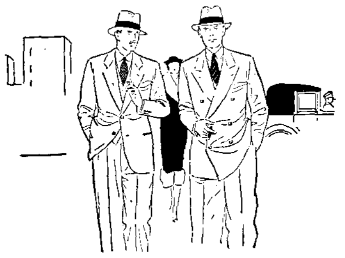

What makes a hat smart is the style a maker puts into it. What makes a hat fashionable is the number of men who wear it. This smart bound edge model shown above, styled and created exclusively by Stylepark, can only be found in stores that feature Stylepark Hats.

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(Continued from page 55)

facing Bonito. Little did he know what was in store for him.

Three hours before the fight was scheduled to take place, the stands of the ring were jammed to capacity. The stairways and corridors were packed solidly. Everyone who was anyone was there. No one wanted to miss this fight.

The three matadors performed brilliantly with the first three bulls. Hardly anyone present could remember ever having seen animals as ferocious as these. When the placard went up announcing that Bonito would be the fourth bull to enter the arena, a tremendous protest broke out in the stands. The spectators en masse yelled their disapproval. A performance of such brilliance should not be marred by the appearance of an animal that had acted like a steer in the corrals. The bugles sounded as the protests were becoming unbearable.

A Surprise for the Spectators

The gates swung open. Suddenly, with a terrific rush, Bonito charged into the arena. The astonishment of the spectators was so great that hardly had they grumblingly sat down when they were back on their feet with a clamorous ovation.

Could this be the same tame animal they had seen in the corrals? The entry Bonito made was more thrilling than any they had ever seen before. He took command of the ring at once. He seemed to fill it with his presence. His charges were electric. Ovation after ovation thundered across the stands.

When Bonito had cleared the ring of everyone in it, he made a wild charge at the spot where he had seen the last man disappear behind the barrier. Boards flew in every direction. Those in the runway madly scrambled to safety.

Then Bonito saw the horses moving into position. Quick as a flash he was on them. One horse was thrown high in the air. Another was thrown clear over the fence, with picador and all. After that it took longer for the horses to come into the ring than for Bonito to toss them out. Seventeen horses—all they had—were thus disposed of in less time than it takes to tell. They were as so many straw dolls to Bonito's tremendous strength.

The spectators were gasping in astonishment. Such ferocity, such strength, such perfect aim and speed they had never seen before.

A bugle call announced the placing of the darts. El Gallo's assistants were afraid of Bonito's lightning-like charges. They threw, rather than placed, the darts wherever they could. What difference did it make where they landed? Wasn't it all bull? The public became indignant. But they calmed somewhat in anticipation of what they expected of El Gallo.

Another bugle call was heard. Bonito seemed to be speeding up the performance to suit his own fancy. He seemed to be everywhere in the ring at once. El Gallo hesitatingly took his sword and muleta from his swordhandler and bowed before the President's box. Bonito gave him no time to finish his salutation.

Thirty thousand throats gasped as he charged at El Gallo. Women covered their faces to avoid the horrible sight of certain catastrophe. Men mumbled a hasty prayer beneath their breaths. But El Gallo, turning with that peculiar grace for which he was noted, deflected the animal's charges back and forth and around him in a series of passes so slow and rhythmic that he seemed to have the brute tied to the end of the red cloth. The noise in the stands was deafening. People fell over one another in their eagerness to get closer to the ring to be able to see better.

Bonito semed to be getting stronger each moment. The perfection and intensity of his charges amazed everybody. El Gallo, working his way toward the barrier, was forced to jump behind it in order to take a much-needed rest.

Meanwhile, Bonito tore around the ring, defying anyone and everyone to approach him. The frantic mob implored El Gallo to continue. Never had they seen such a combination. In the series of passes which followed, Bonito forced El Gallo to outdo himself.

Now it seemed as if the beautiful brute were actually playing with the man. Closer and closer did the bull's horns come to the man's body. A woman screamed. Involuntarily, El Gallo faltered. Quick as lightning, the beast's horn found its prey.

The matador's body rose in the air as the spectators in one voice let out a horrified shriek. Everyone in the ring seemed to be paralyzed into immobility. A century passed as Bonito's right horn barely grazed the falling body.

The spell was broken by the dull thud when El Gallo landed. The barrier suddenly became alive with flapping capes. Bonito was everywhere at once. He momentarily forgot his adversary. El Gallo scrambled to his feet and rushed madly for the safety of the barrier. Once behind it, he refused to come out into the ring again.

At first the public believed him to be wounded. One single sigh of relief escaped them when they found that nothing serious had occurred. Then they demanded that he resume the performance.

All the while Bonito was triumphantly circling the ring as though looking for someone to defy him.

The public's disgust was mounting when suddenly Bonito stopped dead in his tracks. That flying head quivered. His whole body trembled. In the awful silence which followed, a voice was heard calling to Bonito in the low monotones used by the cow-hands in the field.

The bull seemed to be searching for something. The silence became more pronounced as a man approached the barrier and stepped behind one of the plank shelters leading into the ring. Continuously calling to Bonito, he advanced a few yards into the ring. Everyone was amazed to see the transformation that had come over the animal. Where before he seemed to heed no one at all, now he was earnestly seeking the source of the call. The man continued to call and slowly advanced toward him. The bull stood there trembling, all the while lowering his head.

But Paco Was Master

The animal was still wary. Paco calmly walked up to him and began to scratch his forehead and to stroke his horns. Even then Bonito half-heartedly tried to hook the vaquero. No one dared to breathe. Paco calmly slapped the bull across the muzzle and ordered him to be quiet.

Then the most unbelievable thing of all happened. After scratching Bonito's forehead and gradually working his way up his neck, Paco took a dart in his strong hand and with a yank, pulled it clear out of the animal's shoulder. The bull winced but did not move. Paco walked a short distance while Bonito followed him like a dog. The vaquero repeated this operation, calmly extracting each dart from the bull's shoulders and throwing it away.

Thirty thousand hearts throbbed painfully in that awful suspense. No one dared to move, lest they break the charm the man had over the animal. There was Paco calmly walking a few feet at a time with the bull following behind him, and licking the hand he kept extended backward. Eight times Paco did this. Eight darts Paco extracted and each time he squeezed and pressed the wound. With each extraction, Bonito seemed to grow more affectionate. When Paco finished removing the darts, he circled the entire ring with Bonito following him.

As they passed through the gate leading to the corrals, Paco buried his eyes in his handkerchief. Pandemonium broke loose. Why try to describe what happened then? This truly had been a sight for the gods. They had actually seen the greatest performance with the fiercest bull ever to tread Mexican soil. And they had seen that same animal, in the same ring, as meek and gentle as the most docile kitten one could ever wish to behold. Many a man was seen to have shed a tear. Paco himself was forced to dry his eyes while still in the arena.

After what they had seen, if anyone had dared to harm a hair on Bonito's body, the mob would have taken his life. In one voice they demanded the bull's pardon.

The President's official sanction of Bonito's pardon was greeted with the most thunderous applause Mexico City had ever heard.

As is customary when an animal is pardoned at a fight, he is auctioned off the very next day to the breeder who pays the highest price. It is also the custom that if the breeder who produced the bull is present, as between gentlemen, the others will not outbid him. As Bonito's breeder was in Spain, he could hardly be present to bid for his charge. Nevertheless, in the case of Bonito, any breeder would have gladly forgotten a gentleman's agreement in order to obtain such a highly prized stud for his herd.

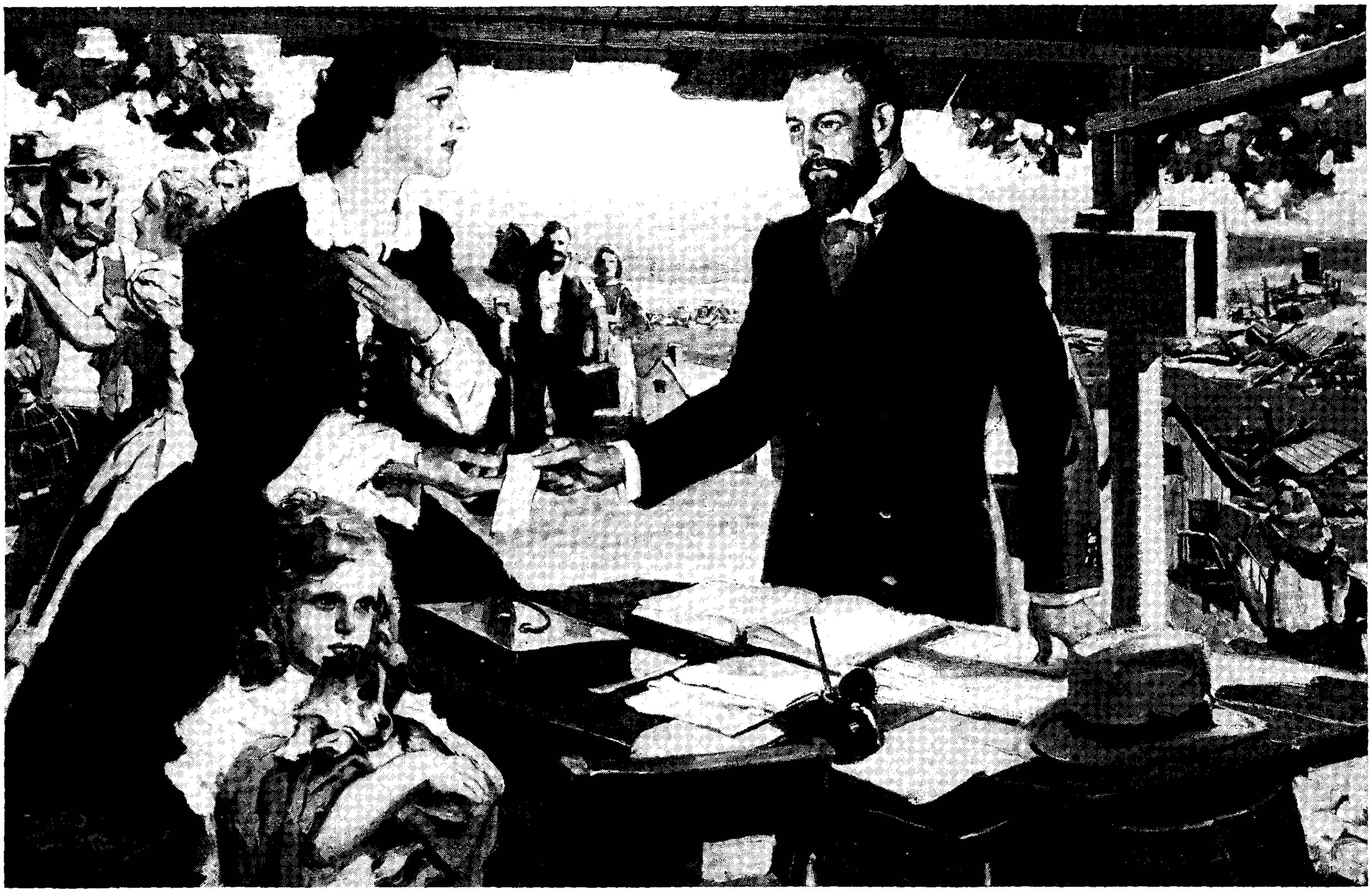
Bids for Bonito

The public en masse turned out the next day to be present at the bidding. It was almost as spirited an affair as the performance of the day before. After much shouting and applause, it was found that the highest bidder was Don José Galindo, who has a ranch in the state of Queretaro in central Mexico. What an ovation he received.

Then and there the ring was cleared and with the public looking on, Bonito was let in. He immediately defied anything and everything as though he had never been in the ring before. From several directions, lassoes descended on him at once. He struggled. This time it was in vain. He was finally thrown and with thirty thousand spectators as witnesses, the wounds of the previous day were treated. At first Bonito tried to break his bonds but Paco stood over him and calmed him as much as possible. When they were finished, the last man had hardly jumped the barrier when Bonito was up and looking for battle.

This time Paco did not enter the ring, but stood near the gate which led to the corrals. Leader steers were let into the ring. They fled for their lives before Bonito's onslaught. Seeing that nothing could be done, Paco motioned the audience to be quiet. Once again he called to Bonito until the splendid brute came toward him. Gently nudging him, Paco led Bonito through the gate to the corral.

A week later, after Bonito had recovered from the fever produced by his wounds, he was taken to the Galindo ranch. There he may still be seen, the proud sire of many sons and daughters.



Charles Langmuir, New York Life official, serving distressed beneficiaries after the flood

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Brevities of 1934

THE short cotton crop does not explain the brevity of women's costumes so conspicuous these warm months. Our surplus stores of cotton, silk and wool are quite sufficient to provide covering for all the skin gayly exposed to the sun's rays and appreciative human observation. Something far more persuasive than mere economic necessity has played upon us.

The year 1934 will be remembered for many things and not least of all for the general discarding of clothes deemed for the moment unnecessary. Not since the ancient Greeks made a cult of admiring the well-disciplined human body have civilized women and men worn so little. This is an event of importance in the long history of social custom.

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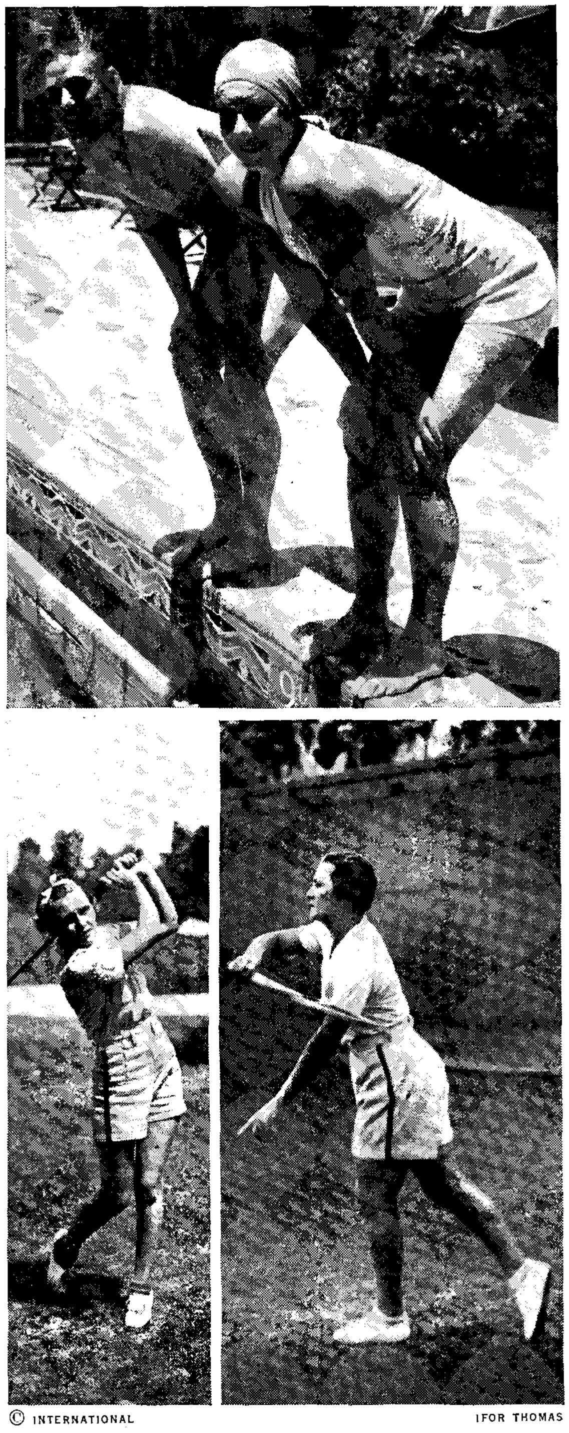

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Pacemakers in the new trend toward freedom in play-clothes. Elliot Roosevelt and Helene Madison; below, left, Bea Gottlieb, golfer, and Helen Jacobs, of tennis fame

Change is the keyword to the clothing of the more favored races. During long centuries styles have not changed among primitive peoples. The African tropic dweller adopted the G string ages ago and saw no occasion for change until enterprising European traders and zealous missionaries made other suggestions. Eskimos have gone about in furs cut in the same fashion the last five hundred years. Even highly cultivated people such as the Chinese and Japanese saw no reason to vary their costumes during long centuries.

Western peoples have had other ideas. With us styles come and vanish. The clothes of even ten years ago seem queer. What was modish twenty-five or fifty years past has now only a quaint historical interest. A Chinese lady might, on the other hand, wear comfortably today a garment fashioned for the approval of the eyes of the courtiers in the palace of Genghis Khan.

Numerous factors conspired this year to induce women to go about in garments accurately described as shorts. Style is counted the most frivolous of the factors which influence human behavior, but the explanation of this year's display is certainly not wholly frivolous and unreasoning.

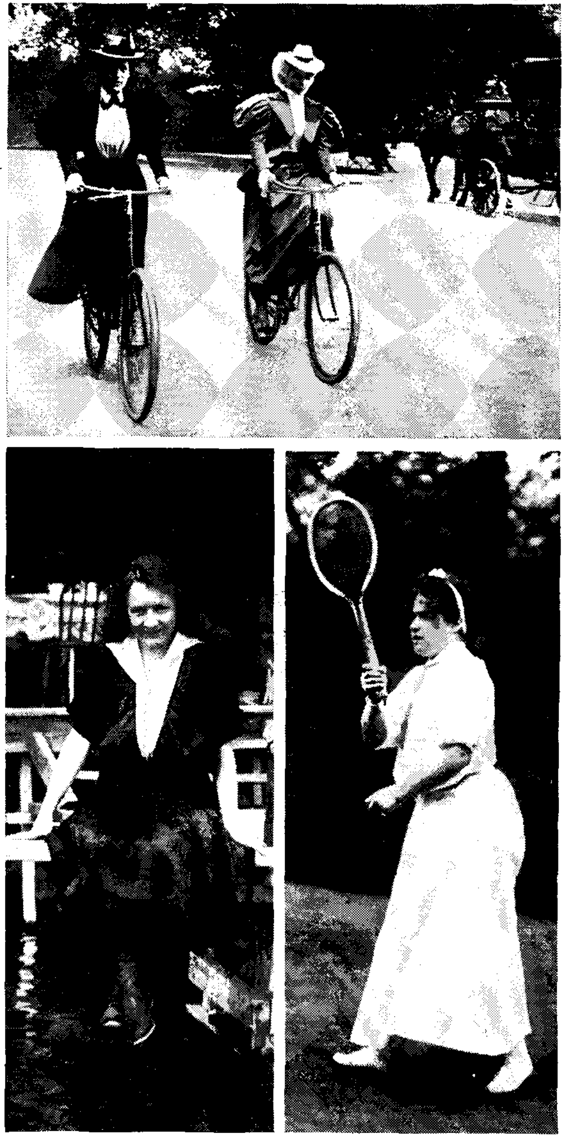
The biggest factor is the enormous interest in athletics and in outdoor exercise. Women became excellent swimmers before they were allowed to rid themselves of the voluminous skirts which served better as anchors than as aids to unimpeded motion. If we look at the pictures of the women golfers and tennis players of a generation ago, we are reminded of Dr. Johnson's comparison of female preachers and of dogs which stand on their hind legs. It was remarkable, not that they performed well but that they were capable of performing at all.

The freedom which women won to work for pay, the freedom which long afterwards was given them to vote, is now being extended into the field of social custom. Bathing suits became little more than an artificial layer of skin, because any garment is a handicap to free swimming. Shorts appeared on tennis courts because skirts were an extra burden. Hiking and camping attire was adapted to the convenience of the occasion.

Fashion makers gazed at the scant habiliments of sport, and costumes which only the adventurous had dared wear on the beaches of Florida, California, New Jersey and Long Island became a universal mode.

The girls have had a grand time shocking their conservative elders, but the influence of husbands, parents, policemen and other standpatters is not strong enough to stem the tide. Clothes may make men but clothes have little to do with morals. There was just as much sin when skirts trailed the ground. We don't change our ideas of right and wrong with our clothes.

UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD



CULVER UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

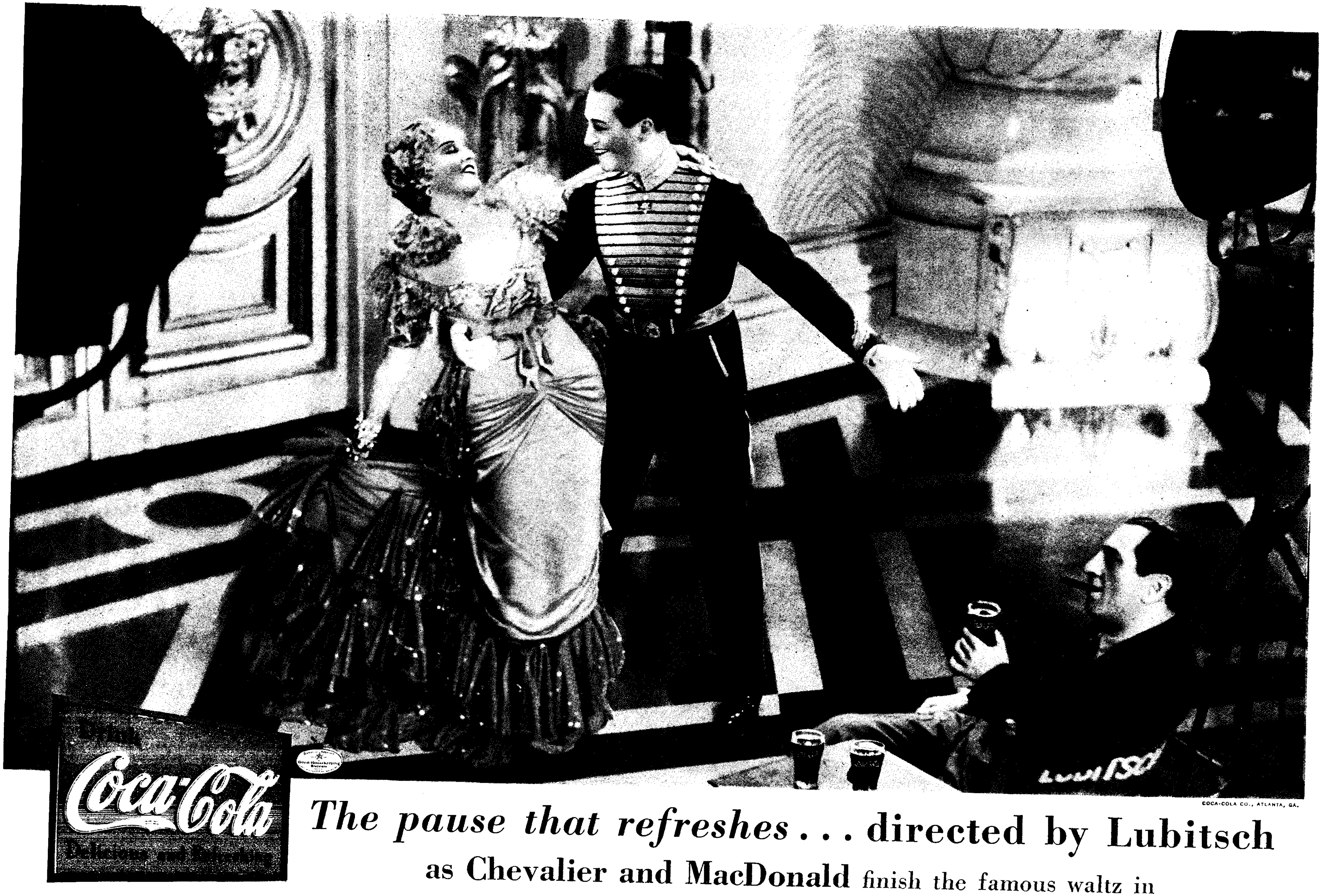
Society bicycled sedately, actresses posed daringly in bathing costume (Frances Starr), and May Sutton Bundy played championship tennis in clothes that conceded much to nineteenth-century morals

But even though our morals are unimpaired by the scarcity of our clothing, our eating habits will surely be affected. For years now we have been approaching the lean era. The time when financial success was proved by plumpness is completely gone. The fat man is no longer proud of his waistline, and fat girls make a frantic effort to attain a slim, fashionable figure.

The current modes offer little refuge of concealment to the corpulent. It is not necessary to pass laws forbidding the fat to expose their bulk. Desire for admiration will take care of that. Those who aspire to go about with few clothes will do something about their figures. Beauty is what they want.

That won't be bad. Most of us eat too much and exercise too little. If fashion, even an extreme fashion, can persuade us to improve our shapes and, incidentally, our health, we need not quarrel with our clothes.

So let the battle rage. The girls will win if they want victory. Old eyes will get used to new visions and meanwhile we shall be a healthier, more vigorous people. And that is a large achievement to pin on a single small garment.



COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

The pause that refreshes . . . directed by Lubitsch

as Chevalier and MacDonald finish the famous waltz in Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's super picture "The Merry Widow"

A color photograph of "The Merry Widow" in production. Director Lubitsch invites Prince Danilo (Maurice Chevalier) and The Merry Widow (Jeanette MacDonald) to pause for an ice-cold Coca-Cola, served from M-G-M's famous studio soda fountain.

You have to be on the set to see one scene that's a part of every picture in Hollywood. It's *the pause that refreshes with ice-cold Coca-Cola.* When there's more work ahead and need of good cheer and awakened energy, the director himself often commands this pause. And everybody takes part, —to be refreshed and feel fit, ready for the next scene.

"I THANK YOU—
I thank you ever so much—but I couldn't even think about smoking a cigarette."

"WELL, I UNDERSTAND, but they are so mild and taste so good that I thought you might not mind trying one while we are riding along out here."

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